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THE WORKS

OF

SHAKESPEARE.

COLLIER.

VOL. III.

THE

WORKS

OF

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

THE TEXT

FORMED FROM AN ENTIRELY NEW COLLATION

OF THE OLD EDITIONS:

WITH

THE VARIOUS READINGS, NOTES, A LIFE OF THE POET, AND

A HISTORY OF THE EARLY ENGLISH STAGE.

BY

J. PAYNE COLLIER, ESQ. F.S.A.

IN EIGHT VOLUMES.

VOL. III.

LONDON:
WHITTAKER & Co. AVE MARIA LANE.

1842.

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151.342
May, 1873

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AS YOU LIKE IT.

"As You Like It" was first printed in the folio of 1623, where it occupies twenty-three pages, viz. from p. 185 to p. 207 inclusive, in the division of "Comedies." It preserved its place in the three subsequent impressions of that volume in 1632, 1664, and 1685.

INTRODUCTION.

"As You Like It" is not only founded upon, but in some points very closely copied from, a novel by Thomas Lodge, under the title of "Rosalynde: Euphues Golden Legacie," which was originally printed in 4to, 1590, a second time in 1592, and a third edition came out in 1598. We have no intelligence of any re-impression of it between 1592 and 1598. This third edition perhaps appeared early in 1598; and we are disposed to think, that the re-publication of so popular a work directed Shakespeare's attention to it. If so, "As You Like It" may have been written in the summer of 1598, and first acted in the winter of the same, or in the spring of the following year[1].

The only entry in the registers of the Stationers' Company relating to "As You Like It," is confirmatory of this supposition. It has been already referred to in the "Introduction" to "Much Ado about Nothing" (vol. ii. p. 183); and it will be well to insert it here, precisely in the manner in which it stands in the original record:—

"4 August.

"As you like yt, a book. Henry the ffift, a book. Every man in his humor, a book. The Commedie of Much adoo about nothinge, a book."

Opposite this memorandum are added the words "To be staied." It will be remarked, that there is an important deficiency in the entry, as regards the purpose to which we wish to apply it:— the date of the year is not given; but Malone conjectured, and in that conjecture I have expressed concurrence, that the clerk who wrote the titles of the four plays, with the date of "4 August," did not think it necessary there to repeat the year 1600, as it was found in the memorandum immediately preceding that we have above quoted. Shakespeare's "Henry the Fifth," and "Much Ado about Nothing," were both printed in 1600, and Ben Jonson's "Every Man in his Humour" in the year following; though Gifford, in his edition of that poet's works (vol. i. p. 2), by a strange error,

[1] If we suppose that the third edition of Lodge's "Rosalynde" was occasioned by the popularity of Shakespeare's comedy, founded upon one of the earlier impressions in 1590 or 1592, it would show that "As You Like It" was acted in 1598, and might have been written in 1597.

states, that the first impression was in 1603. The "stay," as regards "Henry the Fifth," "Every Man in his Humour," and "Much Ado about Nothing," was doubtless soon removed; for "Henry the Fifth" was entered again for publication on the 14th August; and, as has been already shown (vol. ii. p. 183), Wise and Aspley took the same course with "Much Ado about Nothing" on the 23rd August. There is no known edition of "As You Like It" prior to its appearance in the folio of 1623, (where it is divided into Scenes, as well as Acts) and we may possibly assume that the "stay" was not, for some unexplained and uncertain reason, removed as to that comedy.

Malone relied upon a piece of internal evidence, which, if examined, seems to be of no value in settling the question when "As You Like It" was first written. The following words are put into the mouth of Rosalind:—"I weep for nothing, like Diana in the fountain" (A. iv. sc. 1), which Malone supposed to refer to an alabaster figure of Diana on the east of Cheapside, which, according to Stowe's "Survey of London," was set up in 1598, and was in decay in 1603. This figure of Diana did not "weep;" for Stowe expressly states that the water came "prilling from her naked breast." Therefore, this passage proves nothing as far as respects the date of "As You Like It." Shakespeare probably intended to make no allusion to any particular fountain.

It is not to be forgotten, in deciding upon the probable date of "As You Like It," that Meres makes no mention of it in his *Palladis Tamia*, 1598; and as it was entered at Stationers' Hall on the 4th August [1600], we may conclude that it was written and acted in that interval. In A. iii. sc. 5. a line from the first Sestiad of Marlowe's "Hero and Leander" is quoted; and as that poem was first printed in 1598, "As You Like It" may not have been written until after it appeared.

There is no doubt that Lodge, when composing his "Rosalynde: Euphues Golden Legacie," which he did, as he informs us, while on a voyage with Captain Clarke "to the islands of Terceras and the Canaries," had either "The Coke's Tale of Gamelyn" (falsely attributed to Chaucer, as Tyrwhitt contends in his Introd. to the Cant. Tales, I. clxxxiii. Edit. 1830.) strongly in his recollection, or, which does not seem very probable in such a situation, with a manuscript of it actually before him. It was not printed until more than a century afterwards. According to Farmer, Shakespeare looked no farther than Lodge's novel, which he followed in "As You Like It" quite as closely as he did Greene's "Pandosto" in the "Winter's Tale." There are one or two coincidences of expression between "As You Like It" and "The Coke's Tale of Gamelyn," but not perhaps more than might be accidental, and the opinion of

Farmer appears to be sufficiently borne out. Lodge's "Rosalynde" has been recently printed as part of "Shakespeare's Library," and it will be easy, therefore, for the reader to trace the particular resemblances between it and "As You Like It."

In his Lectures in 1818, Coleridge eloquently and justly praised the pastoral beauty and simplicity of "As You Like It;" but he did not attempt to compare it with Lodge's "Rosalynde," where the descriptions of persons and of scenery are comparatively forced and artificial:—"Shakespeare," said Coleridge, "never gives a description of rustic scenery merely for its own sake, or to show how well he can paint natural objects: he is never tedious or elaborate, but while he now and then displays marvellous accuracy and minuteness of knowledge, he usually only touches upon the larger features and broader characteristics, leaving the fillings up to the imagination. Thus in 'As You Like It' he describes an oak of many centuries growth in a single line:—

'Under an oak whose antique root peeps out.'

Other and inferior writers would have dwelt on this description, and worked it out with all the pettiness and impertinence of detail. In Shakespeare the 'antique root' furnishes the whole picture."

These expressions are copied from notes made at the time; and they partially, though imperfectly, supply an obvious deficiency of general criticism in vol. ii. p. 115. of Coleridge's "Literary Remains."

Adam Spencer is a character in "The Coke's Tale of Gamelyn," and in Lodge's "Rosalynde;" and a great additional interest attaches to it, because it is supposed, with some appearance of truth, that the part was originally sustained by Shakespeare himself. We have this statement on the authority of Oldys's MSS.: he is said to have derived it, intermediately of course, from Gilbert Shakespeare, who survived the Restoration, and who had a faint recollection of having seen his brother William "in one of his own comedies, wherein, being to personate a decrepit old man, he wore a long beard, and appeared so weak and drooping, and unable to walk, that he was forced to be supported and carried by another person to a table, at which he was seated among some company, who were eating, and one of them sung a song." This description very exactly tallies with "As You Like It," A. ii. sc. 7.

Shakespeare found no prototypes in Lodge, nor in any other work yet discovered, for the characters of Jaques, Touchstone, and Audrey. On the admirable manner in which he has made them part of the staple of his story, and on the importance of these additions, it is needless to enlarge. It is rather singular, that Shakespeare should have introduced two characters of the name of Jaques into the same play; but in the old impressions, Jaques de Bois, in the prefixes to his speeches, is merely called the "Second Brother."

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ[1].

DUKE, Senior, living in exile.
FREDERICK, his Brother, usurper of his dominions.
AMIENS, JAQUES, } Lords attending upon the exiled Duke.
LE BEAU, a Courtier.
CHARLES, a Wrestler.
OLIVER, JAQUES, ORLANDO, } Sons of Sir Rowland de Bois.
ADAM, DENNIS, } Servants to Oliver.
TOUCHSTONE, a Clown.
SIR OLIVER MAR-TEXT, a Vicar.
CORIN, SYLVIUS, } Shepherds.
WILLIAM, a Country Fellow, in love with Audrey.
HYMEN.

ROSALIND, Daughter to the exiled Duke.
CELIA, Daughter to Frederick.
PHEBE, a Shepherdess.
AUDREY, a Country Wench.

Lords; Pages, Foresters, and Attendants.

The SCENE lies, first, near Oliver's House; afterwards, in the Usurper's Court, and in the Forest of Arden.

[1] The list of the persons omitted in the old editions, was added by Rowe.

AS YOU LIKE IT.

ACT I. SCENE I.

An Orchard, near Oliver's House.

Enter Orlando *and* Adam.

Orl. As I remember, Adam, it was upon this fashion bequeathed me by will[1], but a poor thousand crowns; and, as thou say'st, charged my brother on his blessing to breed me well: and there begins my sadness. My brother Jaques he keeps at school, and report speaks goldenly of his profit: for my part, he keeps me rustically at home, or, to speak more properly, stays me here at home unkept; for call you that keeping for a gentleman of my birth, that differs not from the stalling of an ox? His horses are bred better; for, besides that they are fair with their feeding, they are taught their manage, and to that end riders dearly hired: but I, his brother, gain nothing under him but growth, for

[1] — it was upon this fashion bequeathed me by will,] Orlando and Adam are in the midst of a conversation, on the contents of the will of the father of the former, when they enter. It has been objected, that the sense is incomplete; and Malone, at the suggestion of Blackstone, placed a period after "fashion," and inserted "He" for the commencement of a new sentence. However, as Johnson observed, there was no necessity for the alteration of the text, which is quite intelligible without any change, excepting in the old punctuation. The words are therefore left as in the original folios of 1623 and 1632; excepting that "poor a thousand crowns," of the first folio, is properly printed "a poor thousand crowns," in the second.

the which his animals on his dunghills are as much bound to him as I. Besides this nothing that he so plentifully gives me, the something that nature gave me, his countenance seems to take from me: he lets me feed with his hinds, bars me the place of a brother, and, as much as in him lies, mines my gentility with my education. This is it, Adam, that grieves me; and the spirit of my father, which I think is within me, begins to mutiny against this servitude. I will no longer endure it, though yet I know no wise remedy how to avoid it.

Adam. Yonder comes my master, your brother.

Orl. Go apart, Adam, and thou shalt hear how he will shake me up.

Enter OLIVER.

Oli. Now, sir! what make you here?

Orl. Nothing: I am not taught to make any thing.

Oli. What mar you then, sir?

Orl. Marry, sir, I am helping you to mar that which God made, a poor unworthy brother of yours, with idleness.

Oli. Marry, sir, be better employed, and be naught awhile[2].

Orl. Shall I keep your hogs, and eat husks with them? What prodigal portion have I spent, that I should come to such penury?

Oli. Know you where you are, sir?

Orl. O! sir, very well: here, in your orchard.

Oli. Know you before whom, sir?

Orl. Ay, better than he I am before knows me. I know, you are my eldest brother; and, in the gentle

[2] — and be naught awhile.] A proverbial north-country expression, equivalent (says Warburton) to "a mischief on you," and Gifford agrees with him. See Ben Jonson's Works, vol. iv. 421. and vol. vi. 160. Dr. Johnson was of opinion, that "be better employed, and be naught awhile," was to be taken in the same sense as saying, "It is better to do mischief than to do nothing."

condition of blood, you should so know me. The courtesy of nations allows you my better, in that you are the first-born; but the same tradition takes not away my blood, were there twenty brothers betwixt us. I have as much of my father in me, as you, albeit, I confess, your coming before me is nearer to his reverence.

Oli. What, boy!

Orl. Come, come, elder brother, you are too young in this.

Oli. Wilt thou lay hands on me, villain?

Orl. I am no villain: I am the youngest son of sir Rowland de Bois; he was my father, and he is thrice a villain, that says, such a father begot villains. Wert thou not my brother, I would not take this hand from thy throat, till this other had pulled out thy tongue for saying so: thou hast railed on thyself.

Adam. [*Coming forward.*] Sweet masters, be patient: for your father's remembrance, be at accord.

Oli. Let me go, I say.

Orl. I will not, till I please: you shall hear me. My father charged you in his will to give me good education: you have trained me like a peasant, obscuring and hiding from me all gentleman-like qualities: the spirit of my father grows strong in me, and I will no longer endure it; therefore, allow me such exercises as may become a gentleman, or give me the poor allottery my father left me by testament: with that I will go buy my fortunes.

Oli. And what wilt thou do? beg, when that is spent? Well, sir, get you in: I will not long be troubled with you; you shall have some part of your will. I pray you, leave me.

Orl. I will no further offend you, than becomes me for my good.

Oli. Get you with him, you old dog.

Adam. Is old dog my reward? Most true, I have

lost my teeth in your service.—God be with my old master! he would not have spoke such a word.

[*Exeunt* ORLANDO *and* ADAM.

Oli. Is it even so? begin you to grow upon me[3]? I will physic your rankness, and yet give no thousand crowns neither. Hola, Dennis!

Enter DENNIS.

Den. Calls your worship?

Oli. Was not Charles, the duke's wrestler, here to speak with me?

Den. So please you, he is here at the door, and importunes access to you.

Oli. Call him in. [*Exit* DENNIS.]—'Twill be a good way; and to-morrow the wrestling is.

Enter CHARLES.

Cha. Good morrow to your worship.

Oli. Good monsieur Charles, what's the new news at the new court?

Cha. There's no news at the court, sir, but the old news: that is, the old duke is banished by his younger brother the new duke, and three or four loving lords have put themselves into voluntary exile with him, whose lands and revenues enrich the new duke; therefore, he gives them good leave to wander.

Oli. Can you tell, if Rosalind, the duke's daughter, be banished with her father?

Cha. O! no; for the duke's daughter, her cousin, so loves her, being ever from their cradles bred together, that she would have followed her exile[4], or have died to stay behind her. She is at the court, and no less

[3] — begin you to GROW upon me?] This is the old reading, and it is probably right, in reference to the "rankness" mentioned in the next line; but it has been suggested to me, that possibly Shakespeare wrote, "begin you to *growl* upon me?" following up the simile of the "old dog," which Oliver had just applied to Adam.

[4] — that SHE would have followed her exile,] The first folio reads *he*, and the error is repeated in the others: clearly a mistake of the press.

beloved of her uncle than his own daughter; and never two ladies loved as they do.

Oli. Where will the old duke live?

Cha. They say, he is already in the forest of Arden, and a many merry men with him; and there they live like the old Robin Hood of England[5]. They say, many young gentlemen flock to him every day, and fleet the time carelessly, as they did in the golden world.

Oli. What, you wrestle to-morrow before the new duke?

Cha. Marry, do I, sir; and I came to acquaint you with a matter. I am given, sir, secretly to understand, that your younger brother, Orlando, hath a disposition to come in disguised against me to try a fall. To-morrow, sir, I wrestle for my credit, and he that escapes me without some broken limb shall acquit him well. Your brother is but young, and tender; and, for your love, I would be loath to foil him, as I must for my own honour if he come in: therefore, out of my love to you I came hither to acquaint you withal, that either you might stay him from his intendment, or brook such disgrace well as he shall run into, in that it is a thing of his own search, and altogether against my will.

Oli. Charles, I thank thee for thy love to me, which, thou shalt find, I will most kindly requite. I had myself notice of my brother's purpose herein, and have by underhand means laboured to dissuade him from it; but he is resolute. I'll tell thee, Charles: it is the stubbornest young fellow of France; full of ambition, an envious emulator of every man's good parts, a secret and villanous contriver against me his natural brother: therefore, use thy discretion. I had as lief thou didst break his neck as his finger: and thou wert

[5] — like the old Robin Hood of England.] Lodge represents Gerismond, the banished king of France, as living like "an outlaw in the forest of Arden." Ardenne is a large forest in French Flanders.

best look to't; for if thou dost him any slight disgrace, or if he do not mightily grace himself on thee, he will practise against thee by poison, entrap thee by some treacherous device, and never leave thee till he hath ta'en thy life by some indirect means or other; for, I assure thee (and almost with tears I speak it) there is not one so young and so villanous this day living. I speak but brotherly of him; but should I anatomize him to thee as he is, I must blush and weep, and thou must look pale and wonder.

Cha. I am heartily glad I came hither to you. If he come to-morrow, I'll give him his payment: if ever he go alone again, I'll never wrestle for prize more; and so, God keep your worship! [*Exit.*

Oli. Farewell good Charles.—Now will I stir this gamester. I hope, I shall see an end of him; for my soul, yet I know not why, hates nothing more than he: yet he's gentle; never schooled, and yet learned; full of noble device; of all sorts enchantingly beloved, and, indeed, so much in the heart of the world, and especially of my own people, who best know him, that I am altogether misprised. But it shall not be so long; this wrestler shall clear all: nothing remains, but that I kindle the boy thither, which now I'll go about.

[*Exit.*

SCENE II.

A Lawn before the DUKE's Palace.

Enter ROSALIND *and* CELIA.

Cel. I pray thee, Rosalind, sweet my coz, be merry.

Ros. Dear Celia, I show more mirth than I am mistress of, and would you yet I were merrier[6]? Unless

[6] — and would you yet *I* were merrier?] The old copies omit "I," which seems necessary for the sense; though still it might be intelligible, were we to suppose Rosalind to express a wish, that Celia were yet even merrier than she appeared to be. Pope inserted the pronoun.

you could teach me to forget a banished father, you must not learn me how to remember any extraordinary pleasure.

Cel. Herein, I see, thou lovest me not with the full weight that I love thee. If my uncle, thy banished father, had banished thy uncle, the duke my father, so thou hadst been still with me, I could have taught my love to take thy father for mine: so would'st thou, if the truth of thy love to me were so righteously tempered, as mine is to thee.

Ros. Well, I will forget the condition of my estate, to rejoice in yours.

Cel. You know, my father hath no child but I, nor none is like to have; and, truly, when he dies, thou shalt be his heir: for what he hath taken away from thy father perforce, I will render thee again in affection: by mine honour, I will; and when I break that oath let me turn monster. Therefore, my sweet Rose, my dear Rose, be merry.

Ros. From henceforth I will, coz, and devise sports. Let me see; what think you of falling in love?

Cel. Marry, I pr'ythee, do, to make sport withal: but love no man in good earnest; nor no further in sport neither, than with safety of a pure blush thou may'st in honour come off again.

Ros. What shall be our sport then?

Cel. Let us sit, and mock the good housewife, Fortune, from her wheel, that her gifts may henceforth be bestowed equally.

Ros. I would, we could do so; for her benefits are mightily misplaced, and the bountiful blind woman doth most mistake in her gifts to women.

Cel. 'Tis true, for those that she makes fair, she scarce makes honest; and those that she makes honest, she makes very ill-favouredly.

Ros. Nay, now thou goest from fortune's office to

nature's: fortune reigns in gifts of the world, not in the lineaments of nature.

Enter TOUCHSTONE[7].

Cel. No: when nature hath made a fair creature, may she not by fortune fall into the fire?—Though nature hath given us wit to flout at fortune, hath not fortune sent in this fool to cut off the argument?

Ros. Indeed, there is fortune too hard for nature, when fortune makes nature's natural the cutter off of nature's wit.

Cel. Peradventure, this is not fortune's work neither, but nature's; who, perceiving our natural wits too dull to reason of such goddesses, hath sent this natural for our whetstone[8]: for always the dulness of the fool is the whetstone of the wits[9].—How now, wit? whither wander you?

Touch. Mistress, you must come away to your father.

Cel. Were you made the messenger?

Touch. No, by mine honour; but I was bid to come for you.

Ros. Where learned you that oath, fool?

Touch. Of a certain knight, that swore by his honour they were good pancakes, and swore by his honour the mustard was naught: now, I'll stand to it, the pancakes were naught, and the mustard was good, and yet was not the knight forsworn.

Cel. How prove you that, in the great heap of your knowledge?

[7] Enter Touchstone.] "Enter Clown" is the direction in the old folios.

[8] — who, PERCEIVING our natural wits too dull to reason of such goddesses, hath sent this natural for our whetstone:] Malone read *perceiveth*, and inserted *and* before "hath," to carry on the sentence; but the error lies in "perceiveth," as it stands in the folio of 1623: the folio of 1632 has *perceiving*, which is evidently right; and the MS. corrector of Lord Francis Egerton's folio of 1623 suggested the same alteration.

[9] — the dulness of the fool is the whetstone of THE wits.] Malone, Steevens, &c. read "*his* wits;" but the meaning is quite clear, that "the dulness of the fool is the whetstone of the wits" of other people, not of his own.

Ros. Ay, marry: now unmuzzle your wisdom.

Touch. Stand you both forth now: stroke your chins, and swear by your beards that I am a knave.

Cel. By our beards, if we had them, thou art.

Touch. By my knavery, if I had it, then I were; but if you swear by that that is not, you are not forsworn: no more was this knight, swearing by his honour, for he never had any; or if he had, he had sworn it away before ever he saw those pancakes, or that mustard.

Cel. Pr'ythee, who is't that thou mean'st?

Touch. One that old Frederick, your father, loves[1].

Ros. My father's love is enough to honour him enough[2]. Speak no more of him: you'll be whipped for taxation[3], one of these days.

Touch. The more pity, that fools may not speak wisely, what wise men do foolishly.

Cel. By my troth, thou say'st true; for since the little wit that fools have was silenced, the little foolery that wise men have makes a great show. Here comes Monsieur Le Beau.

Enter Le Beau.

Ros. With his mouth full of news.

Cel. Which he will put on us, as pigeons feed their young.

Ros. Then shall we be news-cramm'd.

[1] One that old Frederick, your father, loves.] As Malone remarks, there is some error here, as Frederick is the father of Celia, and not of Rosalind. He suggests that we might read *Ferdinand* for "Frederick." Perhaps the name of the knight was Frederick, and the clown's answer ought to run, "One old Frederick, that your father loves," which only changes the place of "that." This is the more likely, because Frederick the usurper, being younger than the exiled Duke, would hardly be called by the Clown "Old Frederick."

[2] My father's love is enough to honour him enough.] This is Rosalind's answer, in Shakespeare's characteristic manner, as it stands distinctly in the old copies; but Malone and others give it as follows: — "My father's love is enough to honour him. Enough! speak no more of him;" which sacrifices the point of the reply.

[3] — you'll be whipp'd for taxation,] It was the custom to whip fools when they allowed their tongues too great licence. See the comedy of "Patient Grissil," printed for the Shakespeare Society, p. 82.

Cel. All the better; we shall be the more marketable. *Bon jour*, Monsieur Le Beau: what's the news?

Le Beau. Fair princess, you have lost much good sport.

Cel. Sport? Of what colour?

Le Beau. What colour, madam? How shall I answer you?

Ros. As wit and fortune will.

Touch. Or as the destinies decree.

Cel. Well said: that was laid on with a trowel.

Touch. Nay, if I keep not my rank,——

Ros. Thou losest thy old smell.

Le Beau. You amaze me, ladies: I would have told you of good wrestling, which you have lost the sight of.

Ros. Yet tell us the manner of the wrestling.

Le Beau. I will tell you the beginning; and, if it please your ladyships, you may see the end, for the best is yet to do: and here, where you are, they are coming to perform it.

Cel. Well,—the beginning, that is dead and buried.

Le Beau. There comes an old man, and his three sons,——

Cel. I could match this beginning with an old tale.

Le Beau. Three proper young men, of excellent growth and presence;——

Ros. With bills on their necks[4],—"Be it known unto all men by these presents,"——

[4] With bills on their necks,] There is reason to think that "with bills on their necks," as Farmer suggested, should be part of the description Le Beau is giving of the "old man and his three sons.' Lodge, in his novel of "Rosalynde," calls the father "a lustie Franklin of the country," with "*two* tall men that were his sonnes," and they would properly be furnished "with bills on their necks." These bills were commonly carried by foresters; and Rosalind immediately misinterprets the word "bills," as if it meant public notices—"Be it known to all men by these presents." However, though "with bills on their necks" may belong to Le Beau, the old copies give the words to Rosalind; and it is only in cases of very clear and decided error that we venture to vary from the ancient text. The later folios reprint the passage as it stands in the first.

Le Beau. The eldest of the three wrestled with Charles, the duke's wrestler; which Charles in a moment threw him, and broke three of his ribs, that there is little hope of life in him: so he served the second, and so the third. Yonder they lie, the poor old man, their father, making such pitiful dole over them, that all the beholders take his part with weeping.

Ros. Alas!

Touch. But what is the sport, monsieur, that the ladies have lost?

Le Beau. Why, this that I speak of.

Touch. Thus men may grow wiser every day! it is the first time that ever I heard breaking of ribs was sport for ladies.

Cel. Or I, I promise thee.

Ros. But is there any else longs to see this broken music in his sides? is there yet another dotes upon rib-breaking?—Shall we see this wrestling, cousin?

Le Beau. You must, if you stay here; for here is the place appointed for the wrestling, and they are ready to perform it.

Cel. Yonder, sure, they are coming: let us now stay and see it.

Flourish. Enter Duke FREDERICK, *Lords,* ORLANDO, CHARLES, *and Attendants.*

Duke F. Come on: since the youth will not be entreated, his own peril on his forwardness.

Ros. Is yonder the man?

Le Beau. Even he, madam.

Cel. Alas! he is too young: yet he looks successfully.

Duke F. How now, daughter, and cousin! are you crept hither to see the wrestling?

Ros. Ay, my liege, so please you give us leave.

Duke F. You will take little delight in it, I can tell

you, there is such odds in the man[5]. In pity of the challenger's youth I would fain dissuade him, but he will not be entreated: speak to him, ladies; see if you can move him.

Cel. Call him hither, good Monsieur Le Beau.

Duke F. Do so: I'll not be by. [DUKE *goes apart.*

Le Beau. Monsieur the challenger, the princess calls for you[6].

Orl. I attend them, with all respect and duty.

Ros. Young man, have you challenged Charles the wrestler?

Orl. No, fair princess; he is the general challenger: I come but in, as others do, to try with him the strength of my youth.

Cel. Young gentleman, your spirits are too bold for your years. You have seen cruel proof of this man's strength: if you saw yourself with your eyes, or knew yourself with your judgment, the fear of your adventure would counsel you to a more equal enterprise. We pray you, for your own sake, to embrace your own safety, and give over this attempt.

Ros. Do, young sir: your reputation shall not therefore be misprised. We will make it our suit to the duke, that the wrestling might not go forward.

Orl. I beseech you, punish me not with your hard thoughts, wherein I confess me much guilty, to deny so fair and excellent ladies any thing. But let your fair eyes, and gentle wishes, go with me to my trial: wherein if I be foiled, there is but one shamed that was never gracious; if killed, but one dead that is willing to be so. I shall do my friends no wrong, for I

[5] — there is such odds in the MAN.] *i. e.* Such a difference in the *man*, as compared with Charles, the wrestler. Sir Thomas Hanmer changed "man" to *men;* but without necessity, and against all authority.

[6] — the PRINCESS CALLS for you.] So the old copies; and surely there is no need for change: yet Theobald, and some modern editors, read, "the *princesses call* for you." It is Celia who had desired Le Beau to call Orlando to her: Orlando, seeing two ladies, very naturally answers, "I attend *them*, with all respect and duty."

have none to lament me; the world no injury, for in it I have nothing; only in the world I fill up a place, which may be better supplied when I have made it empty.

Ros. The little strength that I have, I would it were with you.

Cel. And mine, to eke out hers.

Ros. Fare you well. Pray heaven, I be deceived in you!

Cel. Your heart's desires be with you.

Cha. Come; where is this young gallant, that is so desirous to lie with his mother earth?

Orl. Ready, sir; but his will hath in it[7] a more modest working.

Duke F. You shall try but one fall.

Cha. No, I warrant your grace, you shall not entreat him to a second, that have so mightily persuaded him from a first.

Orl. You mean to mock me after: you should not have mocked me before; but come your ways.

Ros. Now, Hercules be thy speed, young man!

Cel. I would I were invisible, to catch the strong fellow by the leg. [CHARLES *and* ORLANDO *wrestle.*

Ros. O, excellent young man!

Cel. If I had a thunderbolt in mine eye, I can tell who should down. [CHARLES *is thrown. Shout.*

Duke F. No more, no more.

Orl. Yes, I beseech your grace: I am not yet well breathed.

Duke F. How dost thou, Charles?

Le Beau. He cannot speak, my lord.

Duke F. Bear him away. [CHARLES *is borne out.* What is thy name, young man?

Orl. Orlando, my liege: the youngest son of sir Rowland de Bois.

[7] — his will hath IN IT, &c.] In Malone's Shakespeare by Boswell, "in it" is misprinted *it in.*

Duke F. I would, thou hadst been son to some man else.
The world esteem'd thy father honourable,
But I did find him still mine enemy:
Thou shouldst have better pleas'd me with this deed,
Hadst thou descended from another house.
But fare thee well; thou art a gallant youth.
I would thou hadst told me of another father.

[*Exeunt Duke* FRED. *Train, and* LE BEAU.

Cel. Were I my father, coz, would I do this?

Orl. I am more proud to be sir Rowland's son,
His youngest son, and would not change that calling,
To be adopted heir to Frederick.

Ros. My father lov'd sir Rowland as his soul,
And all the world was of my father's mind.
Had I before known this young man his son,
I should have given him tears unto entreaties,
Ere he should thus have ventur'd.

Cel. Gentle cousin,
Let us go thank him, and encourage him:
My father's rough and envious disposition
Sticks me at heart.—Sir, you have well deserv'd:
If you do keep your promises in love
But justly, as you have exceeded all promise,
Your mistress shall be happy.

Ros. Gentleman,

[*Giving him a chain from her neck.*

Wear this for me, one out of suits with fortune,
That could give more, but that her hand lacks means.—
Shall we go, coz?

Cel. Ay.—Fare you well, fair gentleman.

Orl. Can I not say, I thank you? My better parts
Are all thrown down, and that which here stands up
Is but a quintaine, a mere lifeless block[8].

[8] Is but a QUINTAINE, a mere lifeless block.] A quintaine was originally a wooden object, generally in the figure of a man, used in martial exercises, as a mark against which weapons were directed. It afterwards became a sport, and was such in the time of Shakespeare.

Ros. He calls us back. My pride fell with my fortunes;
I'll ask him what he would.—Did you call, sir?—
Sir, you have wrestled well, and overthrown
More than your enemies.
Cel. Will you go, coz?
Ros. Have with you.—Fare you well.
[*Exeunt* ROSALIND *and* CELIA.
Orl. What passion hangs these weights upon my tongue?
I cannot speak to her, yet she urg'd conference.

Re-enter LE BEAU.

O, poor Orlando! thou art overthrown.
Or Charles, or something weaker, masters thee.
Le Beau. Good sir, I do in friendship counsel you
To leave this place. Albeit you have deserv'd
High commendation, true applause, and love,
Yet such is now the duke's condition,
That he misconstrues all that you have done.
The duke is humorous: what he is, indeed,
More suits you to conceive, than me to speak of.
Orl. I thank you, sir; and, pray you, tell me this:
Which of the two was daughter of the duke,
That here was at the wrestling?
Le Beau. Neither his daughter, if we judge by manners;
But yet, indeed, the smaller is his daughter[9]:
The other is daughter to the banish'd duke,
And here detain'd by her usurping uncle,
To keep his daughter company; whose loves
Are dearer than the natural bond of sisters.

[9] — the SMALLER is his daughter:] The old copies have *taller*, which is certainly wrong, because Rosalind in the next scene says, that she is "more than common tall." Pope altered it to *shorter;* but, as Malone observes, *smaller* comes nearer to the old reading, and we may add, that *shorter* and "daughter" read dissonantly.

But I can tell you, that of late this duke
Hath ta'en displeasure 'gainst his gentle niece,
Grounded upon no other argument,
But that the people praise her for her virtues,
And pity her for her good father's sake;
And, on my life, his malice 'gainst the lady
Will suddenly break forth.—Sir, fare you well:
Hereafter, in a better world than this,
I shall desire more love and knowledge of you.

Orl. I rest much bounden to you: fare you well.

[*Exit* LE BEAU.

Thus must I from the smoke into the smother;
From tyrant duke, unto a tyrant brother.—
But heavenly Rosalind! [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

A Room in the Palace.

Enter CELIA *and* ROSALIND.

Cel. Why, cousin; why, Rosalind.—Cupid have mercy!—Not a word?

Ros. Not one to throw at a dog.

Cel. No, thy words are too precious to be cast away upon curs, throw some of them at me: come, lame me with reasons.

Ros. Then there were two cousins laid up, when the one should be lamed with reasons, and the other mad without any.

Cel. But is all this for your father?

Ros. No, some of it for my child's father[1]. O, how full of briars is this working-day world!

[1] No, some of it for my child's father.] This is according to the old copies; but, as Coleridge suggests, (Lit. Rem. ii. 116,) we ought to read *my father's child;* an improvement both natural and delicate. However, with this observation, we feel bound, notwithstanding, to adhere to the ancient text.

Cel. They are but burs, cousin, thrown upon thee in holiday foolery: if we walk not in the trodden paths, our very petticoats will catch them.

Ros. I could shake them off my coat: these burs are in my heart.

Cel. Hem them away.

Ros. I would try, if I could cry hem, and have him.

Cel. Come, come; wrestle with thy affections.

Ros. O! they take the part of a better wrestler than myself.

Cel. O, a good wish upon you! you will try in time, in despite of a fall.—But, turning these jests out of service, let us talk in good earnest. Is it possible, on such a sudden, you should fall into so strong a liking with old sir Rowland's youngest son?

Ros. The duke my father lov'd his father dearly.

Cel. Doth it therefore ensue, that you should love his son dearly? By this kind of chase, I should hate him, for my father hated his father dearly; yet I hate not Orlando.

Ros. No 'faith, hate him not, for my sake.

Cel. Why should I not? doth he not deserve well?

Ros. Let me love him for that; and do you love him, because I do.—

Enter Duke FREDERICK, *with Lords.*

Look, here comes the duke.

Cel. With his eyes full of anger.

Duke F. Mistress, dispatch you with your safest haste,
And get you from our court.

Ros. Me, uncle?

Duke F. You, cousin:
Within these ten days if that thou be'st found
So near our public court as twenty miles,
Thou diest for it.

Ros. I do beseech your grace,

Let me the knowledge of my fault bear with me.
If with myself I hold intelligence,
Or have acquaintance with mine own desires,
If that I do not dream, or be not frantic,
(As I do trust I am not) then, dear uncle,
Never so much as in a thought unborn
Did I offend your highness.

Duke F. Thus do all traitors:
If their purgation did consist in words,
They are as innocent as grace itself.
Let it suffice thee, that I trust thee not.

Ros. Yet your mistrust cannot make me a traitor.
Tell me, whereon the likelihood depends.

Duke F. Thou art thy father's daughter; there's enough.

Ros. So was I when your highness took his dukedom;
So was I when your highness banish'd him.
Treason is not inherited, my lord;
Or if we did derive it from our friends,
What's that to me? my father was no traitor.
Then, good my liege, mistake me not so much,
To think my poverty is treacherous.

Cel. Dear sovereign, hear me speak.

Duke F. Ay, Celia: we stay'd her for your sake;
Else had she with her father rang'd along.

Cel. I did not then entreat to have her stay:
It was your pleasure, and your own remorse.
I was too young that time to value her,
But now I know her: if she be a traitor,
Why so am I; we still have slept together,
Rose at an instant, learn'd, play'd, eat together;
And wheresoe'er we went, like Juno's swans,
Still we went coupled, and inseparable.

Duke F. She is too subtle for thee; and her smoothness,
Her very silence, and her patience,

Speak to the people, and they pity her.
Thou art a fool: she robs thee of thy name;
And thou wilt show more bright, and seem more virtuous,
When she is gone. Then, open not thy lips:
Firm and irrevocable is my doom
Which I have pass'd upon her. She is banish'd.

Cel. Pronounce that sentence, then, on me, my liege:
I cannot live out of her company.

Duke F. You are a fool.—You, niece, provide yourself:
If you out-stay the time, upon mine honour,
And in the greatness of my word, you die.
[*Exeunt Duke* FREDERICK *and Lords.*

Cel. O, my poor Rosalind! whither wilt thou go?
Wilt thou change fathers? I will give thee mine.
I charge thee, be not thou more griev'd than I am.

Ros. I have more cause.

Cel. Thou hast not, cousin.
Pr'ythee, be cheerful: know'st thou not, the duke
Hath banished me, his daughter?

Ros. That he hath not.

Cel. No? hath not? Rosalind lacks, then, the love,
Which teacheth thee that thou and I am one.
Shall we be sunder'd? shall we part, sweet girl?
No: let my father seek another heir.
Therefore, devise with me how we may fly,
Whither to go, and what to bear with us:
And do not seek to take your change upon you[2],
To bear your griefs yourself, and leave me out;
For, by this heaven, now at our sorrows pale,
Say what thou canst, I'll go along with thee.

Ros. Why, whither shall we go?

Cel. To seek my uncle
In the forest of Arden.

Ros. Alas, what danger will it be to us,

[2] — take your CHANGE upon you,] The folio, 1632, reads, *charge*.

Maids as we are, to travel forth so far!
Beauty provoketh thieves sooner than gold.
Cel. I'll put myself in poor and mean attire,
And with a kind of umber smirch my face[3].
The like do you: so shall we pass along,
And never stir assailants.
Ros. Were it not better,
Because that I am more than common tall,
That I did suit me all points like a man?
A gallant curtle-ax[4] upon my thigh,
A boar-spear in my hand; and, in my heart
Lie there what hidden woman's fear there will,
We'll have a swashing and a martial outside;
As many other mannish cowards have,
That do outface it with their semblances.
Cel. What shall I call thee, when thou art a man?
Ros. I'll have no worse a name than Jove's own page,
And therefore look you call me Ganymede.
But what will you be call'd?
Cel. Something that hath a reference to my state:
No longer Celia, but Aliena[5].
Ros. But, cousin, what if we essay'd to steal
The clownish fool out of your father's court?
Would he not be a comfort to our travel?
Cel. He'll go along o'er the wide world with me;
Leave me alone to woo him. Let's away,
And get our jewels and our wealth together,
Devise the fittest time, and safest way
To hide us from pursuit that will be made
After my flight. Now go we in content[6]
To liberty, and not to banishment. [*Exeunt.*

[3] — SMIRCH my face.] See vol. ii. p. 235, note 7; and p. 246, note 11.

[4] — curtle-ax] *i. e.* cutlass, or broad-sword.

[5] No longer Celia, but Aliena.] Ganymede and Aliena are the names they assume in Lodge's "Rosalynde."

[6] Now go WE IN content] The first folio transposes the words "we in," but the second folio corrects the error.

ACT II. SCENE I.

The Forest of Arden.

Enter DUKE, *Senior*, AMIENS, *and other Lords, like Foresters.*

Duke S. Now, my co-mates, and brothers in exile,
Hath not old custom made this life more sweet,
Than that of painted pomp? Are not these woods
More free from peril than the envious court?
Here feel we not the penalty of Adam,
The seasons' difference[7]; as, the icy fang,
And churlish chiding of the winter's wind,
Which when it bites, and blows upon my body,
Even till I shrink with cold, I smile, and say,
This is no flattery: these are counsellors
That feelingly persuade me what I am.
Sweet are the uses of adversity,
Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head;
And this our life, exempt from public haunt,
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in every thing.

Ami. I would not change it. Happy is your grace,
That can translate the stubbornness of fortune
Into so quiet and so sweet a style.

Duke S. Come, shall we go and kill us venison?
And yet it irks me, the poor dappled fools,
Being native burghers of this desert city[8],

[7] The seasons' difference;] "The penalty of Adam," here referred to, seems to have been, to be sensible of the "difference" between heat and cold after his expulsion from Paradise.

[8] Being native burghers of this desert city,] Our poet may have derived this thought from two lines in "Montanus' Sonnet," in Lodge's "Rosalynde." See "Shakespeare's Library," part ii. p. 93.

"About her wond'ring stood
The *citizens of the wood*."

Should, in their own confines, with forked heads[9],
Have their round haunches gor'd.

1 *Lord.* Indeed, my lord,
The melancholy Jaques grieves at that;
And, in that kind, swears you do more usurp
Than doth your brother that hath banish'd you.
To-day, my lord of Amiens and myself
Did steal behind him, as he lay along
Under an oak, whose antique root peeps out
Upon the brook that brawls along this wood;
To the which place a poor sequester'd stag,
That from the hunter's aim had ta'en a hurt,
Did come to languish: and, indeed, my lord,
The wretched animal heav'd forth such groans,
That their discharge did stretch his leathern coat
Almost to bursting; and the big round tears
Cours'd one another down his innocent nose
In piteous chase: and thus the hairy fool,
Much marked of the melancholy Jaques,
Stood on the extremest verge of the swift brook,
Augmenting it with tears.

Duke S. But what said Jaques?
Did he not moralize this spectacle?

1 *Lord.* O! yes, into a thousand similes.
First, for his weeping into the needless stream[10];
"Poor deer," quoth he, "thou mak'st a testament
As worldlings do, giving thy sum of more
To that which had too much." Then, being there alone,
Left and abandon'd of his velvet friend;
"'Tis right," quoth he; "thus misery doth part
The flux of company." Anon, a careless herd,
Full of the pasture, jumps along by him,
And never stays to greet him: "Ay," quoth Jaques,
"Sweep on, you fat and greasy citizens;

[9] — with FORKED heads,] *i. e.* The "forked," or barbed "heads" of arrows.

[10] First, for his weeping INTO the needless stream;] "Into" is to be read in the time of one syllable. Malone and Steevens altered "into" to *in*, but the stag did not weep *in*, but "into" the "needless stream."

'Tis just the fashion: wherefore do you look
Upon that poor and broken bankrupt there?"
Thus most invectively he pierceth through
The body of the country, city, court[11],
Yea, and of this our life, swearing, that we
Are mere usurpers, tyrants, and what's worse,
To fright the animals, and to kill them up
In their assign'd and native dwelling place.

Duke S. And did you leave him in this contemplation?

2 *Lord.* We did, my lord, weeping and commenting
Upon the sobbing deer.

Duke S. Show me the place.
I love to cope him in these sullen fits,
For then he's full of matter.

2 *Lord.* I'll bring you to him straight. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A Room in the Palace.

Enter Duke FREDERICK, *Lords, and Attendants.*

Duke F. Can it be possible that no man saw them?
It cannot be: some villains of my court
Are of consent and sufferance in this.

1 *Lord.* I cannot hear of any that did see her.
The ladies, her attendants of her chamber,
Saw her a-bed; and in the morning early
They found the bed untreasur'd of their mistress.

2 *Lord.* My lord, the roynish clown[12], at whom so oft
Your grace was wont to laugh, is also missing.
Hesperia, the princess' gentlewoman,
Confesses that she secretly o'er-heard

[11] The body of THE country, city, court,] The first folio omits "the," which is inserted in the second folio.

[12] — the ROYNISH clown,] *Roynish*, from *rogneux*, Fr. scurvy.

Your daughter and her cousin much commend
The parts and graces of the wrestler,
That did but lately foil the sinewy Charles;
And she believes, wherever they are gone,
That youth is surely in their company.

Duke F. Send to his brother: fetch that gallant hither;
If he be absent, bring his brother to me,
I'll make him find him. Do this suddenly,
And let not search and inquisition quail
To bring again these foolish runaways. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Before Oliver's House.

Enter Orlando *and* Adam, *meeting.*

Orl. Who's there?

Adam. What! my young master?—O, my gentle master!
O, my sweet master! O, you memory
Of old sir Rowland! why, what make you here?
Why are you virtuous? Why do people love you?
And wherefore are you gentle, strong, and valiant?
Why would you be so fond to overcome[2]
The bony priser[3] of the humorous duke?
Your praise is come too swiftly home before you.
Know you not, master, to some kind of men[4]
Their graces serve them but as enemies?
No more do yours: your virtues, gentle master,
Are sanctified and holy traitors to you.

[2] — so fond to overcome] *i. e.* so *foolish.* See vol. ii. p. 37, note 5.

[3] The bony priser] In all the folios, "bony" is spelt *bonny.*

[4] — to some kind of men] Oldest copy, "*seeme* kind." Corrected in the second folio.

O, what a world is this, when what is comely
Envenoms him that bears it!

Orl. Why, what's the matter[5]?

Adam. O, unhappy youth!
Come not within these doors: within this roof
The enemy of all your graces lives.
Your brother—(no, no brother; yet the son—
Yet not the son—I will not call him son—
Of him I was about to call his father,)—
Hath heard your praises, and this night he means
To burn the lodging where you use to lie,
And you within it: if he fail of that,
He will have other means to cut you off:
I overheard him, and his practices.
This is no place; this house is but a butchery:
Abhor it, fear it, do not enter it.

Orl. Why, whither, Adam, would'st thou have me go?

Adam. No matter whither, so you come not here.

Orl. What! would'st thou have me go and beg my food,
Or with a base and boisterous sword enforce
A thievish living on the common road?
This I must do, or know not what to do;
Yet this I will not do, do how I can.
I rather will subject me to the malice
Of a diverted blood, and bloody brother.

Adam. But do not so. I have five hundred crowns,
The thrifty hire I sav'd under your father,
Which I did store, to be my foster-nurse
When service should in my old limbs lie lame,
And unregarded age in corners thrown.
Take that; and He that doth the ravens feed,
Yea, providently caters for the sparrow,

[5] Why, what's the matter?] These words are made part of Adam's speech in the folio of 1623; but are properly assigned to Orlando in the folio of 1632. An error of a similar kind occurs in Orlando's next speech.

Be comfort to my age! Here is the gold:
All this I give you. Let me be your servant:
Though I look old, yet I am strong and lusty;
For in my youth I never did apply
Hot and rebellious liquors in my blood;
Nor did not with unbashful forehead woo
The means of weakness and debility:
Therefore my age is as a lusty winter,
Frosty, but kindly. Let me go with you:
I'll do the service of a younger man
In all your business and necessities.

Orl. O, good old man! how well in thee appears
The constant service of the antique world,
When service sweat for duty, not for meed!
Thou art not for the fashion of these times,
Where none will sweat but for promotion,
And having that, do choke their service up
Even with the having: it is not so with thee.
But, poor old man, thou prun'st a rotten tree,
That cannot so much as a blossom yield,
In lieu of all thy pains and husbandry.
But come thy ways: we'll go along together,
And ere we have thy youthful wages spent,
We'll light upon some settled low content.

Adam. Master, go on, and I will follow thee
To the last gasp with truth and loyalty.
From seventeen years[6], till now almost fourscore,
Here lived I, but now live here no more.
At seventeen years many their fortunes seek;
But at fourscore it is too late a week:
Yet fortune cannot recompense me better,
Than to die well, and not my master's debtor. [*Exeunt.*

[6] From SEVENTEEN years,] The old copies read, *seventy*. The correction was made by Rowe, and is warranted by what follows in the next line but one.

SCENE IV.

The Forest of Arden.

Enter ROSALIND *for Ganymede,* CELIA *for Aliena, and Clown, alias* TOUCHSTONE[7].

Ros. O Jupiter! how weary are my spirits[8]!

Touch. I care not for my spirits, if my legs were not weary.

Ros. I could find in my heart to disgrace my man's apparel, and to cry like a woman; but I must comfort the weaker vessel, as doublet and hose ought to show itself courageous to petticoat: therefore, courage, good Aliena.

Cel. I pray you, bear with me: I can go no farther[9].

Touch. For my part, I had rather bear with you, than bear you: yet I should bear no cross, if I did bear you, for, I think, you have no money in your purse.

Ros. Well, this is the forest of Arden.

Touch. Ay, now am I in Arden; the more fool I: when I was at home I was in a better place, but travellers must be content.

Ros. Ay, be so, good Touchstone.—Look you; who comes here? a young man, and an old, in solemn talk.

Enter CORIN *and* SILVIUS.

Cor. That is the way to make her scorn you still.

[7] — and Clown, alias Touchstone.] The whole of this is precisely the old stage-direction; and as it is perfectly intelligible, it is to be preferred.

[8] O Jupiter! how WEARY are my spirits!] In the old copies it stands, "how *merry* are my spirits!" an easy misprint: and that it was so, seems shown by the answer of Touchstone, "I care not for my spirits, if my legs were not weary." It has been suggested, that Rosalind was assuming good spirits, as well as male attire, and would therefore say, "how *merry* are my spirits;" but why should she assume good spirits here to Celia, when in the very next sentence she utters she says, that her spirits are so bad that she could almost cry?

[9] — I CAN go no farther.] The copy of 1623 reads, "I *cannot* go no farther;" but the second folio corrects the error.

Sil. O Corin, that thou knew'st how I do love her!
Cor. I partly guess, for I have lov'd ere now.
Sil. No, Corin; being old, thou canst not guess,
Though in thy youth thou wast as true a lover
As ever sigh'd upon a midnight pillow:
But if thy love were ever like to mine,
As sure I think did never man love so,
How many actions most ridiculous
Hast thou been drawn to by thy fantasy?
Cor. Into a thousand that I have forgotten.
Sil. O! thou didst then ne'er love so heartily.
If thou remember'st not the slightest folly
That ever love did make thee run into,
Thou hast not lov'd:
Or if thou hast not sat, as I do now,
Wearying thy hearer[10] in thy mistress' praise,
Thou hast not lov'd:
Or if thou hast not broke from company,
Abruptly, as my passion now makes me,
Thou hast not lov'd.
O Phebe, Phebe, Phebe[1]! [*Exit* SILVIUS.

Ros. Alas, poor shepherd! searching of thy wound[2],
I have by hard adventure found mine own.

Touch. And I mine. I remember, when I was in love I broke my sword upon a stone, and bid him take that for coming a-night to Jane Smile: and I remember the kissing of her batler[3], and the cow's dugs that her pretty chapped hands had milked: and I remember the wooing of a peascod instead of her; from whom I

[10] WEARYING thy hearer] The first folio reads *wearing*, and the second folio, *wearying*.

[1] O Phebe, Phebe, Phebe!] In the old folios this is made a separate line, and properly; for it is very clear that Shakespeare meant to adopt a species of blank-verse lyrical measure in this speech, each staff ending with "Thou hast not lov'd."

[2] — searching of THY WOUND,] The folio of 1623 reads, *they would*; and the second folio only half corrects the error by substituting *their wound*. Our text is, no doubt, the true reading.

[3] — kissing of her BATLER,] The folio of 1632 reads, *batlet*: a bat used for washing linen.

took two cods, and, giving her them again, said with weeping tears, "Wear these for my sake." We, that are true lovers, run into strange capers; but as all is mortal in nature, so is all nature in love mortal in folly.

Ros. Thou speakest wiser than thou art 'ware of.

Touch. Nay, I shall ne'er be 'ware of mine own wit,
Till I break my shins against it.

Ros. Jove, Jove! this shepherd's passion
Is much upon my fashion.

Touch. And mine; but it grows something stale with me.

Cel. I pray you, one of you question yond' man,
If he for gold will give us any food:
I faint almost to death.

Touch. Holla, you clown!

Ros. Peace, fool: he's not thy kinsman.

Cor. Who calls?

Touch. Your betters, sir.

Cor. Else are they very wretched.

Ros. Peace, I say.—
Good even to you, friend[4].

Cor. And to you, gentle sir; and to you all.

Ros. I pr'ythee, shepherd, if that love, or gold,
Can in this desert place buy entertainment,
Bring us where we may rest ourselves, and feed.
Here's a young maid with travel much oppress'd,
And faints for succour.

Cor. Fair sir, I pity her,
And wish, for her sake more than for mine own,
My fortunes were more able to relieve her;
But I am shepherd to another man,
And do not shear the fleeces that I graze:
My master is of churlish disposition,
And little recks[5] to find the way to heaven
By doing deeds of hospitality.

[4] — to YOU, friend.] First folio, *your*: second folio, "you."
[5] And little RECKS—] *i. e.* little *cares*.

Besides, his cote, his flocks, and bounds of feed,
Are now on sale; and at our sheepcote now,
By reason of his absence, there is nothing
That you will feed on; but what is, come see,
And in my voice most welcome shall you be.

Ros. What is he that shall buy his flock and pasture?

Cor. That young swain that you saw here but erewhile,
That little cares for buying any thing.

Ros. I pray thee, if it stand with honesty,
Buy thou the cottage, pasture, and the flock,
And thou shalt have to pay for it of us.

Cel. And we will mend thy wages. I like this place,
And willingly could waste my time in it.

Cor. Assuredly, the thing is to be sold.
Go with me: if you like, upon report,
The soil, the profit, and this kind of life,
I will your very faithful feeder be,
And buy it with your gold right suddenly. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Another part of the Forest.

Enter AMIENS, JAQUES, *and Others.*

SONG.

Ami. *Under the greenwood tree,*
Who loves to lie with me,
And turn his merry note[6]
Unto the sweet bird's throat,
Come hither, come hither, come hither:
Here shall he see no enemy,
But winter and rough weather.

[6] And TURN his merry note] Malone and some other modern editors vary from the old copies, by reading *tune* instead of "turn," which was the language of the period. Pope first made the alteration.

Jaq. More, more! I pr'ythee, more.

Ami. It will make you melancholy, monsieur Jaques.

Jaq. I thank it. More! I pr'ythee, more. I can suck melancholy out of a song, as a weasel sucks eggs. More! I pr'ythee, more.

Ami. My voice is ragged; I know I cannot please you.

Jaq. I do not desire you to please me; I do desire you to sing. Come, more; another stanza. Call you 'em stanzas?

Ami. What you will, monsieur Jaques.

Jaq. Nay, I care not for their names; they owe me nothing. Will you sing?

Ami. More at your request, than to please myself.

Jaq. Well then, if ever I thank any man, I'll thank you: but that they call compliment is like the encounter of two dog-apes; and when a man thanks me heartily, methinks, I have given him a penny, and he renders me the beggarly thanks. Come, sing; and you that will not, hold your tongues.

Ami. Well, I'll end the song.—Sirs, cover the while; the duke will drink under this tree.—He hath been all this day to look you.

Jaq. And I have been all this day to avoid him. He is too disputable for my company: I think of as many matters as he, but I give heaven thanks, and make no boast of them. Come, warble; come.

SONG.

Who doth ambition shun, [All together here.
And loves to live i' the sun,
Seeking the food he eats,
And pleas'd with what he gets,
Come hither, come hither, come hither:
Here shall he see, &c.

Jaq. I'll give you a verse to this note, that I made yesterday in despite of my invention.

Ami. And I'll sing it.

Jaq. Thus it goes:—

If it do come to pass,
That any man turn ass
Leaving his wealth and ease,
A stubborn will to please,
Ducdame, ducdame, ducdame[7]*:*
Here shall he see, gross fools as he,
An if he will come to me.

Ami. What's that *ducdame?*

Jaq. 'Tis a Greek invocation to call fools into a circle. I'll go sleep if I can; if I cannot, I'll rail against all the first-born of Egypt.

Ami. And I'll go seek the duke: his banquet is prepared. [*Exeunt severally.*

SCENE VI.

The Same.

Enter ORLANDO *and* ADAM.

Adam. Dear master, I can go no farther: O! I die for food. Here lie I down, and measure out my grave. Farewell, kind master.

Orl. Why, how now, Adam! no greater heart in thee? Live a little; comfort a little; cheer thyself a little. If this uncouth forest yield any thing savage, I will either be food for it, or bring it for food to thee. Thy conceit is nearer death than thy powers. For my sake be comfortable; hold death awhile at the arm's

[7] Ducdame,] Sir Thomas Hanmer altered "Ducdame" to *Duc ad me*, which is probably right; but *duc ad me* being harsh, when sung to the same notes as its translation "Come hither," it was corrupted to *duc-da-me*, a trisyllable which ran more easily. Farmer observes, that "if *duc ad me* were right, Amiens would not have asked its meaning." Why not? if Amiens be supposed not to understand Latin. When Jaques declares it to be "a Greek invocation," he seems to intend to jeer Amiens upon his ignorance.

end. I will here be with thee presently, and if I bring thee not something to eat, I will give thee leave to die; but if thou diest before I come, thou art a mocker of my labour. Well said[8]! thou look'st cheerily; and I'll be with thee quickly.—Yet thou liest in the bleak air: come, I will bear thee to some shelter, and thou shalt not die for lack of a dinner, if there live any thing in this desert. Cheerly, good Adam. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.

The Same[9].

A Table set out. Enter DUKE, *Senior*, AMIENS, *Lords, and others.*

Duke S. I think he be transform'd into a beast,
For I can no where find him like a man.

1 *Lord.* My lord, he is but even now gone hence:
Here was he merry, hearing of a song.

Duke S. If he, compact of jars, grow musical,
We shall have shortly discord in the spheres.—
Go, seek him: tell him, I would speak with him.

Enter JAQUES.

1 *Lord.* He saves my labour by his own approach.

Duke S. Why, how now, monsieur! what a life is this,
That your poor friends must woo your company!
What, you look merrily.

Jaq. A fool, a fool!——I met a fool i' the forest,
A motley fool; (a miserable world!)
As I do live by food, I met a fool,
Who laid him down and bask'd him in the sun,

[8] Well said!] In authors of the time, "Well said" was often used for "Well *done*."

[9] The Same.] *i. e.* The same part of the forest, where Amiens had sung to Jaques, and where Amiens had said, "the duke will drink under this tree."

And rail'd on lady Fortune in good terms,
In good set terms,—and yet a motley fool.
"Good-morrow, fool," quoth I: "No, sir," quoth he,
"Call me not fool, till heaven hath sent me fortune."
And then he drew a dial from his poke,
And looking on it with lack-lustre eye,
Says very wisely, "It is ten o'clock:
Thus may we see," quoth he, "how the world wags:
'Tis but an hour ago since it was nine,
And after one hour more 'twill be eleven;
And so from hour to hour we ripe and ripe,
And then from hour to hour we rot and rot;
And thereby hangs a tale." When I did hear
The motley fool thus moral on the time,
My lungs began to crow like chanticleer,
That fools should be so deep contemplative;
And I did laugh, sans intermission,
An hour by his dial.—O, noble fool!
A worthy fool! Motley's the only wear.

Duke S. What fool is this?

Jaq. O, worthy fool!—One that hath been a courtier,
And says, if ladies be but young and fair,
They have the gift to know it; and in his brain,
Which is as dry as the remainder biscuit
After a voyage, he hath strange places cramm'd
With observation, the which he vents
In mangled forms.—O, that I were a fool!
I am ambitious for a motley coat.

Duke S. Thou shalt have one.

Jaq. It is my only suit;
Provided, that you weed your better judgments
Of all opinion that grows rank in them,
That I am wise. I must have liberty
Withal, as large a charter as the wind,
To blow on whom I please; for so fools have:
And they that are most galled with my folly,

They most must laugh. And why, sir, must they so?
The why is plain as way to parish church:
He, that a fool doth very wisely hit,
Doth very foolishly, although he smart,
Not to seem senseless of the bob[1]; if not,
The wise man's folly is anatomiz'd,
Even by the squandering glances of the fool.
Invest me in my motley: give me leave
To speak my mind, and I will through and through
Cleanse the foul body of th' infected world,
If they will patiently receive my medicine.

Duke S. Fie on thee! I can tell what thou wouldst do.

Jaq. What, for a counter, would I do, but good?

Duke S. Most mischievous foul sin, in chiding sin:
For thou thyself hast been a libertine,
As sensual as the brutish sting itself;
And all th' embossed sores, and headed evils,
That thou with licence of free foot hast caught,
Would'st thou disgorge into the general world.

Jaq. Why, who cries out on pride,
That can therein tax any private party?
Doth it not flow as hugely as the sea,
Till that the weary very means do ebb[2]?
What woman in the city do I name,
When that I say, the city-woman bears

[1] Not to seem senseless of the bob:] The old copies read, "seem senseless of the bob;" which appears wrong, not merely as regards the meaning, but the measure: both are completed by the insertion of "Not to," supplied by Theobald; though they may not be the very words accidentally omitted by the compositor, or which had dropped out in the press.

[2] Till that the weary very means do ebb?] The old copies give this line literatim as follows:—

"Till that the wearie verie meanes do ebbe?"

which Pope altered thus, Malone and other modern editors following him:—

"Till that the *very* very means do ebb?"

A clear sense can be made out of the passage as it stands in the old text, and we therefore reprint it; but the compositor may have misread *wearie* for "wearing," and transposed *very;* and if we consider Jaques to be railing against pride and excess of apparel, the meaning may be, that "the very *wearing* means," or means of wearing fine clothes, "do ebb." To read "very, very," with Pope and others, is poor, and unlike Shakespeare.

The cost of princes on unworthy shoulders?
Who can come in, and say, that I mean her,
When such a one as she, such is her neighbour?
Or what is he of basest function,
That says, his bravery is not on my cost,
Thinking that I mean him, but therein suits
His folly to the mettle of my speech?
There then; how then? what then? Let me see wherein
My tongue hath wrong'd him: if it do him right,
Then he hath wrong'd himself; if he be free,
Why then, my taxing like a wild goose flies,
Unclaim'd of any man.—But who comes here?

Enter ORLANDO, *with his sword drawn.*

Orl. Forbear, and eat no more.
Jaq. Why, I have eat none yet.
Orl. Nor shalt not, till necessity be serv'd.
Jaq. Of what kind should this cock come of?
Duke S. Art thou thus bolden'd, man, by thy distress,
Or else a rude despiser of good manners,
That in civility thou seem'st so empty?
Orl. You touch'd my vein at first: the thorny point
Of bare distress hath ta'en from me the show
Of smooth civility; yet am I inland bred[3],
And know some nurture. But forbear, I say:
He dies, that touches any of this fruit,
Till I and my affairs are answered.
Jaq. An you will not be answered with reason,
I must die.
Duke S. What would you have? Your gentleness shall force,
More than your force move us to gentleness.

[3] — yet am I INLAND bred,] The word occurs again in Act. iii. sc. 2, "who was in his youth an inland man." "Inland" was generally used in our old writers in opposition to *upland*, which meant rustic and unpolished.

Orl. I almost die for food, and let me have it.

Duke S. Sit down and feed, and welcome to our table.

Orl. Speak you so gently? Pardon me, I pray you:
I thought, that all things had been savage here,
And therefore put I on the countenance
Of stern commandment. But whate'er you are,
That, in this desert inaccessible,
Under the shade of melancholy boughs,
Lose and neglect the creeping hours of time,
If ever you have look'd on better days,
If ever been where bells have knoll'd to church,
If ever sat at any good man's feast,
If ever from your eye-lids wip'd a tear,
And know what 'tis to pity, and be pitied,
Let gentleness my strong enforcement be.
In the which hope, I blush, and hide my sword.

Duke S. True is it that we have seen better days,
And have with holy bell been knoll'd to church,
And sat at good men's feasts, and wip'd our eyes
Of drops that sacred pity hath engender'd;
And therefore sit you down in gentleness,
And take upon command what help we have,
That to your wanting may be minister'd.

Orl. Then, but forbear your food a little while,
Whiles, like a doe, I go to find my fawn,
And give it food. There is an old poor man,
Who after me hath many a weary step
Limp'd in pure love: till he be first suffic'd,
Oppress'd with two weak evils, age and hunger,
I will not touch a bit.

Duke S. Go find him out,
And we will nothing waste till you return.

Orl. I thank ye; and be bless'd for your good comfort! [*Exit.*

Duke S. Thou seest, we are not all alone unhappy:
This wide and universal theatre
Presents more woful pageants, than the scene

Wherein we play in.

Jaq. All the world's a stage,
And all the men and women merely players:
They have their exits and their entrances,
And one man in his time plays many parts,
His acts being seven ages. At first, the infant,
Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms.
Then, the whining school-boy, with his satchel,
And shining morning face, creeping like snail
Unwillingly to school. And then, the lover,
Sighing like furnace, with a woful ballad
Made to his mistress' eye-brow. Then, a soldier,
Full of strange oaths, and bearded like the pard,
Jealous in honour, sudden and quick in quarrel,
Seeking the bubble reputation
Even in the cannon's mouth. And then, the justice,
In fair round belly, with good capon lin'd,
With eyes severe, and beard of formal cut,
Full of wise saws and modern instances[4];
And so he plays his part. The sixth age shifts
Into the lean and slipper'd pantaloon,
With spectacles on nose, and pouch on side;
His youthful hose, well sav'd, a world too wide
For his shrunk shank, and his big manly voice,
Turning again toward childish treble, pipes
And whistles in his sound. Last scene of all,
That ends this strange eventful history,
Is second childishness, and mere oblivion;
Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans every thing.

Re-enter ORLANDO, *with* ADAM.

Duke S. Welcome. Set down your venerable burden,
And let him feed.

Orl. I thank you most for him.

[4] — and MODERN instances ;] *i. e. common* instances. The use of the word in this sense is frequent.

Adam. So had you need;
I scarce can speak to thank you for myself.

Duke S. Welcome; fall to: I will not trouble you
As yet to question you about your fortunes.
Give us some music; and, good cousin, sing.

SONG.

Blow, blow, thou winter wind,
Thou art not so unkind
As man's ingratitude;
Thy tooth is not so keen,
Because thou art not seen,
Although thy breath be rude.
Heigh, ho! sing, heigh, ho! unto the green holly:
Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly.
Then, heigh, ho[5]*! the holly!*
This life is most jolly.

Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,
That dost not bite so nigh
As benefits forgot:
Though thou the waters warp,
Thy sting is not so sharp,
As friend remember'd not.
Heigh, ho! sing, &c.

Duke S. If that you were the good sir Rowland's son,
As you have whisper'd faithfully, you were,
And as mine eye doth his effigies witness
Most truly limn'd, and living in your face,
Be truly welcome hither. I am the duke,
That lov'd your father. The residue of your fortune,
Go to my cave and tell me.—Good old man,
Thou art right welcome as thy master is.
Support him by the arm.—Give me your hand,
And let me all your fortunes understand. [*Exeunt.*

[5] THEN, heigh, ho!] First folio, *The.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

A Room in the Palace.

Enter Duke FREDERICK, OLIVER, *Lords and Attendants.*

Duke F. Not see him since? Sir, sir, that cannot be:
But were I not the better part made mercy,
I should not seek an absent argument
Of my revenge, thou present. But look to it:
Find out thy brother, wheresoe'er he is;
Seek him with candle: bring him, dead or living,
Within this twelvemonth, or turn thou no more
To seek a living in our territory.
Thy lands, and all things that thou dost call thine,
Worth seizure, do we seize into our hands,
Till thou canst quit thee by thy brother's mouth
Of what we think against thee.

Oli. O, that your highness knew my heart in this!
I never lov'd my brother in my life.

Duke F. More villain thou.—Well, push him out of doors;
And let my officers of such a nature
Make an extent upon his house and lands.
Do this expediently[6], and turn him going. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The Forest of Arden.

Enter ORLANDO, *with a paper.*

Orl. Hang there, my verse, in witness of my love:

[6] — expediently,] *i. e.* expeditiously. *Expedient,* throughout our author's plays, says Steevens, signifies *expeditious.*

And thou, thrice-crowned queen of night, survey
With thy chaste eye, from thy pale sphere above,
Thy huntress' name, that my full life doth sway.
O Rosalind! these trees shall be my books,
And in their barks my thoughts I'll character,
That every eye, which in this forest looks,
Shall see thy virtue witness'd every where.
Run, run, Orlando: carve, on every tree,
The fair, the chaste, and unexpressive[7] she. [*Exit.*

Enter CORIN *and* TOUCHSTONE.

Cor. And how like you this shepherd's life, master Touchstone?

Touch. Truly, shepherd, in respect of itself, it is a good life; but in respect that it is a shepherd's life, it is naught. In respect that it is solitary, I like it very well; but in respect that it is private, it is a very vile life. Now, in respect it is in the fields, it pleaseth me well; but in respect it is not in the court, it is tedious. As it is a spare life, look you, it fits my humour well; but as there is no more plenty in it, it goes much against my stomach. Hast any philosophy in thee, shepherd?

Cor. No more, but that I know the more one sickens, the worse at ease he is; and that he that wants money, means, and content, is without three good friends; that the property of rain is to wet, and fire to burn; that good pasture makes fat sheep, and that a great cause of the night, is lack of the sun; that he, that hath learned no wit by nature nor art, may complain of good breeding, or comes of a very dull kindred.

Touch. Such a one is a natural philosopher. Wast ever in court, shepherd?

Cor. No, truly.

[7] — unexpressive—] *i. e.* inexpressible. Milton, as Malone observes, uses the same word, in precisely the same sense, in his Hymn on the Nativity.

Touch. Then thou art damned.

Cor. Nay, I hope,——

Touch. Truly, thou art damned, like an ill-roasted egg, all on one side.

Cor. For not being at court? Your reason.

Touch. Why, if thou never wast at court, thou never saw'st good manners; if thou never saw'st good manners, then thy manners must be wicked; and wickedness is sin, and sin is damnation. Thou art in a parlous state[8], shepherd.

Cor. Not a whit, Touchstone: those that are good manners at the court are as ridiculous in the country, as the behaviour of the country is most mockable at the court. You told me, you salute not at the court, but you kiss your hands: that courtesy would be uncleanly, if courtiers were shepherds.

Touch. Instance, briefly; come, instance.

Cor. Why, we are still handling our ewes, and their fells, you know, are greasy.

Touch. Why, do not your courtier's hands sweat? and is not the grease of a mutton as wholesome as the sweat of a man? Shallow, shallow. A better instance, I say; come.

Cor. Besides, our hands are hard.

Touch. Your lips will feel them the sooner: shallow again. A more sounder instance; come.

Cor. And they are often tarred over with the surgery of our sheep; and would you have us kiss tar? The courtier's hands are perfumed with civet.

Touch. Most shallow man! Thou worms-meat, in respect of a good piece of flesh, indeed!—Learn of the

[8] Thou art in a PARLOUS state,] Ritson tells us, correctly, that "parlous" is a corruption of *perilous*. It sometimes seems to mean talkative, as in the following line from Day's "Law Tricks," 1608,

"A *parlous* youth, sharp and satirical."

Perhaps, being "sharp and satirical," the youth was on that account *perilous*, or "parlous." In the old MS. Interlude of "Misogonus," it is said of one of the characters, "O! its a *parlous* unthriftye ladde."

wise, and perpend: civet is of a baser birth than tar; the very uncleanly flux of a cat. Mend the instance, shepherd.

Cor. You have too courtly a wit for me: I'll rest.

Touch. Wilt thou rest damned? God help thee, shallow man! God make incision in thee[7]! thou art raw.

Cor. Sir, I am a true labourer: I earn that I eat, get that I wear; owe no man hate, envy no man's happiness; glad of other men's good, content with my harm; and the greatest of my pride is, to see my ewes graze, and my lambs suck.

Touch. That is another simple sin in you; to bring the ewes and the rams together, and to offer to get your living by the copulation of cattle; to be bawd to a bell-wether, and to betray a she-lamb of a twelvemonth, to a crooked-pated, old, cuckoldly ram, out of all reasonable match. If thou be'st not damned for this, the devil himself will have no shepherds: I cannot see else how thou shouldst 'scape.

Cor. Here comes young master Ganymede, my new mistress's brother.

Enter ROSALIND, *reading a paper.*

Ros. *From the east to western Ind,*
No jewel is like Rosalind.
Her worth, being mounted on the wind,
Through all the world bears Rosalind.
All the pictures, fairest lin'd[8],
Are but black to Rosalind.
Let no face be kept in mind,
But the fair of Rosalind[9].

[7] God make INCISION in thee !] *i. e.* says Steevens, "Cut thee for the simples." If the shepherd were "raw," he might be the more fit for "incision." The explanation of Steevens seems supported by the next speech of Touchstone, "That is another *simple* sin in you," &c.

[8] All the pictures, fairest LIN'D,] *i. e. delineated*, and not *limn'd*, as Steevens truly observes: it has been sometimes printed *limn'd*.

[9] But the FAIR of Rosalind.] "Fair" for *fairness*. See vol. ii. p. 126. note 3.

Touch. I'll rhyme you so, eight years together, dinners, and suppers, and sleeping hours excepted: it is the right butter-women's rank to market[10].

Ros. Out, fool!

Touch. For a taste:——

"If a hart do lack a hind,
Let him seek out Rosalind.
If the cat will after kind,
So, be sure, will Rosalind.
Wintred garments must be lin'd,
So must slender Rosalind.
They that reap must sheaf and bind,
Then to cart with Rosalind.
Sweetest nut hath sourest rind,
Such a nut is Rosalind.
He that sweetest rose will find,
Must find love's prick, and Rosalind."

This is the very false gallop of verses: why do you infect yourself with them?

Ros. Peace! you dull fool: I found them on a tree.

Touch. Truly, the tree yields bad fruit.

Ros. I'll graff it with you, and then I shall graff it with a medlar: then it will be the earliest fruit i' the country[1]; for you'll be rotten e'er you be half ripe, and that's the right virtue of the medlar.

[10] — the right butter-women's RANK to market.] So the old copies; and "rank" is certainly as good as *rate* or *rant*, which some editors would substitute without authority. "Rank," as Whiter observes, means the order in which they go one after another, and therefore Shakespeare says, "butter-women's," and not *butter-woman's*, as it has been corrupted of late years.

[1] — then it will be the earliest fruit i' the country;] Steevens observes upon this passage, "Shakespeare seems to have had little knowledge of gardening: the medlar is one of the latest fruits." It was not that Shakespeare did not understand gardening, but that Steevens did not here understand Shakespeare. Shakespeare was well aware that the medlar is "one of the latest fruits," and this constitutes the point of what Rosalind says:—"*Then* it will be the earliest fruit in the country," although *now* it is one of the latest. To "graff" the tree with the clown would be to "graff" it with a *medlar;* but the clown was so prematurely intrusive, that the nature of the fruit would be changed, and it would be ripe early instead of late—"*then* it will be the earliest fruit in the country." The substance of this note I owe to Mr. Amyot.

Touch. You have said; but whether wisely or no, let the forest judge.

Enter CELIA, *reading a paper.*

Ros. Peace!
Here comes my sister, reading: stand aside.

Cel. *Why should this a desert be*[2]*?*
For it is unpeopled? No;
Tongues I'll hang on every tree,
That shall civil sayings show:
Some, how brief the life of man
Runs his erring pilgrimage,
That the stretching of a span
Buckles in his sum of age.
Some, of violated vows
'Twixt the souls of friend and friend:
But upon the fairest boughs,
Or at every sentence' end,
Will I Rosalinda write;
Teaching all that read to know
The quintessence of every sprite
Heaven would in little show.
Therefore heaven Nature charg'd
That one body should be fill'd
With all graces wide enlarg'd:
Nature presently distill'd
Helen's cheek, but not her heart[3]*,*
Cleopatra's majesty,
Atalanta's better part,
Sad Lucretia's modesty.
Thus Rosalind of many parts
By heavenly synod was devis'd,

[2] Why should this desert be?] Tyrwhitt would read, "Why should this desert *silent* be?" and Pope, "Why should this *a* desert be?" No alteration of the old copies seems absolutely necessary, but Pope was a good judge of metre, and *a* may easily have dropped out.

[3] Helen's cheek, but not HER heart,] Misprinted "*his* heart" in the old copies. See p. 96. of this vol., note 2.

Of many faces, eyes, and hearts,
To have the touches dearest priz'd.
Heaven would that she these gifts should have,
And I to live and die her slave.

Ros. O, most gentle Jupiter!—what tedious homily of love have you wearied your parishioners withal, and never cried, "Have patience, good people!"

Cel. How now? back, friends.—Shepherd, go off a little:—go with him, sirrah.

Touch. Come, shepherd, let us make an honourable retreat; though not with bag and baggage, yet with scrip and scrippage. [*Exeunt* CORIN *and* TOUCHSTONE.

Cel. Didst thou hear these verses?

Ros. O! yes, I heard them all, and more too; for some of them had in them more feet than the verses would bear.

Cel. That's no matter: the feet might bear the verses.

Ros. Ay, but the feet were lame, and could not bear themselves without the verse, and therefore stood lamely in the verse.

Cel. But didst thou hear without wondering, how thy name should be hanged and carved upon these trees?

Ros. I was seven of the nine days out of the wonder, before you came; for look here what I found on a palm-tree[4]: I was never so be-rhymed since Pythagoras' time, that I was an Irish rat[5], which I can hardly remember.

[4] — for look here what I found on a PALM-tree:] "A palm-tree," as Steevens remarks, "in the forest of Arden, is as much out of its place as the lioness in a subsequent scene." Shakespeare cared little about such "proprieties;" but possibly he wrote *plane*-tree, which may have been misread by the transcriber or compositor.

[5] — that I was an Irish rat,] Ben Jonson, and other poets of the time, have mentioned this mode of killing rats in Ireland; but in a passage in his "Bartholomew Fair," A. iii. sc. 1, where Cokes begins singing a ballad, he seems to represent it as general: "The rat-catcher's charms," observes Cokes, "are all fools and asses to this."

Cel. Trow you, who hath done this?

Ros. Is it a man?

Cel. And a chain, that you once wore, about his neck[6]? Change you colour?

Ros. I pr'ythee, who?

Cel. O lord, lord! it is a hard matter for friends to meet; but mountains may be removed with earthquakes, and so encounter[7].

Ros. Nay, but who is it?

Cel. Is it possible?

Ros. Nay, I pr'ythee, now, with most petitionary vehemence, tell me who it is.

Cel. O, wonderful, wonderful, and most wonderful wonderful! and yet again wonderful, and after that, out of all whooping[8]!

Ros. Good my complexion! dost thou think, though I am caparison'd like a man, I have a doublet and hose in my disposition? One inch of delay more is a South-sea of discovery[9]; I pr'ythee, tell me, who is it quickly; and speak apace. I would thou couldst stammer, that thou might'st pour this concealed man out of thy mouth, as wine comes out of a narrow-mouth'd bottle; either too much at once, or none at all. I pr'ythee take the cork out of thy mouth, that I may drink thy tidings.

Cel. So you may put a man in your belly.

Ros. Is he of God's making? What manner of

[6] — a chain, that you once wore, about his neck?] Alluding to the chain which Rosalind had given to Orlando, in Act i. sc. 2.

[7] — mountains may be removed with earthquakes, and so encounter.] The same proverb—"friends may meet, but mountains never greet"—is referred to in "The Three Lordes of London," 1590, "I'll tell thee why we met; because we are no mountains." Sig. c 4 b.

[8] — and after that, OUT OF ALL WHOOPING!] *i. e.* "Out of all cry," or out of all measure. "Out o' cry" often occurs in "Patient Grissil," 1603, by Dekker, Chettle, and Haughton, reprinted by the Shakespeare Society.

[9] One inch of delay more is a South-sea of discovery;] The meaning is, that a single "inch" of delay is more to Rosalind than a whole continent in the South-sea. It appears strange that this passage should have given so much trouble to Warburton, Farmer, Henley, and Malone.

man? Is his head worth a hat, or his chin worth a beard?

Cel. Nay, he hath but a little beard.

Ros. Why, God will send more, if the man will be thankful. Let me stay the growth of his beard, if thou delay me not the knowledge of his chin.

Cel. It is young Orlando, that tripp'd up the wrestler's heels and your heart, both in an instant.

Ros. Nay, but the devil take mocking: speak sad brow, and true maid.

Cel. I'faith, coz, 'tis he.

Ros. Orlando?

Cel. Orlando.

Ros. Alas the day! what shall I do with my doublet and hose?—What did he, when thou saw'st him? What said he? How look'd he? Wherein went he? What makes he here? Did he ask for me? Where remains he? How parted he with thee, and when shalt thou see him again? Answer me in one word.

Cel. You must borrow me Garagantua's mouth first: 'tis a word too great for any mouth of this age's size. To say, ay, and no, to these particulars is more than to answer in a catechism.

Ros. But doth he know that I am in this forest, and in man's apparel? Looks he as freshly as he did the day he wrestled?

Cel. It is as easy to count atomies, as to resolve the propositions of a lover: but take a taste of my finding him, and relish it with good observance[10]. I found him under a tree, like a dropped acorn.

Ros. It may well be call'd Jove's tree, when it drops forth such fruit[11].

Cel. Give me audience, good madam.

[10] — and relish it with good observance.] So the old copies: modern editors print "with *a* good observance."

[11] — when it drops forth SUCH fruit.] The oldest copy reads, "when it drops forth fruit." The word *such* was supplied by the second folio.

Ros. Proceed.

Cel. There lay he, stretch'd along like a wounded knight.

Ros. Though it be pity to see such a sight, it well becomes the ground.

Cel. Cry, holla! to thy tongue, I pr'ythee; it curvets unseasonably[1]. He was furnish'd like a hunter.

Ros. O ominous! he comes to kill my heart.

Cel. I would sing my song without a burden: thou bring'st me out of tune.

Ros. Do you not know I am a woman? when I think, I must speak. Sweet, say on.

Enter ORLANDO *and* JAQUES.

Cel. You bring me out.—Soft! comes he not here?

Ros. 'Tis he: slink by, and note him.

[ROSALIND *and* CELIA *retire.*

Jaq. I thank you for your company; but, good faith, I had as lief have been myself alone.

Orl. And so had I; but yet, for fashion sake, I thank you too for your society.

Jaq. Good bye, you: let's meet as little as we can.

Orl. I do desire we may be better strangers.

Jaq. I pray you, mar no more trees with writing love-songs in their barks.

Orl. I pray you mar no more of my verses with reading them ill-favouredly.

Jaq. Rosalind is your love's name?

Orl. Yes, just.

Jaq. I do not like her name.

Orl. There was no thought of pleasing you, when she was christened.

Jaq. What stature is she of?

Orl. Just as high as my heart.

[1] — it curvets unseasonably.] "It curvets *very* unseasonably" is the reading of Malone and Steevens; but where they obtained the additional adverb they do not explain: it is not found in any of the old copies. Just before, the folio of 1623 has "Cry holla! to *the* tongue."

Jaq. You are full of pretty answers. Have you not been acquainted with goldsmiths' wives, and conn'd them out of rings?

Orl. Not so; but I answer you right painted cloth[2], from whence you have studied your questions.

Jaq. You have a nimble wit: I think 'twas made of Atalanta's heels. Will you sit down with me? and we two will rail against our mistress the world, and all our misery.

Orl. I will chide no breather in the world, but myself, against whom I know most faults.

Jaq. The worst fault you have is to be in love.

Orl. 'Tis a fault I will not change for your best virtue. I am weary of you.

Jaq. By my troth, I was seeking for a fool when I found you.

Orl. He is drown'd in the brook: look but in, and you shall see him.

Jaq. There I shall see mine own figure.

Orl. Which I take to be either a fool, or a cypher.

Jaq. I'll tarry no longer with you. Farewell, good signior love.

Orl. I am glad of your departure. Adieu, good monsieur melancholy.

[*Exit* JAQUES.—ROSALIND *and* CELIA *come forward.*

Ros. [*Aside to* CELIA.] I will speak to him like a saucy lackey, and under that habit play the knave with him. [*To him.*] Do you hear, forester?

Orl. Very well: what would you?

Ros. I pray you, what is't o'clock?

Orl. You should ask me, what time o'day: there's no clock in the forest.

Ros. Then, there is no true lover in the forest; else

[2] Not so; but I answer you RIGHT PAINTED CLOTH,] The answers of Orlando are so "pretty," that Jaques asks him if he had not learnt them from the posies of rings? Orlando's reply has reference to the sentences often inscribed upon tapestry, or "painted cloth:" "I answer you right painted cloth;" *i. e.* exactly in the style of the inscriptions upon tapestry.

sighing every minute, and groaning every hour, would detect the lazy foot of time as well as a clock.

Orl. And why not the swift foot of time? had not that been as proper?

Ros. By no means, sir. Time travels in divers paces with divers persons. I'll tell you who Time ambles withal, who Time trots withal, who Time gallops withal, and who he stands still withal.

Orl. I pr'ythee, who doth he trot withal?

Ros. Marry, he trots hard with a young maid, between the contract of her marriage, and the day it is solemnized: if the interim be but a se'nnight, Time's pace is so hard that it seems the length of seven years.

Orl. Who ambles Time withal?

Ros. With a priest that lacks Latin, and a rich man that hath not the gout; for the one sleeps easily, because he cannot study; and the other lives merrily, because he feels no pain: the one lacking the burden of lean and wasteful learning, the other knowing no burden of heavy tedious penury. These Time ambles withal.

Orl. Who doth he gallop withal?

Ros. With a thief to the gallows; for though he go as softly as foot can fall, he thinks himself too soon there.

Orl. Who stays it still withal?

Ros. With lawyers in the vacation; for they sleep between term and term, and then they perceive not how time moves.

Orl. Where dwell you, pretty youth?

Ros. With this shepherdess, my sister; here in the skirts of the forest, like fringe upon a petticoat.

Orl. Are you native of this place?

Ros. As the coney, that you see dwell where she is kindled.

Orl. Your accent is something finer than you could purchase in so removed a dwelling.

Ros. I have been told so of many: but, indeed, an old religious uncle of mine taught me to speak, who was in his youth an inland man; one that knew courtship too well, for there he fell in love. I have heard him read many lectures against it; and I thank God, I am not a woman, to be touched with so many giddy offences, as he hath generally taxed their whole sex withal.

Orl. Can you remember any of the principal evils that he laid to the charge of women?

Ros. There were none principal: they were all like one another, as half-pence are; every one fault seeming monstrous, till his fellow fault came to match it.

Orl. I pr'ythee, recount some of them.

Ros. No; I will not cast away my physic, but on those that are sick. There is a man haunts the forest, that abuses our young plants with carving Rosalind on their barks; hangs odes upon hawthorns, and elegies on brambles; all, forsooth, deifying the name of Rosalind[3]: if I could meet that fancy-monger I would give him some good counsel, for he seems to have the quotidian of love upon him.

Orl. I am he that is so love-shaked. I pray you, tell me your remedy.

Ros. There is none of my uncle's marks upon you: he taught me how to know a man in love; in which cage of rushes, I am sure, you are not prisoner.

Orl. What were his marks?

Ros. A lean cheek, which you have not; a blue eye, and sunken, which you have not; an unquestionable spirit, which you have not; a beard neglected, which you have not:—but I pardon you for that, for, simply, your having in beard is a younger brother's revenue.—Then, your hose should be ungarter'd, your bonnet unbanded, your sleeve unbuttoned, your shoe untied,

[3] — all, forsooth, DEIFYING the name of Rosalind:] The oldest folio reads, *defying:* the improvement was made in the second folio.

and every thing about you demonstrating a careless desolation. But you are no such man: you are rather point-device[4] in your accoutrements; as loving yourself, than seeming the lover of any other.

Orl. Fair youth, I would I could make thee believe I love.

Ros. Me believe it? you may as soon make her that you love believe it; which, I warrant, she is apter to do, than to confess she does: that is one of the points in the which women still give the lie to their consciences. But, in good sooth, are you he that hangs the verses on the trees, wherein Rosalind is so admired?

Orl. I swear to thee, youth, by the white hand of Rosalind, I am that he, that unfortunate he.

Ros. But are you so much in love as your rhymes speak?

Orl. Neither rhyme nor reason can express how much.

Ros. Love is merely a madness, and, I tell you, deserves as well a dark house, and a whip, as madmen do; and the reason why they are not so punished and cured, is, that the lunacy is so ordinary, that the whippers are in love too. Yet I profess curing it by counsel.

Orl. Did you ever cure any so?

Ros. Yes, one; and in this manner. He was to imagine me his love, his mistress, and I set him every day to woo me: at which time would I, being but a moonish youth, grieve, be effeminate, changeable, longing, and liking; proud, fantastical, apish, shallow, inconstant, full of tears, full of smiles; for every passion something, and for no passion truly any thing, as boys and women are, for the most part, cattle of this colour: would now like him, now loathe him; then entertain him, then forswear him; now weep for him, then spit at him; that I drave my suitor from his mad humour

[4] — point-device—] *i. e.* exact, drest with nicety: an expression of very common occurrence.

of love, to a loving humour of madness[5]; which was, to forswear the full stream of the world, and to live in a nook, merely monastic. And thus I cured him; and this way will I take upon me to wash your liver as clean as a sound sheep's heart, that there shall not be one spot of love in't.

Orl. I would not be cured, youth.

Ros. I would cure you, if you would but call me Rosalind, and come every day to my cote, and woo me.

Orl. Now, by the faith of my love, I will. Tell me where it is.

Ros. Go with me to it, and I'll show it you; and, by the way, you shall tell me where in the forest you live. Will you go?

Orl. With all my heart, good youth.

Ros. Nay, you must call me Rosalind.—Come, sister, will you go? [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter TOUCHSTONE *and* AUDREY; JAQUES *behind, observing them.*

Touch. Come apace, good Audrey: I will fetch up your goats, Audrey. And how, Audrey? am I the man yet? Doth my simple feature content you?

Aud. Your features? Lord warrant us! what features?

Touch. I am here with thee and thy goats, as the most capricious poet, honest Ovid, was among the Goths.

[5] — from his mad humour of love, to a LOVING humour of madness;] The old copies have it, "*living* humour of madness;" which is not very intelligible, unless it mean (as Steevens supposed) a *lasting*, humour of madness. The antithesis is however complete, if, with Johnson, we read *loving*, which is only the change of a letter: and this reading is supported by the MS. correction of the early possessor of the first folio, in the library of Lord Francis Egerton. The meaning thus is, that Rosalind drove her suitor from his mad humour of love, into a humour in which he was in love with madness, and forswore the world.

Jaq. [*Aside.*] O knowledge ill-inhabited! worse than Jove in a thatch'd house[6]!

Touch. When a man's verses cannot be understood, nor a man's good wit seconded with the forward child, understanding, it strikes a man more dead than a great reckoning in a little room.—Truly, I would the gods had made thee poetical.

Aud. I do not know what poetical is. Is it honest in deed, and word? Is it a true thing?

Touch. No, truly, for the truest poetry is the most feigning; and lovers are given to poetry, and what they swear in poetry, may be said, as lovers they do feign.

Aud. Do you wish, then, that the gods had made me poetical?

Touch. I do, truly; for thou swear'st to me, thou art honest: now, if thou wert a poet, I might have some hope thou didst feign.

Aud. Would you not have me honest?

Touch. No truly, unless thou wert hard-favour'd; for honesty coupled to beauty, is to have honey a sauce to sugar.

Jaq. [*Aside.*] A material fool.

Aud. Well, I am not fair, and therefore I pray the gods make me honest!

Touch. Truly, and to cast away honesty upon a foul slut were to put good meat into an unclean dish.

Aud. I am not a slut, though I thank the gods I am foul.

Touch. Well, praised be the gods for thy foulness: sluttishness may come hereafter. But be it as it may be, I will marry thee; and to that end, I have been with Sir Oliver Mar-text[7], the vicar of the next village,

[6] — worse than Jove in a thatch'd house!] Alluding of course to the story of Baucis and Philemon in Ovid, Met. 8. See also "Much Ado about Nothing," vol. ii. p. 204.

[7] — Sir Oliver Mar-text,] The title of "Sir" was of old given commonly to the clergy, especially by the lower orders.

who hath promised to meet me in this place of the forest, and to couple us.

Jaq. [*Aside.*] I would fain see this meeting.

Aud. Well, the gods give us joy!

Touch. Amen. A man may, if he were of a fearful heart, stagger in this attempt; for here we have no temple but the wood, no assembly but horn-beasts. But what though? Courage! As horns are odious, they are necessary. It is said,—many a man knows no end of his goods: right; many a man has good horns, and knows no end of them. Well, that is the dowry of his wife: 'tis none of his own getting. Horns? Even so:—Poor men alone?—No, no; the noblest deer hath them as huge as the rascal[8]. Is the single man therefore blessed? No: as a wall'd town is more worthier than a village, so is the forehead of a married man more honourable than the bare brow of a bachelor; and by how much defence is better than no skill, by so much is a horn more precious than to want.

Enter Sir Oliver Mar-text.

Here comes Sir Oliver.—Sir Oliver Mar-text, you are well met: will you dispatch us here under this tree, or shall we go with you to your chapel?

Sir Oli. Is there none here to give the woman?

Touch. I will not take her on gift of any man.

Sir Oli. Truly, she must be given, or the marriage is not lawful.

Jaq. [*coming forward.*] Proceed, proceed: I'll give her.

Touch. Good even, good Mr. What-ye-call't: how do you, sir? You are very well met: God'ild you[9] for your last company. I am very glad to see you:—even a toy in hand here, sir.—Nay; pray, be cover'd.

Jaq. Will you be married, motley?

[8] — the rascal.] Lean, poor deer, were called *rascals.*

[9] — God'ild you—] *i. e.* God *yield* you, God reward you.

Touch. As the ox hath his bow[1], sir, the horse his curb, and the falcon her bells, so man hath his desires; and as pigeons bill, so wedlock would be nibbling.

Jaq. And will you, being a man of your breeding, be married under a bush, like a beggar? Get you to church, and have a good priest that can tell you what marriage is: this fellow will but join you together as they join wainscot; then, one of you will prove a shrunk pannel, and, like green timber, warp, warp.

Touch. I am not in the mind, but I were better to be married of him than of another; for he is not like to marry me well, and not being well married, it will be a good excuse for me hereafter to leave my wife.

Jaq. Go thou with me, and let me counsel thee.

Touch. Come, sweet Audrey[2]:
We must be married, or we must live in bawdry.
Farewell, good master Oliver! Not

O sweet Oliver!
O brave Oliver!
Leave me not behind thee:
But wind away[3],
Begone, I say,
I will not to wedding with thee.

[*Exeunt* JAQUES, TOUCHSTONE, *and* AUDREY.

Sir Oli. 'Tis no matter: ne'er a fantastical knave of them all shall flout me out of my calling. [*Exit.*

[1] — his BOW,] *i. e.* His *yoke*. The ancient *yoke* in form resembled a *bow*.

[2] Come, sweet Audrey:] In the first folio, this speech is given to Oliver: the error is corrected in the second folio.

[3] But WIND away,] So the old copies; but it seems doubtful whether we ought not to read, "But *wend* away;" *i. e. go* away; although in Ben Jonson's ballad of "Robin Goodfellow," quoted in the "Introduction" to "Midsummer-Night's Dream," vol. ii. p. 389, we have, "And *wind* out laughing," &c. This scrap of an old unknown ballad occurs to the Clown on uttering the name of Oliver, and possibly he altered the last line to render it more applicable. Steevens says, that in the books of the Stationers' Company, Aug. 6, 1584, was entered, by Richard Jones, the ballad of "*O sweete Olyrer*, leave me not behinde thee." Again, "The answere of *O sweete Olyrer*." Again, in 1586, "*O sweete Olyrer*, altered to the Scriptures."

SCENE IV.

The Same. Before a Cottage.

Enter ROSALIND *and* CELIA.

Ros. Never talk to me: I will weep.

Cel. Do, I pr'ythee; but yet have the grace to consider, that tears do not become a man.

Ros. But have I not cause to weep?

Cel. As good cause as one would desire: therefore weep.

Ros. His very hair is of the dissembling colour.

Cel. Something browner than Judas's[4]. Marry, his kisses are Judas's own children.

Ros. I'faith, his hair is of a good colour.

Cel. An excellent colour: your chestnut was ever the only colour.

Ros. And his kissing is as full of sanctity as the touch of holy bread[5].

Cel. He hath bought a pair of cast lips of Diana[6]: a nun of winter's sisterhood kisses not more religiously; the very ice of chastity is in them.

Ros. But why did he swear he would come this morning, and comes not?

Cel. Nay, certainly, there is no truth in him.

Ros. Do you think so?

Cel. Yes: I think he is not a pick-purse, nor a horse-stealer; but for his verity in love, I do think him as concave as a covered goblet, or a worm-eaten nut.

Ros. Not true in love?

[4] Something browner than Judas's.] Judas, in old paintings, and in old poetry, is usually represented with red hair.

[5] — as full of sanctity as the touch of holy BREAD.] Warburton would read, "holy *beard*;" but without authority or necessity. "Holy bread," as the Rev. Mr. Barry observes to me, is sacramental bread; and he adds, that "pax-bread" is rendered by Coles, *panis osculandus*.

[6] — a pair of CAST lips of Diana:] The folio of 1632 has *chaste* for "cast."

Cel. Yes, when he is in; but, I think he is not in.

Ros. You have heard him swear downright, he was.

Cel. Was is not *is:* besides, the oath of a lover[7] is no stronger than the word of a tapster; they are both the confirmers of false reckonings. He attends here in the forest on the duke your father.

Ros. I met the duke yesterday, and had much question with him. He asked me, of what parentage I was? I told him, of as good as he; so he laughed, and let me go. But what talk we of fathers, when there is such a man as Orlando?

Cel. O, that's a brave man! he writes brave verses, speaks brave words, swears brave oaths, and breaks them bravely, quite traverse, athwart the heart of his lover; as a puny tilter, that spurs his horse but on one side, breaks his staff like a noble goose[8]. But all's brave, that youth mounts, and folly guides.—Who comes here?

Enter CORIN.

Cor. Mistress, and master, you have oft inquir'd
After the shepherd that complain'd of love,
Who you saw sitting by me on the turf,
Praising the proud disdainful shepherdess
That was his mistress.

Cel. Well; and what of him?

Cor. If you will see a pageant truly play'd,
Between the pale complexion of true love,
And the red glow of scorn and proud disdain,
Go hence a little, and I shall conduct you,
If you will mark it.

Ros. O! come, let us remove:

[7] — besides, the oath of A lover] The folio, 1623, omits *a*, and in the next line but one has *confirmer* for "confirmers." The folio, 1632, corrects only the first error.

[8] — breaks his staff like a noble goose.] The humour of this simile depends upon its allusion to tilting, in which it was a disgrace for any knight to break his lance across, and not directly against the breast of his adversary: "quite traverse, athwart the heart of his lover," means, unskilfully across the breast of the lady with whom he was in love.

The sight of lovers feedeth those in love.—
Bring us to this sight[9], and you shall say
I'll prove a busy actor in their play. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Another Part of the Forest.

Enter SILVIUS *and* PHEBE.

Sil. Sweet Phebe, do not scorn me; do not, Phebe:
Say that you love me not; but say not so
In bitterness. The common executioner,
Whose heart th' accustom'd sight of death makes hard,
Falls not the axe upon the humbled neck,
But first begs pardon: will you sterner be
Than he that dies and lives by bloody drops[10]?

Enter ROSALIND, CELIA, *and* CORIN, *behind.*

Phe. I would not be thy executioner:
I fly thee, for I would not injure thee.
Thou tell'st me, there is murder in mine eye:
'Tis pretty, sure, and very probable,
That eyes, that are the frail'st and softest things,
Who shut their coward gates on atomies,
Should be call'd tyrants, butchers, murderers!
Now I do frown on thee with all my heart;
And, if mine eyes can wound, now let them kill thee;
Now counterfeit to swoon; why, now fall down;
Or, if thou canst not, O, for shame, for shame!
Lie not, to say mine eyes are murderers.
Now show the wound mine eye hath made in thee:
Scratch thee but with a pin, and there remains

[9] Bring us TO this sight,] Malone altered "to" to *unto*. Shakespeare, perhaps, preferred the natural and hasty mode of expression to the mere observation of ten-syllable metre. The folio of 1632 follows that of 1623.

[10] Than he that dies and lives by bloody drops?] Possibly we ought to read, "lives and dies;" but there is no change here in the folio of 1632 from the text of that of 1623, although "As You Like It" seems to have been one of the plays best corrected by the editor of the second folio. Steevens suspected a quibble upon the word "dies," but apparently without any reason.

Some scar of it; lean but upon a rush[11],
The cicatrice and capable impressure
Thy palm some moment keeps, but now mine eyes,
Which I have darted at thee, hurt thee not,
Nor, I am sure, there is no force in eyes
That can do hurt.

Sil. O! dear Phebe,
If ever, (as that ever may be near,)
You meet in some fresh cheek the power of fancy,
Then shall you know the wounds invisible
That love's keen arrows make.

Phe. But till that time
Come not thou near me; and when that time comes
Afflict me with thy mocks, pity me not,
As till that time I shall not pity thee.

Ros. [*Advancing.*] And why, I pray you? Who might be your mother,
That you insult, exult, and all at once,
Over the wretched? What though you have no beauty[1],
As, by my faith, I see no more in you
Than without candle may go dark to bed,
Must you be therefore proud and pitiless?
Why, what means this? Why do you look on me?
I see no more in you, than in the ordinary
Of nature's sale-work:—Od's my little life!
I think she means to tangle my eyes too.
No, 'faith, proud mistress, hope not after it:
'Tis not your inky brows, your black-silk hair,
Your bugle eye-balls, nor your cheek of cream,
That can entame my spirits to your worship.—

[11] — lean BUT upon a rush,] The folio of 1632 inserts *but*.

[1] What though you have NO beauty,] This passage very needlessly puzzled Malone and Steevens; the meaning seems quite clear. Rosalind intends, throughout her speech, to check the vanity of Phebe, and begins by telling her that she has no beauty, and therefore no excuse for being "proud and pitiless." The difficulty seems to be to understand the passage when, varying from the old copies, *mo* is substituted for "no." *Mo*, or *more*, indicates comparison, but with whom was Phebe here to be compared in point of beauty? Not with Silvius, because Rosalind says he was "a properer man."

You foolish shepherd, wherefore do you follow her,
Like foggy south, puffing with wind and rain?
You are a thousand times a properer man,
Than she a woman: 'tis such fools as you,
That make the world full of ill-favour'd children.
'Tis not her glass, but you, that flatters her;
And out of you she sees herself more proper,
Than any of her lineaments can show her.—
But, mistress, know yourself: down on your knees,
And thank heaven fasting for a good man's love;
For I must tell you friendly in your ear,
Sell when you can: you are not for all markets.
Cry the man mercy; love him; take his offer:
Foul is most foul, being foul to be a scoffer.
So, take her to thee, shepherd.—Fare you well.

Phe. Sweet youth, I pray you, chide a year together: I had rather hear you chide, than this man woo.

Ros. He's fallen in love with your foulness, and she'll fall in love with my anger[2]. If it be so, as fast as she answers thee with frowning looks, I'll sauce her with bitter words.—Why look you so upon me?

Phe. For no ill will I bear you.

Ros. I pray you, do not fall in love with me,
For I am falser than vows made in wine:
Besides, I like you not.—If you will know my house,
'Tis at the tuft of olives, here hard by.—
Will you go, sister?—Shepherd, ply her hard.—
Come, sister.—Shepherdess, look on him better,
And be not proud: though all the world could see,
None could be so abus'd in sight as he.
Come, to our flock.

[*Exeunt* ROSALIND, CELIA, *and* CORIN.

Phe. Dead shepherd! now I find thy saw of might;

[2] He's fallen in love with YOUR foulness, and she'll fall in love with my anger.] This is the text of the old copies, though changed by modern editors: it is correct, and only supposes the first part of the sentence to be addressed to Phebe, and the second to Silvius, as the continuation shows that it was. Here again Rosalind tells Phebe pretty plainly that she has "no beauty."

" Who ever lov'd, that lov'd not at first sight[3]?"
Sil. Sweet Phebe,—
Phe. Ha! what say'st thou, Silvius?
Sil. Sweet Phebe, pity me.
Phe. Why, I am sorry for thee, gentle Silvius.
Sil. Wherever sorrow is, relief would be:
If you do sorrow at my grief in love,
By giving love, your sorrow and my grief
Were both extermin'd.
Phe. Thou hast my love: is not that neighbourly?
Sil. I would have you.
Phe. Why, that were covetousness.
Silvius, the time was that I hated thee,
And yet it is not that I bear thee love;
But since that thou canst talk of love so well,
Thy company, which erst was irksome to me,
I will endure, and I'll employ thee too;
But do not look for farther recompense,
Than thine own gladness that thou art employ'd.
Sil. So holy, and so perfect is my love,
And I in such a poverty of grace,
That I shall think it a most plenteous crop
To glean the broken ears after the man
That the main harvest reaps: loose now and then

[3] Dead shepherd! now I find thy saw of might;
" Who ever lov'd, that lov'd not at first sight?"] The " dead shepherd" was Christopher Marlowe, who was killed in 1593, and whose paraphrase of " Hero and Leander," from Musæus, was not printed until 1598: he did not finish the work, but it was completed by Geo. Chapman, and published entire in 1600. The line above quoted concludes a passage in the first Sestiad, the whole of which Shakespeare seems to have had in his mind when he wrote this scene, and it runs thus :—

" It lies not in our power to love or hate,
For will in us is over-ruled by fate.
When two are stripp'd, long ere the course begin,
We wish that one should lose, the other win:
And one especially we do affect
Of two gold ingots, like in each respect.
The reason no man knows: let it suffice,
What we behold is censur'd by our eyes.
Where both deliberate, the love is slight:
Who ever lov'd, that lov'd not at first sight?"

A scatter'd smile, and that I'll live upon.

Phe. Know'st thou the youth that spoke to me ere while?

Sil. Not very well, but I have met him oft;
And he hath bought the cottage, and the bounds,
That the old carlot once was master of[4].

Phe. Think not I love him, though I ask for him.
'Tis but a peevish boy;—yet he talks well:—
But what care I for words? yet words do well,
When he that speaks them pleases those that hear.
It is a pretty youth:—not very pretty:
But, sure, he's proud; and yet his pride becomes him.
He'll make a proper man: the best thing in him
Is his complexion; and faster than his tongue
Did make offence, his eye did heal it up.
He is not very tall; yet for his years he's tall.
His leg is but so so; and yet 'tis well:
There was a pretty redness in his lip;
A little riper, and more lusty red
Than that mix'd in his cheek: 'twas just the difference
Betwixt the constant red, and mingled damask.
There be some women, Silvius, had they mark'd him
In parcels, as I did, would have gone near
To fall in love with him; but for my part
I love him not, nor hate him not, and yet
I have more cause[5] to hate him than to love him;
For what had he to do to chide at me?
He said mine eyes were black, and my hair black;
And, now I am remember'd, scorn'd at me:
I marvel why I answer'd not again:
But that's all one; omittance is no quittance.

[4] That the old CARLOT once was master of.] "Carlot," in the old copies, is printed in Italic, and with a capital letter, as if the printer thought it a name. Douce says, that "it is a word of Shakespeare's coinage:" it is derived from *carl*, and means a peasant.

[5] I have more cause—] This is the improvement of the second folio, the first reading only, "Have more cause," and omitting *I*, which seems necessary to the metre. The correction was adopted by Malone and Steevens, and others.

I'll write to him a very taunting letter,
And thou shalt bear it; wilt thou, Silvius?

Sil. Phebe, with all my heart.

Phe. I'll write it straight;
The matter's in my head, and in my heart:
I will be bitter with him, and passing short.
Go with me, Silvius. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

The Forest of Arden.

Enter ROSALIND, CELIA, *and* JAQUES.

Jaq I pr'ythee, pretty youth, let me be better acquainted with thee[6].

Ros. They say, you are a melancholy fellow.

Jaq. I am so: I do love it better than laughing.

Ros. Those that are in extremity of either are abominable fellows[7], and betray themselves to every modern censure worse than drunkards.

Jaq. Why, 'tis good to be sad and say nothing.

Ros. Why then, 'tis good to be a post.

Jaq. I have neither the scholar's melancholy, which is emulation; nor the musician's, which is fantastical; nor the courtier's, which is proud; nor the soldier's, which is ambitious; nor the lawyer's, which is politic; nor the lady's, which is nice; nor the lover's, which is all these; but it is a melancholy of mine own, compounded of many simples, extracted from many objects, and, indeed, the sundry contemplation of my travels;

[6] — let me BE better acquainted with thee.] The first folio reads, defectively, "let me better acquainted with thee;" and the second folio, "let me *be* better acquainted with thee." No doubt the word "be" had accidentally dropped out.

[7] — are ABOMINABLE fellows,] Spelt *abhominable* in the old copies. See vol. ii. p. 346, note 3.

which, by often rumination[8], wraps me in a most humorous sadness.

Ros. A traveller! By my faith, you have great reason to be sad. I fear, you have sold your own lands, to see other men's; then, to have seen much, and to have nothing, is to have rich eyes and poor hands.

Jaq. Yes, I have gained my experience.

Enter ORLANDO.

Ros. And your experience makes you sad. I had rather have a fool to make me merry, than experience to make me sad. And to travel for it too!

Orl. Good day, and happiness, dear Rosalind.

Jaq. Nay then, God be wi' you, an you talk in blank verse. [*Exit.*

Ros. Farewell, monsieur traveller: look you lisp, and wear strange suits; disable all the benefits of your own country[9]; be out of love with your nativity, and almost chide God for making you that countenance you are, or I will scarce think you have swam in a gondola.—Why, how now, Orlando! where have you been all this while? You a lover?—An you serve me such another trick, never come in my sight more.

Orl. My fair Rosalind, I come within an hour of my promise.

Ros. Break an hour's promise in love! He that will divide a minute into a thousand parts, and break but a part of the thousandth part of a minute in the affairs of love, it may be said of him, that Cupid hath clapped him o' the shoulder, but I'll warrant him heart-whole.

Orl. Pardon me, dear Rosalind.

[8] — which, BY often rumination,] In the first folio, *in* is inserted before "which," and is apparently redundant: the second folio substitutes *my* for "by;" but the proper cure for the defect is, evidently, to omit *in*.

[9] — DISABLE all the benefits of your own country;] *i. e. underrate* them.

Ros. Nay, an you be so tardy, come no more in my sight: I had as lief be woo'd of a snail.

Orl. Of a snail?

Ros. Ay, of a snail; for though he comes slowly, he carries his house on his head, a better jointure, I think, than you make a woman. Besides, he brings his destiny with him.

Orl. What's that?

Ros. Why, horns; which such as you are fain to be beholden to your wives for: but he comes armed in his fortune, and prevents the slander of his wife.

Orl. Virtue is no horn-maker, and my Rosalind is virtuous.

Ros. And I am your Rosalind.

Cel. It pleases him to call you so; but he hath a Rosalind of a better leer than you[10].

Ros. Come, woo me, woo me; for now I am in a holiday humour, and like enough to consent.—What would you say to me now, an I were your very very Rosalind?

Orl. I would kiss before I spoke.

Ros. Nay, you were better speak first; and when you were gravelled for lack of matter, you might take occasion to kiss. Very good orators, when they are out, they will spit; and for lovers, lacking (God warn us!) matter, the cleanliest shift is to kiss.

Orl. How if the kiss be denied?

Ros. Then she puts you to entreaty, and there begins new matter.

Orl. Who could be out, being before his beloved mistress?

Ros. Marry, that should you, if I were your mistress, or I should think my honesty ranker than my wit.

[10] — of a better LEER than you.] Tyrwhitt, in his glossary to Chaucer, explains *lere* to mean the *skin*, and he derives it from the Saxon. In the instance before us, it is to be taken as *complexion* or *feature*. It occurs again in "Titus Andronicus," A. iv. sc. 2, in a similar sense. Sir F. Madden translates it *countenance* in his excellent glossary to "Syr Gawayne."

Orl. What, of my suit?

Ros. Not out of your apparel, and yet out of your suit. Am not I your Rosalind?

Orl. I take some joy to say you are, because I would be talking of her.

Ros. Well, in her person, I say—I will not have you.

Orl. Then, in mine own person, I die.

Ros. No, 'faith, die by attorney. The poor world is almost six thousand years old, and in all this time there was not any man died in his own person, *videlicet*, in a love-cause. Troilus had his brains dashed out with a Grecian club; yet he did what he could to die before, and he is one of the patterns of love. Leander, he would have lived many a fair year, though Hero had turned nun, if it had not been for a hot midsummer night; for, good youth, he went but forth to wash him in the Hellespont, and, being taken with the cramp, was drowned, and the foolish chroniclers of that age found it was—Hero of Sestos[1]. But these are all lies: men have died from time to time, and worms have eaten them, but not for love.

Orl. I would not have my right Rosalind of this mind, for, I protest, her frown might kill me.

Ros. By this hand, it will not kill a fly. But come, now I will be your Rosalind in a more coming-on disposition, and ask me what you will, I will grant it.

Orl. Then love me, Rosalind.

Ros. Yes, faith will I; Fridays, and Saturdays, and all.

Orl. And wilt thou have me?

Ros. Ay, and twenty such.

Orl. What say'st thou?

Ros. Are you not good?

[1] — the foolish CHRONICLERS of that age found it was—Hero of Sestos.] Sir Thomas Hanmer would read *coroners* for "chroniclers;" but without authority, all the old copies being uniform. Monck Mason was in favour of inserting *coroners* in the text.

Orl. I hope so.

Ros. Why, then, can one desire too much of a good thing?—Come, sister, you shall be the priest, and marry us.—Give me your hand, Orlando.—What do you say, sister?

Orl. Pray thee, marry us.

Cel. I cannot say the words.

Ros. You must begin,—"Will you, Orlando,"—

Cel. Go to.—Will you, Orlando, have to wife this Rosalind?

Orl. I will.

Ros. Ay, but when?

Orl. Why now; as fast as she can marry us.

Ros. Then you must say,—"I take thee, Rosalind, for wife."

Orl. I take thee, Rosalind, for wife.

Ros. I might ask you for your commission; but,—I do take thee, Orlando, for my husband:—there's a girl, goes before the priest[2]; and, certainly, a woman's thought runs before her actions.

Orl. So do all thoughts: they are winged.

Ros. Now tell me, how long you would have her, after you have possessed her?

Orl. For ever, and a day.

Ros. Say a day, without the ever. No, no, Orlando: men are April when they woo, December when they wed: maids are May when they are maids, but the sky changes when they are wives. I will be more jealous of thee than a Barbary cock-pigeon over his hen; more clamorous than a parrot against rain; more new-fangled than an ape; more giddy in my desires than a monkey: I will weep for nothing, like Diana in the fountain, and I will do that when you are disposed

[2] There's a girl, goes before the priest;] Alluding to her anticipating what Celia ought to have said:—There's a girl who goes faster than the priest. Malone and Steevens read, "*There* a girl," &c.

to be merry; I will laugh like a hyen, and that when thou art inclined to sleep.

Orl. But will my Rosalind do so?

Ros. By my life, she will do as I do.

Orl. O! but she is wise.

Ros. Or else she could not have the wit to do this: the wiser, the waywarder. Make the doors upon a woman's wit, and it will out at the casement; shut that, and 'twill out at the key-hole; stop that, 'twill fly with the smoke out at the chimney.

Orl. A man that had a wife with such a wit, he might say,—"Wit, whither wilt[3]?"

Ros. Nay, you might keep that check for it, till you met your wife's wit going to your neighbour's bed.

Orl. And what wit could wit have to excuse that?

Ros. Marry, to say,—she came to seek you there. You shall never take her without her answer, unless you take her without her tongue. O! that woman that cannot make her fault her husband's occasion, let her never nurse her child herself, for she will breed it like a fool.

Orl. For these two hours, Rosalind, I will leave thee.

Ros. Alas, dear love! I cannot lack thee two hours.

Orl. I must attend the duke at dinner: by two o'clock I will be with thee again.

Ros. Ay, go your ways, go your ways.—I knew what you would prove; my friends told me as much, and I thought no less:—that flattering tongue of yours won me:—'tis but one cast away, and so,—come, death!—Two o'clock is your hour?

Orl. Ay, sweet Rosalind.

Ros. By my troth, and in good earnest, and so God

[3] "Wit, whither wilt?"] A proverbial exclamation, found in many authors of the time. In Act i. sc. 2, of this play, Rosalind, addressing Touchstone, asks, "How now, wit! whither wander you?" which seems only a variation of the same expression.

mend me, and by all pretty oaths that are not dangerous, if you break one jot of your promise, or come one minute behind your hour, I will think you the most pathetical break-promise, and the most hollow lover, and the most unworthy of her you call Rosalind, that may be chosen out of the gross band of the unfaithful. Therefore, beware my censure, and keep your promise.

Orl. With no less religion, than if thou wert indeed my Rosalind: so, adieu.

Ros. Well, time is the old justice that examines all such offenders, and let time try. Adieu! [*Exit* ORLANDO.

Cel. You have simply misused our sex in your love-prate. We must have your doublet and hose plucked over your head, and show the world what the bird hath done to her own nest.

Ros. O! coz, coz, coz, my pretty little coz, that thou didst know how many fathom deep I am in love! But it cannot be sounded: my affection hath an unknown bottom, like the bay of Portugal.

Cel. Or rather, bottomless; that as fast as you pour affection in, it runs out.

Ros. No; that same wicked bastard of Venus, that was begot of thought, conceived of spleen, and born of madness; that blind rascally boy, that abuses every one's eyes, because his own are out, let him be judge how deep I am in love.—I'll tell thee, Aliena, I cannot be out of the sight of Orlando. I'll go find a shadow, and sigh till he come.

Cel. And I'll sleep. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Another part of the Forest.

Enter JAQUES *and Lords, like Foresters.*

Jaq. Which is he that killed the deer?

1 *Lord.* Sir, it was I.

Jaq. Let's present him to the duke, like a Roman conqueror; and it would do well to set the deer's horns upon his head for a branch of victory.—Have you no song, forester, for this purpose?

2 *Lord.* Yes, sir.

Jaq. Sing it: 'tis no matter how it be in tune, so it make noise enough.

SONG.

What shall he have, that kill'd the deer?
His leather skin, and horns to wear.
Take thou no scorn, to wear the horn;
It was a crest ere thou wast born.
Thy father's father wore it,
And thy father bore it:
The horn, the horn, the lusty horn,
Is not a thing to laugh to scorn.

[Then sing him home[4]: the rest shall bear this burden.]

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

The Forest.

Enter ROSALIND *and* CELIA.

Ros. How say you now? Is it not past two o'clock? And here much Orlando!

[4] Then sing him home:] The words, "Then sing him home: the rest shall bear this burden," are clearly only stage-directions, although, by error, printed as part of the song in the old copies. "Then sing him home" has reference to the carrying of the lord, who killed the deer, to the duke; and we are to suppose that the foresters sang as they quitted the stage for their "home" in the wood. "The rest shall bear this burden" alludes to the last six lines, which are the burden of the song. Modern editors have taken upon them to divide the song between the first and second lord, by the figures 1 & 2; but without any warrant. We have reprinted it precisely as it stands in the original copies, with the exception above noticed. It is to be observed, that it is found in Playford's "Musical Companion," (as Boswell pointed out,) without the words "Then sing him home." It is also in "Catch that Catch can," 1652, in the same form.

Cel. I warrant you, with pure love, and troubled brain,
He hath ta'en his bow and arrows, and is gone forth—
To sleep. Look, who comes here[5].

Enter SILVIUS.

Sil. My errand is to you, fair youth.—
My gentle Phebe did bid me give you this[6]:
[*Giving a letter.*
I know not the contents; but as I guess,
By the stern brow, and waspish action,
Which she did use as she was writing of it,
It bears an angry tenour. Pardon me,
I am but as a guiltless messenger.

Ros. Patience herself would startle at this letter,
And play the swaggerer: bear this, bear all.
She says, I am not fair; that I lack manners;
She calls me proud, and that she could not love me,
Were man as rare as Phœnix. Od's my will!
Her love is not the hare that I do hunt:
Why writes she so to me?—Well, shepherd, well;
This is a letter of your own device.

Sil. No, I protest; I know not the contents:
Phebe did write it.

Ros. Come, come, you are a fool,
And turn'd into the extremity of love.
I saw her hand: she has a leathern hand,
A freestone-colour'd hand: I verily did think
That her old gloves were on, but 'twas her hands:
She has a housewife's hand; but that's no matter.
I say, she never did invent this letter;
This is a man's invention, and his hand.

Sil. Sure, it is hers.

Ros. Why, 'tis a boisterous and a cruel style,

[5] To sleep. Look, who comes here.] We regulate this and the four preceding lines of verse as in the old copies: modern editors have taken it for granted, because a little irregular, that they were prose.

[6] My gentle Phebe DID bid me give you this:] So the first folio: the second omits "did." "Phebe" is to be spoken in the time of one syllable.

A style for challengers: why, she defies me,
Like Turk to Christian. Woman's gentle brain
Could not drop forth such giant-rude invention,
Such Ethiop words, blacker in their effect
Than in their countenance.—Will you hear the letter?

Sil. So please you; for I never heard it yet,
Yet heard too much of Phebe's cruelty.

Ros. She Phebes me. Mark how the tyrant writes.

"Art thou god to shepherd turn'd,
That a maiden's heart hath burn'd?"—

Can a woman rail thus?

Sil. Call you this railing?

Ros. "Why, thy godhead laid apart,
Warr'st thou with a woman's heart?"

Did you ever hear such railing?—

"Whiles the eye of man did woo me,
That could do no vengeance to me."—

Meaning me a beast.—

"If the scorn of your bright eyne
Have power to raise such love in mine,
Alack! in me what strange effect
Would they work in mild aspect?
Whiles you chid me, I did love;
How then might your prayers move?
He that brings this love to thee,
Little knows this love in me:
And by him seal up thy mind;
Whether that thy youth and kind
Will the faithful offer take
Of me, and all that I can make;
Or else by him my love deny,
And then I'll study how to die."

Sil. Call you this chiding?

Cel. Alas, poor shepherd!

Ros. Do you pity him? no; he deserves no pity.—Wilt thou love such a woman?—What, to make thee an instrument, and play false strains upon thee? not to be endured!—Well, go your way to her, (for I see, love hath made thee a tame snake,) and say this to her:—that if she love me, I charge her to love thee; if she will not, I will never have her, unless thou entreat for her.—If you be a true lover, hence, and not a word, for here comes more company. [*Exit* SILVIUS.

Enter OLIVER.

Oli. Good morrow, fair ones. Pray you, if you know,
Where in the purlieus of this forest stands
A sheep-cote, fenc'd about with olive-trees?

Cel. West of this place, down in the neighbour bottom:
The rank of osiers, by the murmuring stream,
Left on your right hand, brings you to the place.
But at this hour the house doth keep itself;
There's none within.

Oli. If that an eye may profit by a tongue,
Then should I know you by description;
Such garments, and such years:—"The boy is fair,
Of female favour, and bestows himself
Like a ripe sister: the woman low,
And browner than her brother." Are not you
The owner of the house I did inquire for?

Cel. It is no boast, being ask'd, to say, we are.

Oli. Orlando doth commend him to you both;
And to that youth, he calls his Rosalind,
He sends this bloody napkin. Are you he?

Ros. I am. What must we understand by this?

Oli. Some of my shame; if you will know of me
What man I am, and how, and why, and where
This handkerchief was stain'd.

Cel. I pray you, tell it.

Oli. When last the young Orlando parted from you,
He left a promise to return again
Within an hour; and, pacing through the forest,
Chewing the food of sweet and bitter fancy,
Lo, what befel! he threw his eye aside,
And, mark, what object did present itself!
Under an old oak, whose boughs were moss'd with age,
And high top bald with dry antiquity,
A wretched ragged man, o'ergrown with hair,
Lay sleeping on his back: about his neck
A green and gilded snake had wreath'd itself,
Who with her head, nimble in threats, approach'd
The opening of his mouth; but suddenly,
Seeing Orlando, it unlink'd itself,
And with indented glides did slip away
Into a bush; under which bush's shade
A lioness, with udders all drawn dry,
Lay couching, head on ground, with catlike watch,
When that the sleeping man should stir; for 'tis
The royal disposition of that beast,
To prey on nothing that doth seem as dead.
This seen, Orlando did approach the man,
And found it was his brother, his elder brother.

Cel. O! I have heard him speak of that same brother;
And he did render him the most unnatural
That liv'd 'mongst men.

Oli. And well he might so do,
For well I know he was unnatural.

Ros. But, to Orlando.—Did he leave him there,
Food to the suck'd and hungry lioness?

Oli. Twice did he turn his back, and purpos'd so;
But kindness, nobler ever than revenge,
And nature, stronger than his just occasion,
Made him give battle to the lioness,
Who quickly fell before him: in which hurtling
From miserable slumber I awak'd.

Cel. Are you his brother?

Ros. Was it you he rescu'd?
Cel. Was't you that did so oft contrive to kill him?
Oli. 'Twas I; but 'tis not I. I do not shame
To tell you what I was, since my conversion
So sweetly tastes, being the thing I am.
Ros. But, for the bloody napkin?
Oli. By and by.
When from the first to last, betwixt us two,
Tears our recountments had most kindly bath'd,
As, how I came into that desert place:—
In brief, he led me to the gentle duke,
Who gave me fresh array, and entertainment,
Committing me unto my brother's love:
Who led me instantly unto his cave,
There stripp'd himself; and here, upon his arm,
The lioness had torn some flesh away,
Which all this while had bled; and now he fainted,
And cried in fainting upon Rosalind.
Brief, I recover'd him, bound up his wound;
And, after some small space, being strong at heart,
He sent me hither, stranger as I am,
To tell this story, that you might excuse
His broken promise; and to give this napkin,
Dyed in his blood, unto the shepherd youth
That he in sport doth call his Rosalind.
Cel. Why, how now, Ganymede? sweet Ganymede!
[ROSALIND *swoons.*
Oli. Many will swoon when they do look on blood.
Cel. There is more in it.—Cousin!—Ganymede!
Oli. Look, he recovers.
Ros. I would I were at home.
Cel. We'll lead you thither.—
I pray you, will you take him by the arm?
Oli. Be of good cheer, youth.—You a man? You lack
A man's heart.
Ros. I do so, I confess it. Ah, sirrah! a body would

think this was well counterfeited. I pray you, tell your brother how well I counterfeited.—Heigh ho!—

Oli. This was not counterfeit: there is too great testimony in your complexion, that it was a passion of earnest.

Ros. Counterfeit, I assure you.

Oli. Well then, take a good heart, and counterfeit to be a man.

Ros. So I do; but, i'faith, I should have been a woman by right.

Cel. Come; you look paler and paler: pray you, draw homewards,—Good sir, go with us.

Oli. That will I, for I must bear answer back,
How you excuse my brother, Rosalind.

Ros. I shall devise something. But, I pray you, commend my counterfeiting to him.—Will you go?

[*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

The Forest of Arden.

Enter TOUCHSTONE *and* AUDREY.

Touch. We shall find a time, Audrey: patience, gentle Audrey.

Aud. 'Faith, the priest was good enough, for all the old gentleman's saying.

Touch. A most wicked sir Oliver, Audrey; a most vile Mar-text. But, Audrey; there is a youth here in the forest lays claim to you.

Aud. Ay, I know who 'tis: he hath no interest in me in the world. Here comes the man you mean.

Enter WILLIAM.

Touch. It is meat and drink to me to see a clown.

By my troth, we that have good wits have much to answer for: we shall be flouting; we cannot hold.

Will. Good even, Audrey.

Aud. God ye good even, William.

Will. And good even to you, sir.

Touch. Good even, gentle friend. Cover thy head, cover thy head: nay, pr'ythee, be covered. How old are you, friend?

Will. Five and twenty, sir.

Touch. A ripe age. Is thy name William?

Will. William, sir.

Touch. A fair name. Wast born i'the forest here?

Will. Ay, sir, I thank God.

Touch. Thank God;—a good answer. Art rich?

Will. 'Faith, sir, so, so.

Touch. So, so, is good, very good, very excellent good:—and yet it is not; it is but so so. Art thou wise?

Will. Ay, sir, I have a pretty wit.

Touch. Why, thou say'st well. I do now remember a saying; "The fool doth think he is wise, but the wise man knows himself to be a fool." The heathen philosopher, when he had a desire to eat a grape, would open his lips when he put it into his mouth, meaning thereby, that grapes were made to eat, and lips to open. You do love this maid?

Will. I do, sir.

Touch. Give me your hand. Art thou learned?

Will. No, sir.

Touch. Then learn this of me. To have, is to have; for it is a figure in rhetoric, that drink, being poured out of a cup into a glass, by filling the one doth empty the other; for all your writers do consent, that *ipse* is he: now, you are not *ipse*, for I am he.

Will. Which he, sir?

Touch. He, sir, that must marry this woman. Therefore, you clown, abandon,—which is in the vulgar, leave,—the society,—which in the boorish is, company,

—of this female,—which in the common is,—woman; which together is, abandon the society of this female, or, clown thou perishest; or, to thy better understanding, diest; or, to wit, I kill thee, make thee away, translate thy life into death, thy liberty into bondage. I will deal in poison with thee, or in bastinado, or in steel: I will bandy with thee in faction; I will o'er-run thee with policy[7]; I will kill thee a hundred and fifty ways: therefore tremble, and depart.

Aud. Do, good William.

Will. God rest you merry, sir. [*Exit.*

Enter CORIN.

Cor. Our master and mistress seek you: come, away, away!

Touch. Trip, Audrey, trip, Audrey.—I attend, I attend. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The Same.

Enter ORLANDO *and* OLIVER.

Orl. Is't possible, that on so little acquaintance you should like her? that, but seeing, you should love her; and, loving, woo; and, wooing, she should grant? and will you persever to enjoy her?

Oli. Neither call the giddiness of it in question, the poverty of her, the small acquaintance, my sudden wooing, nor her sudden consenting[8]; but say with me, I love Aliena; say with her, that she loves me; consent with both, that we may enjoy each other: it shall be to your good; for my father's house, and all the revenue that was old sir Rowland's, will I estate upon you, and here live and die a shepherd.

[7] — I will o'er-run thee with POLICY;] "Policy" is printed *police* in the oldest folio, and corrected in the second.

[8] — nor HER sudden consenting;] Rowe inserted "her," not found in the old copies. The sense requires it.

Orl. You have my consent.
Let your wedding be to-morrow: thither will I
Invite the duke, and all's contented followers.

Enter ROSALIND.

Go you, and prepare Aliena; for, look you,
Here comes my Rosalind[9].

Ros. God save you, brother.

Oli. And you, fair sister. [*Exit*[1].

Ros. O! my dear Orlando, how it grieves me to see thee wear thy heart in a scarf.

Orl. It is my arm.

Ros. I thought thy heart had been wounded with the claws of a lion.

Orl. Wounded it is, but with the eyes of a lady.

Ros. Did your brother tell you how I counterfeited to swoon, when he showed me your handkerchief?

Orl. Ay, and greater wonders than that.

Ros. O! I know where you are.—Nay, 'tis true: there was never any thing so sudden, but the fight of two rams, and Cæsar's thrasonical brag of—"I came, saw," and "overcame:" for your brother and my sister no sooner met, but they looked; no sooner looked, but they loved; no sooner loved, but they sighed; no sooner sighed, but they asked one another the reason; no sooner knew the reason, but they sought the remedy: and in these degrees have they made a pair of stairs to marriage, which they will climb incontinent, or else be incontinent before marriage. They are in the very wrath of love, and they will together: clubs cannot part them[2].

[9] Here comes my Rosalind.] This speech is regulated according to the first and other folios. Malone printed *all his*, in the third line, instead of "all's," which is required by the metre, and warranted by the old copies.

[1] Exit.] This necessary stage-direction is omitted in all the old, and in most of the modern editions, that of Capell excepted.

[2] — CLUBS cannot PART them.] "It appears," observes Malone, "from many of our old dramas, that in our author's time, it was a common custom, on the breaking out of a fray, to call out '*Clubs—Clubs!*' to part the combatants."

Orl. They shall be married to-morrow, and I will bid the duke to the nuptial. But, O! how bitter a thing it is to look into happiness through another man's eyes! By so much the more shall I to-morrow be at the height of heart-heaviness, by how much I shall think my brother happy in having what he wishes for.

Ros. Why then, to-morrow I cannot serve your turn for Rosalind?

Orl. I can live no longer by thinking.

Ros. I will weary you, then, no longer with idle talking. Know of me, then, (for now I speak to some purpose,) that I know you are a gentleman of good conceit. I speak not this, that you should bear a good opinion of my knowledge, insomuch, I say, I know you are; neither do I labour for a greater esteem than may in some little measure draw a belief from you, to do yourself good, and not to grace me. Believe then, if you please, that I can do strange things. I have, since I was three years old, conversed with a magician, most profound in his art, and yet not damnable. If you do love Rosalind so near the heart as your gesture cries it out, when your brother marries Aliena, shall you marry her. I know into what straits of fortune she is driven; and it is not impossible to me, if it appear not inconvenient to you, to set her before your eyes to-morrow, human as she is, and without any danger.

Orl. Speak'st thou in sober meanings?

Ros. By my life, I do; which I tender dearly, though I say I am a magician. Therefore, put you in your best array, bid your friends, for if you will be married to-morrow, you shall, and to Rosalind, if you will.

Enter SILVIUS *and* PHEBE.

Look; here comes a lover of mine, and a lover of hers.

Phe. Youth, you have done me much ungentleness,
To show the letter that I writ to you.

Ros. I care not, if I have: it is my study
To seem despiteful and ungentle to you.
You are there follow'd by a faithful shepherd:
Look upon him, love him; he worships you.

Phe. Good shepherd, tell this youth what 'tis to love.

Sil. It is to be all made of sighs and tears;
And so am I for Phebe.

Phe. And I for Ganymede.

Orl. And I for Rosalind.

Ros. And I for no woman.

Sil. It is to be all made of faith and service;
And so am I for Phebe.

Phe. And I for Ganymede.

Orl. And I for Rosalind.

Ros. And I for no woman.

Sil. It is to be all made of fantasy,
All made of passion, and all made of wishes;
All adoration, duty and observance;
All humbleness, all patience, and impatience;
All purity, all trial, all observance[3];
And so am I for Phebe.

Phe. And so am I for Ganymede.

Orl. And so am I for Rosalind.

Ros. And so am I for no woman.

Phe. If this be so, why blame you me to love you?
[*To* ROSALIND.

Sil. If this be so, why blame you me to love you?
[*To* PHEBE.

Orl. If this be so, why blame you me to love you?

Ros. Why do you speak, too[4], "why blame you me to love you?"

[3] — all OBSERVANCE ;] Malone suggests the reading of *obedience* in this place, to avoid the repetition of "observance," which occurs two lines above. It certainly looks like an error of the press; but we are not thereby warranted in so far altering the original text.

[4] WHY do you speak, TOO,] This is the old reading of all the folios; which is perfectly intelligible, when addressed to Orlando, who replies, that he speaks

Orl. To her, that is not here, nor doth not hear.

Ros. Pray you, no more of this: 'tis like the howling of Irish wolves against the moon.—I will help you, [*To* SILVIUS] if I can:—I would love you, [*To* PHEBE] if I could.—To-morrow meet me all together.—I will marry you, [*To* PHEBE] if ever I marry woman, and I'll be married to-morrow:—I will satisfy you, [*To* ORLANDO] if ever I satisfied man, and you shall be married to-morrow:—I will content you, [*To* SILVIUS] if what pleases you contents you, and you shall be married to-morrow.—As you [*To* ORLANDO] love Rosalind, meet;—as you [*To* SILVIUS] love Phebe, meet; and as I love no woman, I'll meet.—So, fare you well: I have left you commands.

Sil. I'll not fail, if I live.

Phe. Nor I.

Orl. Nor I.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

The Same.

Enter TOUCHSTONE *and* AUDREY.

Touch. To-morrow is the joyful day, Audrey: to-morrow will we be married.

Aud. I do desire it with all my heart, and I hope it is no dishonest desire, to desire to be a woman of the world[5]. Here come two of the banished duke's pages.

Enter two Pages.

1 *Page.* Well met, honest gentleman.

too, notwithstanding the absence of his mistress. If altered, it need not be altered, as by the modern editors, to bad English—"*Who* do you speak to."

[5] — a woman of the world.] See note to "Much Ado about Nothing," Vol. ii. p. 210, note 6.

Touch. By my troth, well met. Come, sit; sit, and a song.

2 *Page.* We are for you: sit i'the middle.

1 *Page.* Shall we clap into't roundly, without hawking, or spitting, or saying we are hoarse, which are the only prologues to a bad voice?

2 *Page.* I'faith, i'faith; and both in a tune, like two gypsies on a horse.

SONG[6].

It was a lover, and his lass,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
That o'er the green corn-field did pass
In the spring time, the only pretty ring time,
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding, ding;
Sweet lovers love the spring.

Between the acres of the rye,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
These pretty country folks would lie,
In spring time, &c.

This carol they began that hour,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
How that a life was but a flower
In spring time, &c.

And therefore take the present time,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
For love is crowned with the prime
In spring time, &c.

Touch. Truly, young gentlemen, though there was

[6] This song may be seen somewhat more at large in Chappell's "Collection of National English Airs," vol. ii. p. 130, from a MS. now in the Advocates' Library, Edinburgh. Hence we find, as Dr. Thirlby conjectured, that the stanzas had been transposed, and that the second ought to come last, although not so printed in the old copies of the play. Here, too, we see that "*rang* time," in the first stanza, is misprinted in the folios for "ring time."

no great matter in the ditty, yet the note was very untuneable[7].

1 *Page.* You are deceived, sir: we kept time; we lost not our time.

Touch. By my troth, yes; I count it but time lost to hear such a foolish song. God be wi' you; and God mend your voices. Come, Audrey. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Another Part of the Forest.

Enter DUKE *Senior*, AMIENS, JAQUES, ORLANDO, OLIVER, *and* CELIA.

Duke S. Dost thou believe, Orlando, that the boy
Can do all this that he hath promised?

Orl. I sometimes do believe, and sometimes do not,
As those that fear they hope, and know they fear[8].

Enter ROSALIND, SILVIUS, *and* PHEBE.

Ros. Patience once more, whiles our compact is urg'd.—
[*To the* DUKE.] You say, if I bring in your Rosalind,
You will bestow her on Orlando here?

Duke S. That would I, had I kingdoms to give with her.

[7] — yet the note was very UNTUNEABLE.] So the old editions. Monck Mason was strongly of opinion that it was a misprint for *untimeable*, and the error might be easily made; but Touchstone would hardly say, that "the note" of the song was very *untimeable*. The page might mistake the nature of Touchstone's remark, and apply to the time what was meant of the tune: the clown subsequently hopes that their voices may be mended, in order that they may sing more tuneably.

[8] As those that fear they hope, and know they fear.] This line has produced a diversity of opinions; but the meaning of it seems to be, that Orlando is in the state of mind of those who fear what they hope, and know they fear it. He dares not hope that Rosalind will perform her promise, yet hopes that she will, and knows that he fears she will not.

Ros. [*To* ORLANDO.] And you say, you will have her, when I bring her?

Orl. That would I, were I of all kingdoms king.

Ros. [*To* PHEBE.] You say, you'll marry me, if I be willing?

Phe. That will I, should I die the hour after.

Ros. But if you do refuse to marry me,
You'll give yourself to this most faithful shepherd?

Phe. So is the bargain.

Ros. [*To* SILVIUS.] You say, that you'll have Phebe, if she will?

Sil. Though to have her and death were both one thing.

Ros. I have promis'd to make all this matter even.
Keep you your word, O duke! to give your daughter;—
You yours, Orlando, to receive his daughter:—
Keep you your word, Phebe[9], that you'll marry me;
Or else, refusing me, to wed this shepherd:—
Keep your word, Silvius, that you'll marry her,
If she refuse me:—and from hence I go,
To make these doubts all even.

[*Exeunt* ROSALIND *and* CELIA.

Duke S. I do remember in this shepherd-boy
Some lively touches of my daughter's favour.

Orl. My lord, the first time that I ever saw him,
Methought he was a brother to your daughter:
But, my good lord, this boy is forest-born,
And hath been tutor'd in the rudiments
Of many desperate studies by his uncle,
Whom he reports to be a great magician,
Obscured in the circle of this forest.

Enter TOUCHSTONE *and* AUDREY.

Jaq. There is, sure, another flood toward, and these

[9] Keep you your word, Phebe,] Malone, following Pope, omits *you*, and contends that this colloquial mode of speaking is a misprint, although just above we have had "Keep *you* your word, O duke!" &c. Here again "Phebe" is to be pronounced in the time of a monosyllable.

couples are coming to the ark. Here comes a pair of very strange beasts, which in all tongues are called fools.

Touch. Salutation and greeting to you all.

Jaq. Good my lord, bid him welcome. This is the motley-minded gentleman, that I have so often met in the forest: he hath been a courtier, he swears.

Touch. If any man doubt that, let him put me to my purgation. I have trod a measure; I have flattered a lady; I have been politic with my friend, smooth with mine enemy; I have undone three tailors; I have had four quarrels, and like to have fought one.

Jaq. And how was that ta'en up?

Touch. 'Faith, we met, and found the quarrel was upon the seventh cause.

Jaq. How seventh cause?—Good my lord, like this fellow.

Duke S. I like him very well.

Touch. God'ild you, sir[1]; I desire you of the like. I press in here, sir, amongst the rest of the country copulatives, to swear, and to forswear, according as marriage binds, and blood breaks.—A poor virgin, sir, an ill-favoured thing, sir, but mine own: a poor humour of mine, sir, to take that that no man else will. Rich honesty dwells like a miser, sir, in a poor-house, as your pearl in your foul oyster.

Duke S. By my faith, he is very swift and sententious.

Touch. According to the fool's bolt, sir, and such dulcet diseases.

Jaq. But, for the seventh cause; how did you find the quarrel on the seventh cause?

Touch. Upon a lie seven times removed.—Bear your body more seeming, Audrey.—As thus, sir. I did dislike the cut of a certain courtier's beard: he sent me word, if I said his beard was not cut well, he

[1] God'ild you, sir;] *i. e.* God *yield* you, or reward you. We have had the expression before in this play: see p. 62, note 9.

was in the mind it was: this is called the "retort courteous." If I sent him word again, it was not well cut, he would send me word, he cut it to please himself: this is called the "quip modest." If again, it was not well cut, he disabled my judgment: this is called the "reply churlish." If again, it was not well cut, he would answer, I spake not true: this is called the "reproof valiant." If again, it was not well cut, he would say, I lie: this is called the "countercheck quarrelsome:" and so to the "lie circumstantial[2]," and the "lie direct."

Jaq. And how oft did you say, his beard was not well cut?

Touch. I durst go no farther than the "lie circumstantial," nor he durst not give me the "lie direct;" and so we measured swords, and parted.

Jaq. Can you nominate in order now the degrees of the lie?

Touch. O sir, we quarrel in print, by the book[3], as

[2] — to THE "lie circumstantial,"] So the second folio: the first omits "the."

[3] O sir, we quarrel in print, by the book;] "The poet," says Warburton, "has, in this scene, rallied the mode of formal duelling, then so prevalent, with the highest humour and address: nor could he have treated it with a happier contempt, than by making his Clown so knowing in the forms and preliminaries of it. The particular book here alluded to is a very ridiculous treatise of one Vincentio Saviolo, entitled, 'Of Honour and Honourable Quarrels,' in quarto, printed by Wolf, 1594. The first part of this tract he entitles, 'A Discourse most necessary for all Gentlemen that have in regard their Honours, touching the giving and receiving the Lie, whereupon the *Duello* and the *Combat* in divers Forms doth ensue; and many other Inconveniences, for lack only of true Knowledge of Honour, and the *right Understanding of Words*, which here is set down.' The contents of the several chapters are as follow:—I. What the Reason is that the Party unto whom the Lie is given ought to become Challenger, and of the Nature of Lies. II. Of the Manner and Diversity of Lies. III. Of Lies certain, [or direct.] IV. Of conditional Lies, [or the lie circumstantial.] V. Of the Lie in general. VI. Of the Lie in particular. VII. Of foolish Lies. VIII. A Conclusion touching the wresting or returning back of the Lie, [or the countercheck quarrelsome.] In the chapter of conditional Lies, speaking of the particle *if*, he says, '— Conditional lies be such as are given conditionally, as if a man should say or write these words:—*if* thou hast said that I have offered my lord abuse, thou liest; or *if* thou sayest so hereafter, thou shalt lie. Of these kind of lies, given in this manner, often arise much contention in words, —whereof no sure conclusion can arise.'" There was another edition of this work in 1595, "Printed for William Mattes." See the "Cat. of the Bridgewater Library," 4to, 1837, p. 275.

you have books for good manners: I will name you the degrees. The first, the retort courteous; the second, the quip modest; the third, the reply churlish; the fourth, the reproof valiant; the fifth, the countercheck quarrelsome; the sixth, the lie, with circumstance; the seventh, the lie direct. All these you may avoid, but the lie direct; and you may avoid that too, with an *if*. I knew when seven justices could not take up a quarrel; but when the parties were met themselves, one of them thought but of an *if*, as *If you said so, then I said so;* and they shook hands and swore brothers. Your *if* is the only peace-maker; much virtue in *if*.

Jaq. Is not this a rare fellow, my lord? he's as good at any thing, and yet a fool.

Duke S. He uses his folly like a stalking-horse, and under the presentation of that, he shoots his wit.

Enter HYMEN, *leading* ROSALIND *in woman's clothes; and* CELIA.

Still Music.

Hym. *Then is there mirth in heaven,*
When earthly things made even
Atone together[4].
Good duke, receive thy daughter,
Hymen from heaven brought her;
Yea, brought her hither,
That thou might'st join her hand with his,
Whose heart within her bosom is[5].

Ros. [*To* DUKE S.] To you I give myself, for I am yours.

[4] ATONE together.] *i. e. Agree* together, or are reconciled: from *at one*. The use of this word is very frequent by the contemporaries of Shakespeare.

[5] That thou might'st join HER hand with his,
Whose heart within HER bosom is.] The old copies read *his* for "her" in both these instances, which is evidently wrong: the error was, no doubt, produced by the not unfrequent custom at that date, of spelling "her," *hir*, which misled the compositor. See p. 51 of this vol. note 3.

[*To* ORLANDO.] To you I give myself, for I am yours.

Duke S. If there be truth in sight, you are my daughter.

Orl. If there be truth in sight, you are my Rosalind.

Phe. If sight and shape be true,
Why then, my love adieu!

Ros. [*To* DUKE S.] I'll have no father, if you be not he:—
[*To* ORLANDO.] I'll have no husband, if you be not he:—
[*To* PHEBE.] Nor ne'er wed woman, if you be not she.

Hym. Peace, ho! I bar confusion.
'Tis I must make conclusion
Of these most strange events:
Here's eight that must take hands,
To join in Hymen's bands,
If truth holds true contents.
[*To* ORLANDO *and* ROSALIND.] You and you no cross shall part:
[*To* OLIVER *and* CELIA.] You and you are heart in heart:
[*To* PHEBE.] You to his love must accord,
Or have a woman to your lord:
[*To* TOUCHSTONE *and* AUDREY.] You and you are sure together,
As the winter to foul weather.
Whiles a wedlock-hymn we sing,
Feed yourselves with questioning,
That reason wonder may diminish,
How thus we met, and these things finish.

SONG.

Wedding is great Juno's crown:
O, blessed bond of board and bed!
'Tis Hymen peoples every town;
High wedlock, then, be honoured:

Honour, high honour, and renown,
To Hymen, god of every town!

Duke S. O, my dear niece! welcome thou art to me:
Even daughter, welcome in no less degree.

Phe. [*To* SILVIUS.] I will not eat my word, now thou art mine;
Thy faith my fancy to thee doth combine.

Enter Second Brother[3].

2 *Bro.* Let me have audience for a word or two.
I am the second son of old Sir Rowland,
That bring these tidings to this fair assembly.—
Duke Frederick, hearing how that every day
Men of great worth resorted to this forest,
Address'd a mighty power, which were on foot
In his own conduct, purposely to take
His brother here, and put him to the sword.
And to the skirts of this wild wood he came,
Where, meeting with an old religious man,
After some question with him, was converted
Both from his enterprize, and from the world;
His crown bequeathing to his banish'd brother,
And all their lands restor'd to him again[4],
That were with him exil'd. This to be true,
I do engage my life.

[3] Enter Second Brother.] So called in the old copies to avoid confusion with the "melancholy Jaques." The name of this "second brother" must have been also Jaques, and he is mentioned in the first scene as then "at school." He is in fact the third brother introduced in the play; but what is meant is, that he is second in point of age, younger than Oliver, and older than Orlando; but this supposition would seem to make Orlando too much of a stripling at the wrestling-match to have had any chance against Charles. In Lodge's novel (which ends very differently), Fernandine, the second of the three brothers, is represented as "a scholar in Paris," not "at school" there. He, like Jaques de Bois, arrives quite at the end of the story.

[4] And all their lands restor'd to HIM again] So the old copies, which modern editors have altered without notice to "restor'd to *them* again." The meaning is, that the converted brother restores to the banished brother his dukedom, and all the lands of those who were in exile with him, in order that he (the duke) may bestow the lands again on their former possessors. The duke afterwards tells his nobles that he will give them back their estates.

Duke S. Welcome, young man;
Thou offer'st fairly to thy brothers' wedding:
To one, his lands withheld; and to the other,
A land itself at large, a potent dukedom.
First, in this forest, let us do those ends
That here were well begun, and well begot;
And after, every of this happy number,
That have endur'd shrewd days and nights with us,
Shall share the good of our returned fortune,
According to the measure of their 'states.
Meantime, forget this new-fall'n dignity,
And fall into our rustic revelry.—
Play, music! and you brides and bridegrooms all,
With measure heap'd in joy, to the measures fall.

Jaq. Sir, by your patience.—If I heard you rightly,
The duke hath put on a religious life,
And thrown into neglect the pompous court?

2 *Bro.* He hath.

Jaq. To him will I: out of these convertites
There is much matter to be heard and learn'd.—
You [*To* DUKE S.] to your former honour I bequeath;
Your patience, and your virtue, well deserve it:—
You [*To* ORLANDO] to a love, that your true faith doth merit:—
You [*To* OLIVER] to your land, and love, and great allies:—
You [*To* SILVIUS] to a long and well deserved bed:—
And you [*To* TOUCHSTONE] to wrangling; for thy loving voyage
Is but for two months victuall'd.—So, to your pleasures:
I am for other than for dancing measures.

Duke S. Stay, Jaques, stay.

Jaq. To see no pastime, I:—what you would have,
I'll stay to know at your abandon'd cave. [*Exit.*

Duke S. Proceed, proceed: we will begin these rites,
As we do trust they'll end in true delights[5].

[5] As we do trust they'll end in true delights.] The universal modern stage-

EPILOGUE.

Ros. It is not the fashion to see the lady the epilogue; but it is no more unhandsome, than to see the lord the prologue. If it be true, that good wine needs no bush[6], 'tis true that a good play needs no epilogue; yet to good wine they do use good bushes, and good plays prove the better by the help of good epilogues. What a case am I in, then, that am neither a good epilogue, nor cannot insinuate with you in the behalf of a good play? I am not furnished like a beggar, therefore to beg will not become me: my way is, to conjure you; and I'll begin with the women. I charge you, O women! for the love you bear to men, to like as much of this play as please you: and I charge you, O men! for the love you bear to women, (as I perceive by your simpering none of you hates them,) that between you and the women, the play may please. If I were a woman[7], I would kiss as many of you as had beards that pleased me, complexions that liked me, and breaths that I defied not; and, I am sure, as many as have good beards, or good faces, or sweet breaths, will, for my kind offer, when I make curtsey, bid me farewell. [*Exeunt.*

direction here is "a dance," which probably followed the duke's speech: the ancient direction, however, is *exit;* but there seems no sufficient reason why the duke should go out before the conclusion of the Epilogue—nevertheless, according to the custom of our old stage, he may have done so. Malone, Steevens, and all the modern editors, Capell excepted, read *And* instead of "As" in this line, without any reason for change, and without attempting to assign any.

[6] —no bush,] It was formerly the custom, says Steevens, to hang a *tuft of ivy* at the door of a vintner. It is alluded to by many old writers.

[7] If I were a woman,] The female characters in plays, it is hardly necessary to observe, were at this time, and until after the Restoration, performed by boys, or young men.

TAMING OF THE SHREW.

"The Taming of the Shrew" was first printed in the folio of 1623, where it occupies twenty-two pages, viz. from p. 208 to p. 229 inclusive, in the division of "Comedies." It was reprinted in the three later folios.

INTRODUCTION.

SHAKESPEARE was indebted for nearly the whole plot of his "Taming of the Shrew" to an older play, published in 1594, under the title of "The Taming of a Shrew." The mere circumstance of the adoption of the title, substituting only the definite for the indefinite article, proves that he had not the slightest intention of concealing his obligation.

When Steevens published the "Six Old Plays," more or less employed by Shakespeare in six of his own dramas, no earlier edition of the "Taming of *a* Shrew" than that of 1607 was known. It was conjectured, however, that it had come from the press at an earlier date, and Pope appeared to have been once in possession of a copy of it, published as early as 1594. This copy has since been recovered, and is now in the collection of the Duke of Devonshire: the exact title of it is as follows:—

"A Pleasant Conceited Historie, called The taming of a Shrew. As it was sundry times acted by the Right honorable the Earle of Pembrook his seruants. Printed at London by Peter Short and are to be sold by Cutbert Burbie, at his shop at the Royall Exchange. 1594." 4to.

It was reprinted in 1596, and a copy of that edition is in the possession of Lord Francis Egerton. The impression of 1607, the copy used by Steevens, is in the collection of the Duke of Devonshire.

There are three entries in the Registers of the Stationers' Company relating to "The Taming of *a* Shrew" but not one referring to Shakespeare's "Taming of *the* Shrew[1]." When Blounte and Jaggard, on the 8th Nov. 1623, entered "Mr. William Shakspeere's Comedyes, Histories, and Tragedyes, soe many of the said copies as are not formerly entered to other men," they did not include "The Taming of the Shrew:" hence an inference might be drawn, that at some previous time it had been "entered to other men;" but no such entry has been found, and Shakespeare's comedy, probably, was never printed until it was inserted in the folio of 1623.

[1] Malone was mistaken when he said (Shakespeare, by Boswell, vol. ii. p. 342.) that "our author's genuine play was entered at Stationers' Hall" on the 17th Nov. The entry is of the 19th Nov. and not of Shakespeare's "Taming of *the* Shrew," but of the old "Taming of *a* Shrew."

On the question, when it was originally composed, opinions, including my own, have varied considerably; but I now think we can arrive at a tolerably satisfactory decision. Malone first believed that "The Taming of the Shrew" was written in 1606, and subsequently gave 1596 as its probable date. It appears to me, that nobody has sufficiently attended to the apparently unimportant fact that in "Hamlet" Shakespeare mistakenly introduces the name of Baptista as that of a woman, while in "The Taming of the Shrew" Baptista is the father of Katharine and Bianca. Had he been aware when he wrote "Hamlet" that Baptista was the name of a man, he would hardly have used it for that of a woman; but before he produced "The Taming of the Shrew" he had detected his own error. The great probability is, that "Hamlet" was written at the earliest in 1601, and "The Taming of the Shrew" perhaps came from the pen of its author not very long afterwards.

The recent reprint of "The pleasant Comedy of Patient Grissill," by Dekker, Chettle, and Haughton, from the edition of 1603, tends to throw light on this point. Henslowe's Diary establishes, that the three dramatists above named were writing it in the winter of 1599. It contains various allusions to the taming of shrews; and it is to be recollected that the old "Taming of *a* Shrew" was acted by Henslowe's company, and is mentioned by him under the date of 11th June, 1594. One of the passages in "Patient Grissill," which seems to connect the two, occurs in Act v. sc. 2, where Sir Owen, producing his wands, says to the marquess, "I will learn your medicines to tame shrews." This expression is remarkable, because we find by Henslowe's Diary that, in July, 1602, Dekker received a payment from the old manager, on account of a comedy he was writing under the title of "A Medicine for a curst Wife." My conjecture is, that Shakespeare (in coalition, possibly, with some other dramatist, who wrote the portions which are admitted not to be in Shakespeare's manner) produced his "Taming of the Shrew" soon after "Patient Grissill" had been brought upon the stage, and as a sort of counterpart to it; and that Dekker followed up the subject in the summer of 1602 by his "Medicine for a curst Wife," having been incited by the success of Shakespeare's "Taming of the Shrew" at a rival theatre. At this time the old "Taming of a Shrew" had been laid by as a public performance, and Shakespeare having very nearly adopted its title, Dekker took a different one, in accordance with the expression he had used two or three years before in "Patient Grissill[2]."

The silence of Meres in 1598 regarding any such play by Shakespeare is also important: had it then been written, he could scarcely

[2] If we suppose Shakespeare, in Act iv. sc. 1, to allude to T. Heywood's play, "A Woman Killed with Kindness," it would show that "The Taming of the

have failed to mention it; so that we have strong negative evidence of its non-existence before the appearance of *Palladis Tamia*. When Sir John Harington, in his "Metamorphosis of Ajax," 1596, says, "Read the booke of 'Taming a Shrew,' which hath made a number of us so perfect that now every one can rule a shrew in our country, save he that hath her," he meant the old "Taming of *a* Shrew," reprinted in the same year. In that play we have not only the comedy in which Petruchio and Katharine are chiefly engaged, but the Induction, which is carried out to the close; for Sly and the Tapster conclude the piece, as they had begun it.

As it is evident that Shakespeare made great use of the old comedy, both in his Induction and in the body of his play, it is not necessary to inquire particularly to what originals the writer of "The Taming of a Shrew" resorted. As regards the Induction, Douce was of opinion that the story of "The Sleeper awakened," in the "Arabian Nights' Entertainments," was the source of the many imitations which have, from time to time, been referred to. Warton (Hist. Engl. Poetry, iv. 117. Edit. 1824) tells us, that among the books of Collins was a collection of tales by Richard Edwards, dated in 1570, and including "the Induction of the Tinker in Shakespeare's 'Taming of the Shrew.'" This might be the original employed by the author of the old "Taming of a Shrew." For the play itself he, perhaps, availed himself of some now unknown translation of Nott. viii. fab. 2, of the *Piacevoli Notti* of Straparola.

The *Suppositi* of Ariosto, freely translated by Gascoyne, (before 1566, when it was acted at Grey's Inn) under the title of "The Supposes," seems to have afforded Shakespeare part of his plot: it relates to the manner in which Lucentio and Tranio pass off the Pedant as Vincentio, which is not found in the old "Taming of a Shrew." In the list of persons preceding Gascoyne's "Supposes" Shakespeare found the name of Petrucio, (a character not so called by Ariosto,) and hence, perhaps, he adopted it. It affords another slight link of connexion between "The Taming of the Shrew" and "The Supposes;" but there exists a third, still slighter, of which no notice has been taken. It consists of the use of the word "supposes," in A. v. sc. 1, exactly in the substantive sense in which it is employed by Gascoyne, and in reference to that part of the story which had been derived from his translation. How little Shakespeare's "Taming of the Shrew" was known in the beginning of the eighteenth century, may be judged from the fact, that "The Tatler," No. 231, contains the story of it, told as of a gentleman's family then residing in Lincolnshire.

Shrew" was written after Feb. 1602-3; but the expression was probably proverbial, and for this reason Heywood took it as the title of his tragedy.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ[1].

A Lord.
CHRISTOPHER SLY, a Tinker. Hostess, Page, Players, Huntsmen, and Servants, } Persons in the Induction.
BAPTISTA, a rich Gentleman of Padua.
VINCENTIO, an old Gentleman of Pisa.
LUCENTIO, Son to Vincentio.
PETRUCHIO, a Gentleman of Verona.
GREMIO, HORTENSIO, } Suitors to Bianca.
TRANIO, BIONDELLO, } Servants to Lucentio.
GRUMIO, CURTIS, } Servants to Petruchio.
The Pedant.

KATHARINA, BIANCA, } Daughters to Baptista.
Widow.

Tailor, Haberdasher, and Servants attending on Baptista and Petruchio.

SCENE, sometimes in Padua; and sometimes in Petruchio's House in the Country.

[1] A list of the characters was first printed by Rowe.

TAMING OF THE SHREW.

INDUCTION.

SCENE I.

Before an Alehouse on a Heath.

Enter HOSTESS *and* SLY.

Sly. I'll pheese you, in faith[1].

Host. A pair of stocks, you rogue!

Sly. Y'are a baggage: the Slys are no rogues; look in the chronicles, we came in with Richard Conqueror. Therefore, *paucas pallabris;* let the world slide. *Sessa*[2]*!*

Host. You will not pay for the glasses you have burst[3]?

Sly. No, not a denier. Go by, S. Jeronimy: Go to thy cold bed, and warm thee[4].

[1] I'll PHEESE you, in faith.] Thus the word is printed in the folio of 1623. In the old "Taming of a Shrew," it is printed *fese*, in the three editions of 1594, 1596, and 1607. Ben Jonson uses the word in his "Alchemist," and spells it, in his folio of 1616, *feize*. It is the same word, however spelt; and Gifford, who was a West of England man, says that in that part of the country it means, "to beat, chastise, or humble," &c. Jonson's Works, iv. 188. Dr. Johnson, on the authority of Sir Thomas Smith, in his book *De Sermone Anglico*, says that it means *in fila diducere*. Such may have been its original sense, but there is no doubt that it is used figuratively in the way Gifford has explained.

[2] Therefore *paucas pallabris;* let the world slide: *Sessa!*] *Pocas palabras* is Spanish for "few words," a foreign phrase in common use in the time of Shakespeare. See vol. ii. p. 240. The same remark will apply to "let the world slide," or "let the world slip," as Sly afterwards words it; but we do not find *sessa*, or *cessa* (cease), so employed in other authors. It occurs again, under the form of *sessey*, in "King Lear," Act iii. sc. 4.

[3] — you have BURST?] To *burst* and to *break* were anciently synonymous.

[4] ———— Go by, S. Jeronimy:
Go to thy cold bed, and warm thee.] In this passage, there is a double

Host. I know my remedy; I must go fetch the head-borough[5]. [*Exit.*

Sly. Third, or fourth, or fifth borough, I'll answer him by law. I'll not budge an inch, boy: let him come, and kindly.

[*Lies down on the ground, and falls asleep.*

Wind Horns. Enter a Lord from hunting, with Hunts-men and Servants.

Lord. Huntsman, I charge thee, tender well my hounds:
Brach Merriman,—the poor cur is emboss'd[6],
And couple Clowder with the deep-mouth'd brach.
Saw'st thou not, boy, how Silver made it good
At the hedge corner, in the coldest fault?
I would not lose the dog for twenty pound.

1 *Hun.* Why, Belman is as good as he, my lord;
He cried upon it at the merest loss,

allusion to "The Spanish Tragedy," by Thomas Kyd. How the capital S became introduced into the text, it is not easy to explain; but Monck Mason would make out that it is part of the word *says*, the rest having dropped out; but why should it have been printed with a capital letter? The phrase "Go by" is derived from one part of "The Spanish Tragedy," of which Jeronimo may be called the hero; and "Go to thy cold bed, and warm thee," refers to another part of the same play, where Jeronimo exclaims, "What outcries pluck me from my naked bed?" when he enters in his night-dress, after the murder of his son. See "Dodsley's Old Plays," last edition, vol. iii. p. 130 & 163. Different parts of this popular play were often quoted and ridiculed by contemporary writers. Sly can scarcely mean to canonize Jeronimo, and call him a saint, from his being such a favourite with the frequenters of our early theatres; and when Malone remarks, that "Sly's making Jeronimy a saint is not more extravagant than his exhorting his hostess to go to her cold bed and warm herself," he was not aware of the allusion to "The Spanish Tragedy" in the last line of Sly's reply.

[5] — I must go fetch the HEADBOROUGH.] So it stands in all the old copies, but in all the modern editions it has been needlessly altered to *thirdborough*, under the notion that it made Sly's answer more apposite. The threat regarding the "headborough," by the hostess, brings the "thirdborough" (an officer of similar duties, and often mentioned in connection) into Sly's mind. The "thirdborough" (as Ritson shows by a quotation from "The Constable's Guide," 1771) is an officer still known in Warwickshire. Dull calls himself "tharborough," or *thirdborough*, in "Love's Labour's Lost," vol. ii. p. 289.

[6] BRACH Merriman,—the poor cur is EMBOSS'D,] "Brach" generally meant a *hound*. A dog, or a deer, are said to be embossed when fatigue makes them foam at the mouth.

And twice to-day pick'd out the dullest scent:
Trust me, I take him for the better dog.

Lord. Thou art a fool: if Echo were as fleet,
I would esteem him worth a dozen such.
But sup them well, and look unto them all:
To-morrow I intend to hunt again.

1 *Hun.* I will, my lord.

Lord. What's here? one dead, or drunk? See, doth he breathe?

2 *Hun.* He breathes, my lord. Were he not warm'd with ale,
This were a bed but cold to sleep so soundly.

Lord. O, monstrous beast! how like a swine he lies.
Grim death, how foul and loathsome is thine image!
Sirs, I will practise on this drunken man.
What think you, if he were convey'd to bed,
Wrapp'd in sweet clothes, rings put upon his fingers,
A most delicious banquet by his bed,
And brave attendants near him when he wakes,
Would not the beggar then forget himself?

1 *Hun.* Believe me, lord, I think he cannot choose.

2 *Hun.* It would seem strange unto him when he wak'd.

Lord. Even as a flattering dream, or worthless fancy.
Then take him up, and manage well the jest.
Carry him gently to my fairest chamber,
And hang it round with all my wanton pictures;
Balm his foul head with warm distilled waters,
And burn sweet wood to make the lodging sweet:
Procure me music ready when he wakes,
To make a dulcet and a heavenly sound;
And if he chance to speak, be ready straight,
And, with a low submissive reverence,
Say,—what is it your honour will command?
Let one attend him with a silver bason,
Full of rose-water, and bestrew'd with flowers;
Another bear the ewer, the third a diaper,

And say,—will't please your lordship cool your hands?
Some one be ready with a costly suit,
And ask him what apparel he will wear;
Another tell him of his hounds and horse,
And that his lady mourns at his disease.
Persuade him, that he hath been lunatic;
And, when he says he is—, say, that he dreams[7],
For he is nothing but a mighty lord.
This do, and do it kindly, gentle sirs:
It will be pastime passing excellent,
If it be husbanded with modesty.

1 *Hun.* My lord, I warrant you, we will play our part,
As he shall think, by our true diligence,
He is no less than what we say he is.

Lord. Take him up gently, and to bed with him,
And each one to his office when he wakes.—
[SLY *is borne out. A trumpet sounds.*
Sirrah, go see what trumpet 'tis that sounds:—
[*Exit Servant.*
Belike, some noble gentleman, that means,
Travelling some journey, to repose him here.—

Re-enter Servant.

How now? who is it?

Serv. An it please your honour,
Players that offer service to your lordship.

Lord. Bid them come near.

Enter Players.

Now, fellows, you are welcome.

Players. We thank your honour.

[7] And, when he says he is—, say, that he dreams,] The lord leaves something here to be understood. Sir Thomas Hanmer would insert *poor*, and Johnson *Sly*, although the lord could not know the name of the beggar; but no change is necessary. There is no dash after "is" in the folios, and it will be observed that the line is syllabically complete without any addition.

Lord. Do you intend to stay with me to-night?

2 *Play.* So please your lordship to accept our duty.

Lord. With all my heart.—This fellow I remember,
Since once he play'd a farmer's eldest son:—
'Twas where you woo'd the gentlewoman so well.
I have forgot your name; but, sure, that part
Was aptly fitted, and naturally perform'd.

1 *Play.* I think, 'twas Soto that your honour means[8].

Lord. 'Tis very true: thou didst it excellent.
Well, you are come to me in happy time,
The rather for I have some sport in hand,
Wherein your cunning can assist me much.
There is a lord will hear you play to-night;
But I am doubtful of your modesties,
Lest, over-eying of his odd behaviour,
(For yet his honour never heard a play,)
You break into some merry passion,
And so offend him; for I tell you, sirs,
If you should smile he grows impatient.

1 *Play.* Fear not, my lord: we can contain ourselves,
Were he the veriest antic in the world.

Lord. Go, sirrah, take them to the buttery,
And give them friendly welcome every one:
Let them want nothing that my house affords.—
[*Exeunt Servant and Players.*
Sirrah, go you to Bartholmew my page, [*To a Servant.*
And see him dress'd in all suits like a lady:
That done, conduct him to the drunkard's chamber;

[8] I think, 'twas Soto that your honour means.] This line is given to *Sincklo* in the first folio; and as there was an actor of that name in Shakespeare's company, he was most likely the person who played the character. He is introduced again in "Henry IV." pt. 2, in "Henry VI." pt. 3, &c. It has been supposed by Theobald, that the reference was to Soto in Beaumont and Fletcher's "Woman Pleased;" but, as Tyrwhitt remarks, the circumstance of "wooing the gentlewoman so well" does not tally with the story of that play. Probably a character called Soto figured in some other play of the time, now lost. Pope assigned the line to a character he calls *Sim*; having probably been misled by the second folio, where Sincklo's name is only printed *Sin.*

And call him madam, do him obeisance:
Tell him from me, as he will win my love,
He bear himself with honourable action,
Such as he hath observ'd in noble ladies
Unto their lords by them accomplished:
Such duty to the drunkard let him do,
With soft low tongue, and lowly courtesy;
And say,—what is't your honour will command,
Wherein your lady, and your humble wife
May show her duty, and make known her love?
And then, with kind embracements, tempting kisses,
And with declining head into his bosom,
Bid him shed tears, as being overjoy'd
To see her noble lord restor'd to health,
Who for this seven years hath esteemed him
No better than a poor and loathsome beggar.
And if the boy have not a woman's gift,
To rain a shower of commanded tears,
An onion will do well for such a shift,
Which, in a napkin being close convey'd,
Shall in despite enforce a watery eye.
See this despatch'd with all the haste thou canst:
Anon I'll give thee more instructions. [*Exit Servant.*
I know, the boy will well usurp the grace,
Voice, gait, and action of a gentlewoman:
I long to hear him call the drunkard husband,
And how my men will stay themselves from laughter,
When they do homage to this simple peasant.
I'll in to counsel them: haply, my presence
May well abate the over-merry spleen,
Which otherwise would grow into extremes. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A Bedchamber in the Lord's House.

SLY *is discovered*[9], *with Attendants; some with apparel, others with bason, ewer, and appurtenances. Enter* LORD, *dressed like a Servant.*

Sly. For God's sake, a pot of small ale.

1 *Serv.* Will't please your lordship drink a cup of sack?

2 *Serv.* Will't please your honour taste of these conserves?

3 *Serv.* What raiment will your honour wear today?

Sly. I am Christophero Sly; call not me honour, nor lordship: I ne'er drank sack in my life[1]; and if you give me any conserves, give me conserves of beef. Ne'er ask me what raiment I'll wear, for I have no more doublets than backs, no more stockings than legs, nor no more shoes than feet; nay, sometime, more feet than shoes, or such shoes as my toes look through the overleather.

Lord. Heaven cease this idle humour in your honour!
O! that a mighty man, of such descent,
Of such possessions, and so high esteem,
Should be infused with so foul a spirit!

Sly. What! would you make me mad? Am not I

[9] Sly is discovered,] The old stage-direction is, "Enter aloft the drunkard with attendants," &c.; the meaning of which is, that Sly and those about him were represented in a balcony at the back of the stage, whence they were to witness the performance of the actors. Such appears to have been invariably the case when a play within a play was represented in our old theatres; directly the reverse of our modern practice, where the play within a play is exhibited on a raised platform at the back of the stage, and the actors in the main play are in front.

[1] — I NE'ER drank sack in my life;] So the old copy of 1623; as afterwards, "*Ne'er* ask me," &c. This is consistent, and there is no reason against it; though the modern editions have "never" in one instance, and "ne'er" in the other.

Christopher Sly, old Sly's son, of Burton-heath[2]; by birth a pedlar, by education a card-maker, by transmutation a bear-herd[3], and now by present profession a tinker? Ask Marian Hacket, the fat alewife of Wincot[4], if she know me not: if she say I am not fourteen pence on the score for sheer ale, score me up for the lyingest knave in Christendom. What! I am not bestraught[5]. Here's—

1 *Serv.* O! this it is that makes your lady mourn.

2 *Serv.* O! this it is[6] that makes your servants droop.

Lord. Hence comes it that your kindred shun your house,
As beaten hence by your strange lunacy.
O, noble lord! bethink thee of thy birth;
Call home thy ancient thoughts from banishment,
And banish hence these abject lowly dreams.
Look how thy servants do attend on thee,
Each in his office ready at thy beck:
Wilt thou have music? hark! Apollo plays, [*Music.*
And twenty caged nightingales do sing:
Or wilt thou sleep? we'll have thee to a couch,
Softer and sweeter than the lustful bed
On purpose trimm'd up for Semiramis.
Say thou wilt walk, we will bestrew the ground:
Or wilt thou ride, thy horses shall be trapp'd,

[2] — old Sly's son, of BURTON-HEATH;] Perhaps, as Malone suggests, we ought to read, Barton-on-the-heath, a village in Warwickshire.

[3] — by transmutation a BEAR-HERD,] *i. e.* Bear-ward. See vol. ii. p. 202, note 2.

[4] Ask Marian Hacket, the fat alewife of Wincot,] Doubtless, Marian Hacket was living and well known at Wincot, about four miles from Stratford-upon-Avon, at the time this play was written. Afterwards (p. 116) Cicely Hacket is spoken of by one of the servants.

[5] What! I am not BESTRAUGHT.] "Bestraught" was used by Lord Surrey, Warner, and other good writers, as synonymous with *distraught*, or distracted. We also meet with it in the very rare romance of "Narbonus," by Austin Saker, 1580, 4to: "Now, if the olde souldyours were thus afflicted, and the auncient captaynes so tormented, Narbonus was also *bestraught* and incensed."

[6] O! this IT IS—] The folio inverts IT IS; but most likely it was meant that one servant should follow the form of expression used by the other.

Their harness studded all with gold and pearl.
Dost thou love hawking? thou hast hawks will soar
Above the morning lark: or wilt thou hunt?
Thy hounds shall make the welkin answer them,
And fetch shrill echoes from the hollow earth.
1 *Serv.* Say thou wilt course, thy greyhounds are as swift
As breathed stags, ay, fleeter than the roe.
2 *Serv.* Dost thou love pictures? we will fetch thee straight
Adonis painted by a running brook,
And Cytherea all in sedges hid,
Which seem to move and wanton with her breath,
Even as the waving sedges play with wind.
Lord. We'll show thee Io as she was a maid,
And how she was beguiled and surpris'd,
As lively painted as the deed was done.
3 *Serv.* Or Daphne roaming through a thorny wood,
Scratching her legs, that one shall swear she bleeds;
And at that sight shall sad Apollo weep,
So workmanly the blood and tears are drawn.
Lord. Thou art a lord, and nothing but a lord:
Thou hast a lady, far more beautiful
Than any woman in this waning age.
1 *Serv.* And, till the tears that she hath shed for thee,
Like envious floods, o'er-ran her lovely face,
She was the fairest creature in the world;
And yet she is inferior to none.
Sly. Am I a lord? and have I such a lady?
Or do I dream? or have I dream'd till now?
I do not sleep; I see, I hear, I speak:
I smell sweet savours, and I feel soft things.—
Upon my life, I am a lord, indeed,
And not a tinker, nor Christopher Sly.—
Well, bring our lady hither to our sight;
And once again, a pot o' the smallest ale.

2 *Serv.* Will't please your mightiness to wash your hands?

[*Servants present an ewer, bason, and napkin.*

O, how we joy to see your wit restor'd!
O, that once more you knew but what you are!
These fifteen years you have been in a dream,
Or, when you wak'd, so wak'd as if you slept.

Sly. These fifteen years! by my fay, a goodly nap.
But did I never speak of all that time?

1 *Serv.* O! yes, my lord, but very idle words;—
For though you lay here in this goodly chamber,
Yet would you say, ye were beaten out of door,
And rail upon the hostess of the house,
And say you would present her at the leet[7],
Because she brought stone jugs and no seal'd quarts.
Sometimes you would call out for Cicely Hacket.

Sly. Ay, the woman's maid of the house.

3 *Serv.* Why, sir, you know no house, nor no such maid,
Nor no such men, as you have reckon'd up,—
As Stephen Sly, and old John Naps of Greece[8],
And Peter Turf, and Henry Pimpernell,
And twenty more such names and men as these,
Which never were, nor no man ever saw.

Sly. Now, Lord be thanked for my good amends!

All. Amen.

Sly. I thank thee; thou shalt not lose by it.

Enter the Page, as a lady, with Attendants.

Page. How fares my noble lord?

Sly. Marry, I fare well; for here is cheer enough. Where is my wife?

[7] — leet,] *i. e.* At the *Court-leet.*

[8] — old John Naps of Greece,] Blackstone suggested that we ought to read, *o' the Green*, instead "of Greece;" and it is the more probable, when we reflect that *green* was formerly almost invariably spelt with a final *e*. "John Naps of Greece" seems nonsense, notwithstanding it has been shown by Steevens that "a hart of greece" or grease, meant a fat hart: hence he argues that it was only a mode of calling John Naps a fat man.

Page. Here, noble lord: what is thy will with her?

Sly. Are you my wife, and will not call me husband?
My men should call me lord: I am your good-man.

Page. My husband and my lord, my lord and husband;
I am your wife in all obedience.

Sly. I know it well.—What must I call her?

Lord. Madam.

Sly. Al'ce madam, or Joan madam?

Lord. Madam, and nothing else: so lords call ladies.

Sly. Madam wife, they say that I have dream'd,
And slept above some fifteen year and more.

Page. Ay, and the time seems thirty unto me,
Being all this time abandon'd from your bed.

Sly. 'Tis much. — Servants, leave me and her alone.—
Madam, undress you, and come now to bed.

Page. Thrice noble lord, let me entreat of you
To pardon me yet for a night or two;
Or if not so, until the sun be set,
For your physicians have expressly charg'd,
In peril to incur your former malady,
That I should yet absent me from your bed.
I hope this reason stands for my excuse.

Sly. Ay, it stands so, that I may hardly tarry so long; but I would be loath to fall into my dreams again: I will therefore tarry, in despite of the flesh and the blood.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Your honour's players, hearing your amendment,
Are come to play a pleasant comedy;
For so your doctors hold it very meet,
Seeing too much sadness hath congeal'd your blood,
And melancholy is the nurse of frenzy:

Therefore, they thought it good you hear a play,
And frame your mind to mirth and merriment,
Which bars a thousand harms, and lengthens life.

Sly. Marry, I will let them play it. Is not a commonty a Christmas gambol, or a tumbling-trick?

Page. No, my good lord: it is more pleasing stuff.

Sly. What, household stuff?

Page. It is a kind of history.

Sly. Well, we'll see't. Come, madam wife, sit by my side,
And let the world slip: we shall ne'er be younger.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Padua. A public Place.

Enter LUCENTIO *and* TRANIO.

Luc. Tranio, since, for the great desire I had
To see fair Padua, nursery of arts,
I am arriv'd for fruitful Lombardy,
The pleasant garden of great Italy;
And, by my father's love and leave, am arm'd
With his good will, and thy good company,
My trusty servant[9], well approv'd in all,
Here let us breathe, and haply institute[10]
A course of learning, and ingenious studies.
Pisa, renowned for grave citizens,

[9] My trusty servant,] Malone's Shakespeare, by Boswell, has *Most.*

[10] — and HAPLY institute—] In the modern editions, "haply" is misprinted *happily*, which is a distinct word, with a different etymology. "Haply" means *perhaps*, and not *fortunately*. So at the end of the first scene of the Induction, the lord says,

——————— "*haply*, my presence
May well abate," &c.

In both cases, the line requires a word of two and not of three syllables. When the line requires that "haply" should be pronounced as a trisyllable, it was generally spelt "happily." A. iv. sc. 4, of this comedy affords examples of "happily" used in both senses.

Gave me my being; and my father, first
A merchant of great traffic through the world,
Vincentio's come of the Bentivolii[1].
Vincentio's son, brought up in Florence,
It shall become, to serve all hopes conceiv'd,
To deck his fortune with his virtuous deeds:
And therefore, Tranio, for the time I study
Virtue, and that part of philosophy
Will I apply, that treats of happiness
By virtue specially to be achiev'd.
Tell me thy mind; for I have Pisa left,
And am to Padua come, as he that leaves
A shallow plash, to plunge him in the deep,
And with satiety seeks to quench his thirst.

Tra. *Mi perdonate*, gentle master mine,
I am in all affected as yourself,
Glad that you thus continue your resolve,
To suck the sweets of sweet philosophy:
Only, good master, while we do admire
This virtue, and this moral discipline,
Let's be no stoics, nor no stocks, I pray;
Or so devote to Aristotle's checks,
As Ovid be an outcast quite abjur'd.
Talk logic[2] with acquaintance that you have,
And practise rhetoric in your common talk:
Music and poesy use to quicken you:
The mathematics, and the metaphysics,
Fall to them as you find your stomach serves you.
No profit grows, where is no pleasure ta'en:—
In brief, sir, study what you most affect.

Luc. Gramercies, Tranio, well dost thou advise.
If, Biondello, thou wert come ashore,

[1] Vincentio's come of the Bentivolii.] *i. e.* "My father, first a merchant of great traffic through the world, Vincentio, *is* come of the Bentivolii." This is the old and rather obscure reading; but to vary from it, as has been usually done, makes the sense even less clear. By "Vincentio's son," in the next line, Lucentio, of course, means himself.

[2] Talk logic—] Old copies, *Balk*. Corrected by Rowe.

We could at once put us in readiness,
And take a lodging fit to entertain
Such friends as time in Padua shall beget.
But stay awhile: what company is this?

Tra. Master, some show, to welcome us to town.

Enter BAPTISTA, KATHARINA, BIANCA, GREMIO, *and* HORTENSIO. LUCENTIO *and* TRANIO *stand aside.*

Bap. Gentlemen, importune me no farther,
For how I firmly am resolv'd you know;
That is, not to bestow my youngest daughter,
Before I have a husband for the elder.
If either of you both love Katharina,
Because I know you well, and love you well,
Leave shall you have to court her at your pleasure.

Gre. To cart her rather: she's too rough for me.—
There, there, Hortensio, will you any wife?

Kath. [*To* BAP.] I pray you, sir, is it your will
To make a stale of me amongst these mates?

Hor. Mates, maid! how mean you that? no mates for you,
Unless you were of gentler, milder mould.

Kath. I'faith, sir, you shall never need to fear:
I wis, it is not half way to her heart;
But, if it were, doubt not her care should be
To comb your noddle with a three-legg'd stool,
And paint your face, and use you like a fool.

Hor. From all such devils, good Lord, deliver us!

Gre. And me too, good Lord!

Tra. Hush, master! here is some good pastime toward:
That wench is stark mad, or wonderful froward.

Luc. But in the other's silence do I see
Maids' mild behaviour, and sobriety.
Peace, Tranio!

Tra. Well said, master: mum! and gaze your fill.

Bap. Gentlemen, that I may soon make good

What I have said,—Bianca, get you in:
And let it not displease thee, good Bianca,
For I will love thee ne'er the less, my girl.

Kath. A pretty peat[3]! it is best
Put finger in the eye,—an she knew why.

Bian. Sister, content you in my discontent.—
Sir, to your pleasure humbly I subscribe:
My books, and instruments, shall be my company,
On them to look, and practise by myself.

Luc. Hark, Tranio! thou may'st hear Minerva speak.

Hor. Signior Baptista, will you be so strange?
Sorry am I, that our good will effects
Bianca's grief.

Gre. Why, will you mew her up,
Signior Baptista, for this fiend of hell,
And make her bear the penance of her tongue?

Bap. Gentlemen, content ye; I am resolv'd.—
Go in, Bianca. [*Exit* BIANCA.
And for I know, she taketh most delight
In music, instruments, and poetry,
Schoolmasters will I keep within my house,
Fit to instruct her youth.—If you, Hortensio,
Or signior Gremio, you, know any such,
Prefer them hither; for to cunning men
I will be very kind, and liberal
To mine own children in good bringing-up;
And so farewell. Katharina, you may stay,
For I have more to commune with Bianca. [*Exit.*

Kath. Why, and I trust, I may go too; may I not?
What! shall I be appointed hours, as though, belike,
I knew not what to take, and what to leave? Ha!
[*Exit.*

Gre. You may go to the devil's dam: your gifts are so good, here's none will hold you. Their love is not so great, Hortensio, but we may blow our nails toge-

[3] A pretty PEAT!] "*Peat* or *pet*," says Johnson, "is a word of endearment, from *petit*, little." Possibly it is from *petto*, Ital.

ther, and fast it fairly out: our cake's dough on both sides. Farewell:—yet, for the love I bear my sweet Bianca, if I can by any means light on a fit man to teach her that wherein she delights, I will wish him to her father[4].

Hor. So will I, signior Gremio: but a word, I pray. Though the nature of our quarrel yet never brook'd parle, know now upon advice, it toucheth us both, that we may yet again have access to our fair mistress, and be happy rivals in Bianca's love, to labour and effect one thing 'specially[5].

Gre. What's that, I pray?

Hor. Marry, sir, to get a husband for her sister.

Gre. A husband! a devil.

Hor. I say, a husband.

Gre. I say, a devil. Think'st thou, Hortensio, though her father be very rich, any man is so very a fool to be married to hell?

Hor. Tush, Gremio! though it pass your patience, and mine, to endure her loud alarums, why, man, there be good fellows in the world, an a man could light on them, would take her with all faults, and money enough.

Gre. I cannot tell, but I had as lief take her dowry with this condition,—to be whipped at the high-cross every morning.

Hor. 'Faith, as you say, there's small choice in rotten apples. But, come; since this bar in law makes us friends, it shall be so far forth friendly maintained, till by helping Baptista's eldest daughter to a husband, we set his youngest free for a husband, and then have

[4] — I will WISH him to her father.] *i. e.* I will *recommend* him: to wish was often used in this sense. In Act i. sc. 2, of this play, Hortensio says, "And *wish* thee to a shrewd ill-favour'd wife."

[5] — to labour and effect one thing 'specially.] The whole of this speech by Hortensio runs metrically, and, with very slight alteration, it might be reduced to regular verse. The same remark may apply, though not so obviously, to another speech by Hortensio, beginning, "Tush, Gremio!" They were, perhaps, measure in the original MS.

to't afresh.—Sweet Bianca!—Happy man be his dole[6]! He that runs fastest gets the ring[7]. How say you, signior Gremio?

Gre. I am agreed: and 'would I had given him the best horse in Padua to begin his wooing, that would thoroughly woo her, wed her, and bed her, and rid the house of her. Come on.

[*Exeunt* GREMIO *and* HORTENSIO.

Tra. [*Advancing.*] I pray, sir, tell me, is it possible
That love should of a sudden take such hold?

Luc. O, Tranio! till I found it to be true,
I never thought it possible, or likely;
But see! while idly I stood looking on,
I found the effect of love in idleness;
And now in plainness do confess to thee,—
That art to me as secret, and as dear,
As Anna to the Queen of Carthage was,—
Tranio, I burn, I pine; I perish, Tranio,
If I achieve not this young modest girl.
Counsel me, Tranio, for I know thou canst:
Assist me, Tranio, for I know thou wilt.

Tra. Master, it is no time to chide you now;
Affection is not rated from the heart:
If love have touch'd you, nought remains but so,—
Redime te captum[8], *quam queas minimo.*

Luc. Gramercies, lad; go forward: this contents;
The rest will comfort, for thy counsel's sound.

Tra. Master, you look'd so longly on the maid[9],
Perhaps you mark'd not what's the pith of all.

Luc. O! yes, I saw sweet beauty in her face,

[6] Happy man be his DOLE!] A proverbial expression. *Dole* is any thing dealt out or distributed. The phrase is equivalent to "happy man be his *lot* or *portion*."

[7] He that runs fastest, gets the RING.] "An allusion," as Douce remarks, "to the sport of running at the *ring*."

[8] *Redime te captum*—] This line is in Lily's Grammar, and, as Dr. Farmer observes, in his Essay, (p. 72. Edit. 1821,) it is quoted by Shakespeare as it stands in the Grammar, and not in Terence.

[9] — so LONGLY on the maid,] *i. e.* So *longingly*, says Steevens.

Such as the daughter of Agenor had,
That made great Jove to humble him to her hand,
When with his knees he kiss'd the Cretan strand.
Tra. Saw you no more? mark'd you not, how her sister
Began to scold, and raise up such a storm,
That mortal ears might hardly endure the din?
Luc. Tranio, I saw her coral lips to move,
And with her breath she did perfume the air:
Sacred, and sweet, was all I saw in her.
Tra. Nay, then, 'tis time to stir him from his trance.—
I pray, awake, sir: if you love the maid,
Bend thoughts and wits to achieve her. Thus it stands:
Her elder sister is so curst and shrewd,
That, till the father rid his hands of her,
Master, your love must live a maid at home;
And therefore has he closely mew'd her up,
Because she will not be annoy'd with suitors[1].
Luc. Ah, Tranio, what a cruel father's he!
But art thou not advis'd, he took some care
To get her cunning schoolmasters to instruct her?
Tra. Ay, marry, am I, sir; and now 'tis plotted.
Luc. I have it, Tranio.
Tra. Master, for my hand,
Both our inventions meet and jump in one.
Luc. Tell me thine first.
Tra. You will be schoolmaster,
And undertake the teaching of the maid:
That's your device.
Luc. It is: may it be done?
Tra. Not possible; for who shall bear your part,

[1] Because she WILL not be annoy'd with suitors.] Thus the old folios, properly; the meaning being, that Bianca *wishes* not to be fruitlessly annoyed with suitors. Malone, and the other modern editors, apparently not understanding the difference between "will" and *shall*, in this place substituted the latter for the former.

And be in Padua, here, Vincentio's son;
Keep house, and ply his book; welcome his friends;
Visit his countrymen, and banquet them?

Luc. Basta[2]; content thee; for I have it full.
We have not yet been seen in any house,
Nor can we be distinguished by our faces,
For man, or master: then, it follows thus;
Thou shalt be master, Tranio, in my stead,
Keep house, and port, and servants, as I should.
I will some other be; some Florentine,
Some Neapolitan, or meaner man of Pisa.
'Tis hatch'd, and shall be so:—Tranio, at once
Uncase thee; take my colour'd hat and cloak:
When Biondello comes, he waits on thee,
But I will charm him first to keep his tongue.

Tra. So had you need. [*They exchange habits.*
In brief, sir, sith it your pleasure is[3],
And I am tied to be obedient;
(For so your father charg'd me at our parting;
"Be serviceable to my son," quoth he,
Although, I think, 'twas in another sense,)
I am content to be Lucentio,
Because so well I love Lucentio.

Luc. Tranio, be so, because Lucentio loves,
And let me be a slave, t' achieve that maid
Whose sudden sight hath thrall'd my wounded eye.

Enter BIONDELLO.

Here comes the rogue.—Sirrah, where have you been?

Bion. Where have I been? Nay, how now? where are you?

[2] Basta;] *i. e. enough;* Italian and Spanish. The same word, applied in the same way, occurs in R. Brome's "Court Beggar," A. iv. sc. 1:—

"Say to thyself and boldly, she's thine own,
And for thy means, *basta*, let me alone."

It is also used by Beaumont and Fletcher.

[3] In brief, sir, sith it your pleasure is,] Malone and Steevens inserted *then* before "sir," in opposition to all the old copies.

Master, has my fellow Tranio stol'n your clothes,
Or you stol'n his, or both? pray, what's the news?
Luc. Sirrah, come hither: 'tis no time to jest,
And therefore frame your manners to the time.
Your fellow Tranio, here, to save my life,
Puts my apparel and my countenance on,
And I for my escape have put on his;
For in a quarrel, since I came ashore,
I kill'd a man, and fear I was descried.
Wait you on him, I charge you, as becomes,
While I make way from hence to save my life.
You understand me?
Bion. I, sir? ne'er a whit.
Luc. And not a jot of Tranio in your mouth:
Tranio is chang'd into Lucentio.
Bion. The better for him; 'would I were so too!
Tra. So would I[4], 'faith, boy, to have the next wish after,
That Lucentio, indeed, had Baptista's youngest daughter.
But, sirrah, not for my sake, but your master's, I advise
You use you manners discreetly in all kind of companies:
When I am alone, why, then I am Tranio;
But in all places else, your master, Lucentio[5].
Luc. Tranio, let's go.—
One thing more rests, that thyself execute;
To make one among these wooers: if thou ask me why,
Sufficeth, my reasons are both good and weighty.
[*Exeunt.*
1 *Serv.* My lord, you nod; you do not mind the play[6].

[4] So WOULD I,] The old copies have *could*.

[5] — YOUR master, Lucentio.] So the folio, 1632: that of 1623 has *you*. In both, this speech is printed as prose, but it seems intended for rhyming verse.

[6] My lord, you nod; you do not mind the play.] The old stage-direction before these interlocutions is, "The presenters above speak;" meaning, Sly, the attendants, &c. in the balcony. Afterwards, before the next scene commences, we have, "They sit and mark."

Sly. Yes, by saint Anne, do I. A good matter, surely: comes there any more of it?

Page. My lord, 'tis but begun.

Sly. 'Tis a very excellent piece of work, madam lady; would 'twere done!

SCENE II.

The Same. Before Hortensio's House.

Enter Petruchio *and* Grumio.

Pet. Verona, for a while I take my leave,
To see my friends in Padua; but, of all,
My best beloved and approved friend,
Hortensio; and, I trow, this is his house.—
Here, sirrah Grumio! knock, I say.

Gru. Knock, sir! whom should I knock? is there any man has rebused your worship?

Pet. Villain, I say, knock me here soundly.

Gru. Knock you here, sir? why, sir, what am I, sir, that I should knock you here, sir?

Pet. Villain, I say, knock me at this gate;
And rap me well, or I'll knock your knave's pate.

Gru. My master is grown quarrelsome.—I should knock you first,
And then I know after who comes by the worst.

Pet. Will it not be?
'Faith, sirrah, an you'll not knock, I'll wring it:
I'll try how you can *sol, fa*, and sing it.

[*He wrings* Grumio *by the ears.*

Gru. Help, masters[7], help! my master is mad.

Pet. Now, knock when I bid you: sirrah! villain!

[7] Help, masters,] The old copy has "Help, *mistress*;" and probably it was a misprint, arising from the fact that in MS. (as sometimes in print) the words "master" and "mistress" were both signified merely by the letter M.

Enter HORTENSIO.

Hor. How now! what's the matter?—My old friend Grumio, and my good friend Petruchio!—How do you all at Verona?

Pet. Signior Hortensio, come you to part the fray? *Con tutto il core ben trovato*, may I say.

Hor. Alla nostra casa ben venuto, molto honorato signior mio Petruchio.

Rise, Grumio, rise: we will compound this quarrel.

Gru. Nay, 'tis no matter, sir, what he 'leges in Latin[8]. —If this be not a lawful cause for me to leave his service,—look you, sir,—he bid me knock him, and rap him soundly, sir: well, was it fit for a servant to use his master so; being, perhaps, (for aught I see) two and thirty,—a pip out[9]?

Whom, 'would to God, I had well knock'd at first,
Then had not Grumio come by the worst.

Pet. A senseless villain!—Good Hortensio,
I bade the rascal knock upon your gate,
And could not get him for my heart to do it.

Gru. Knock at the gate?—O heavens! Spake you not these words plain,—"Sirrah, knock me here; rap me here, knock me well, and knock me soundly?" And come you now with knocking at the gate?

Pet. Sirrah, be gone, or talk not, I advise you.

Hor. Petruchio, patience: I am Grumio's pledge.
Why this? a heavy chance 'twixt him and you;
Your ancient, trusty, pleasant servant Grumio.
And tell me now, sweet friend, what happy gale
Blows you to Padua, here, from old Verona?

[8] — what he 'leges in Latin.] Grumio is supposed to mistake Italian for Latin; for though Italian were his native language, as Monck Mason observes, he speaks English, and Shakespeare did not mean to treat him otherwise than as an Englishman. Tyrwhitt's suggestion for reading *be leges*, instead of "he 'leges," is, however, ingenious. Modern editors omit "sir" in this sentence.

[9] — a PIP out?] The old folios have "a *peepe* out." Pope corrected the old orthography.

Pet. Such wind as scatters young men through the world,
To seek their fortunes farther than at home,
Where small experience grows, but in a few[1].
Signior Hortensio, thus it stands with me:
Antonio, my father, is deceas'd,
And I have thrust myself into this maze,
Haply to wive, and thrive, as best I may.
Crowns in my purse I have, and goods at home,
And so am come abroad to see the world.

Hor. Petruchio, shall I then come roundly to thee,
And wish thee to a shrewd ill-favour'd wife?
Thou'dst thank me but a little for my counsel;
And yet I'll promise thee she shall be rich,
And very rich:—but thou'rt too much my friend,
And I'll not wish thee to her.

Pet. Signior Hortensio, 'twixt such friends as we
Few words suffice; and therefore if thou know
One rich enough to be Petruchio's wife,
(As wealth is burthen of my wooing dance)
Be she as foul as was Florentius' love[2],
As old as Sybil, and as curst and shrewd
As Socrates' Xantippe, or a worse,
She moves me not, or not removes, at least,
Affection's edge in me. Were she as rough[3]
As are the swelling Adriatic seas,
I come to wive it wealthily in Padua,

[1] Where small experience grows, but in a few.] This is the old and true reading, the meaning being, that only a few have the power to gain much experience at home. The common reading is, "But in a few," &c.

[2] Be she as foul as was Florentius' love,] The story of Florentius, or Florent, is told in Gower's "*Confessio Amantis*," lib. i.; and, as Farmer showed, in Lupton's "Thousand Notable Things," the earliest known edition of which was printed in 1586: it was reprinted in 1595. Florentius married over-night, for the sake of wealth, and next morning found his wife

——————— "the lothest wighte
That ever man caste on his eye."

[3] Were she as rough] This is the reading of the second folio: the first has, "Were she *is* as rough:" it is singular, therefore, that in the second folio a gross blunder should have been committed in the first half of the same line, where "Affection's edge in me" is printed "Affection's edge in *time*."

If wealthily, then happily in Padua.

Gru. Nay, look you, sir, he tells you flatly what his mind is: why, give him gold enough and marry him to a puppet, or an aglet-baby[4]; or an old trot with ne'er a tooth in her head, though she have as many diseases as two and fifty horses. Why, nothing comes amiss, so money comes withal.

Hor. Petruchio, since we are stepp'd thus far in[5],
I will continue that I broach'd in jest.
I can, Petruchio, help thee to a wife
With wealth enough, and young, and beauteous;
Brought up, as best becomes a gentlewoman:
Her only fault, and that is faults enough,
Is, that she is intolerable curst,
And shrewd, and froward; so beyond all measure,
That, were my state far worser than it is,
I would not wed her for a mine of gold.

Pet. Hortensio, peace! thou know'st not gold's effect.—
Tell me her father's name, and 'tis enough,
For I will board her, though she chide as loud
As thunder, when the clouds in autumn crack.

Hor. Her father is Baptista Minola,
An affable and courteous gentleman:
Her name is Katharina Minola,
Renown'd in Padua for her scolding tongue.

Pet. I know her father, though I know not her,
And he knew my deceased father well.
I will not sleep, Hortensio, till I see her;
And therefore let me be thus bold with you,

[4] — or an AGLET-baby ;] *Aglets*, or properly *aiguillettes*, (Fr.) were the ends or tags of the strings used to fasten or sustain dress. In the 25th Coventry Play, edited by Mr. Halliwell for the Shakespeare Society, p. 241, the devil, disguised as a gallant, says that he has

"Two doseyn poyntys of cheverelle, the *aglottes* of sylver feyn."

These aglets not unfrequently represented figures; and hence Grumio's joke about "an aglet-baby." The strings were themselves often called points, as in the preceding quotation.

[5] Since we ARE stepp'd thus far in,] Malone reads *have* for "are."

To give you over at this first encounter,
Unless you will accompany me thither.

Gru. I pray you, sir, let him go while the humour lasts. O' my word, an she knew him as well as I do, she would think scolding would do little good upon him. She may, perhaps, call him half a score knaves, or so; why, that's nothing: an he begin once, he'll rail in his rope-tricks[6]. I'll tell you what, sir,—an she stand him but a little, he will throw a figure in her face, and so disfigure her with it, that she shall have no more eyes to see withal than a cat. You know him not, sir.

Hor. Tarry, Petruchio, I must go with thee,
For in Baptista's keep my treasure is:
He hath the jewel of my life in hold,
His youngest daughter, beautiful Bianca,
And her withholds from me, and other more[7]
Suitors to her, and rivals in my love;
Supposing it a thing impossible,
For those defects I have before rehears'd,
That ever Katharina will be woo'd:
Therefore this order hath Baptista ta'en,
That none shall have access unto Bianca,
Till Katharine the curst have got a husband.

Gru. Katharine the curst!
A title for a maid of all titles the worst.

Hor. Now shall my friend Petruchio do me grace,
And offer me, disguis'd in sober robes,
To old Baptista as a school-master
Well seen in music, to instruct Bianca;
That so I may by this device, at least
Have leave and leisure to make love to her,
And unsuspected court her by herself.

[6] — he'll rail in his ROPE-TRICKS:] A blunder on the part of Grumio for *rhetoricks*. Sir T. Hanmer substituted *rhetorick*, not seeing the joke.

[7] AND other more,] The folios read "Other more," without the necessary conjunction, which was added by Capell.

Enter GREMIO, *and* LUCENTIO *disguised, with books under his arm.*

Gru. Here's no knavery! See, to beguile the old folks, how the young folks lay their heads together! Master, master, look about you: who goes there? ha!

Hor. Peace, Grumio: 'tis the rival of my love. Petruchio, stand by a while.

Gru. A proper stripling, and an amorous!

[*They retire.*

Gre. O! very well; I have perus'd the note.
Hark you, sir; I'll have them very fairly bound:
All books of love, see that at any hand,
And see you read no other lectures to her.
You understand me.—Over and beside
Signior Baptista's liberality,
I'll mend it with a largess.—Take your papers, too,
And let me have them very well perfum'd,
For she is sweeter than perfume itself,
To whom they go[8]. What will you read to her?

Luc. Whate'er I read to her, I'll plead for you,
As for my patron, stand you so assur'd,
As firmly as yourself were still in place:
Yea, and perhaps with more successful words
Than you, unless you were a scholar, sir.

Gre. O, this learning! what a thing it is!

Gru. O, this woodcock! what an ass it is!

Pet. Peace, sirrah!

Hor. Grumio, mum!—[*Coming forward*]—God save you, signior Gremio!

Gre. And you are well met, signior Hortensio.
Trow you, whither I am going?—To Baptista Minola.
I promis'd to inquire carefully
About a schoolmaster for the fair Bianca:
And, by good fortune, I have lighted well
On this young man; for learning, and behaviour,

[8] To whom they go.] The folios read, "To whom they go *to*;" redundant by the sense and metre. Three lines above, they have *paper* for "papers."

Fit for her turn; well read in poetry,
And other books,—good ones, I warrant ye.
Hor. 'Tis well: and I have met a gentleman
Hath promis'd me to help me to another[9],
A fine musician to instruct our mistress:
So shall I no whit be behind in duty
To fair Bianca, so belov'd of me.
Gre. Belov'd of me, and that my deeds shall prove.
Gru. And that his bags shall prove.
Hor. Gremio, 'tis now no time to vent our love.
Listen to me, and if you speak me fair,
I'll tell you news indifferent good for either.
Here is a gentleman, whom by chance I met,
Upon agreement from us to his liking,
Will undertake to woo curst Katharine;
Yea, and to marry her, if her dowry please.
Gre. So said, so done, is well.—
Hortensio, have you told him all her faults?
Pet. I know, she is an irksome, brawling scold:
If that be all, masters, I hear no harm.
Gre. No, say'st me so, friend? What countryman?
Pet. Born in Verona, old Antonio's son[1]:
My father dead, my fortune lives for me;
And I do hope good days, and long, to see.
Gre. O! sir, such a life, with such a wife, were strange;
But if you have a stomach, to't o'God's name:
You shall have me assisting you in all.
But will you woo this wild cat?
Pet. Will I live?
Gru. Will he woo her? ay, or I'll hang her.
Pet. Why came I hither, but to that intent?
Think you, a little din can daunt mine ears?
Have I not in my time heard lions roar?
Have I not heard the sea, puff'd up with winds,

[9] — to help ME to another,] Folios, *one* for "me:" corrected by Rowe.
[1] — old ANTONIO'S son:] The old copies read, "old *Butonio's* son."

Rage like an angry boar, chafed with sweat?
Have I not heard great ordnance in the field,
And heaven's artillery thunder in the skies?
Have I not in a pitched battle heard
Loud 'larums, neighing steeds, and trumpets' clang?
And do you tell me of a woman's tongue,
That gives not half so great a blow to hear[2],
As will a chestnut in a farmer's fire?
Tush! tush! fear boys with bugs[3].

Gru. For he fears none.

Gre. Hortensio, hark.
This gentleman is happily arriv'd,
My mind presumes, for his own good, and yours.

Hor. I promis'd we would be contributors,
And bear his charge of wooing, whatsoe'er.

Gre. And so we will, provided that he win her.

Gru. I would, I were as sure of a good dinner.

Enter TRANIO, *bravely apparelled; and* BIONDELLO.

Tra. Gentlemen, God save you! If I may be bold,
Tell me, I beseech you, which is the readiest way
To the house of signior Baptista Minola?

Bion. He that has the two fair daughters:—is't he you mean?

Tra. Even he, Biondello.

Gre. Hark you, sir: you mean not her to—[4]

Tra. Perhaps, him and her, sir: what have you to do?

Pet. Not her that chides, sir, at any hand, I pray.

Tra. I love no chiders, sir.—Biondello, let's away.

Luc. Well begun, Tranio. [*Aside.*

[2] That gives not half so great a blow TO HEAR,] This, as the old reading, is to be preferred; and it is perfectly intelligible without altering "to hear" into "to the ear," as Sir Thomas Hanmer, Malone, Steevens, &c., thought fit to do.

[3] — FEAR boys with BUGS.] *i. e. Frighten* boys with *bug-bears.*

[4] Hark you, sir: you mean not her to——] In the old copies there is a dash after "to," as if Gremio were interrupted by Tranio, who appears to have anticipated that Gremio meant to conclude by the word *woo.*

Hor. Sir, a word ere you go.
Are you a suitor to the maid you talk of, yea, or no?
Tra. An if I be, sir, is it any offence?
Gre. No; if without more words you will get you hence.
Tra. Why, sir, I pray, are not the streets as free
For me, as for you?
Gre. But so is not she.
Tra. For what reason, I beseech you?
Gre. For this reason, if you'll know,
That she's the choice love of signior Gremio.
Hor. That she's the chosen of signior Hortensio.
Tra. Softly, my masters! if you be gentlemen,
Do me this right; hear me with patience.
Baptista is a noble gentleman,
To whom my father is not all unknown,
And were his daughter fairer than she is,
She may more suitors have, and me for one.
Fair Leda's daughter had a thousand wooers;
Then, well one more may fair Bianca have,
And so she shall. Lucentio shall make one,
Though Paris came in hope to speed alone.
Gre. What! this gentleman will out-talk us all.
Luc. Sir, give him head: I know, he'll prove a jade.
Pet. Hortensio, to what end are all these words?
Hor. Sir, let me be so bold as ask you,
Did you yet ever see Baptista's daughter?
Tra. No, sir; but hear I do, that he hath two,
The one as famous for a scolding tongue,
As is the other for beauteous modesty.
Pet. Sir, sir, the first's for me; let her go by.
Gre. Yea, leave that labour to great Hercules,
And let it be more than Alcides' twelve.
Pet. Sir, understand you this of me: insooth,
The youngest daughter, whom you hearken for,
Her father keeps from all access of suitors,
And will not promise her to any man,

Until the elder sister first be wed;
The younger then is free, and not before.

Tra. If it be so, sir, that you are the man
Must stead us all, and me among the rest;
And if you break the ice, and do this seek[5],
Achieve the elder, set the younger free
For our access, whose hap shall be to have her
Will not so graceless be, to be ingrate.

Hor. Sir, you say well, and well you do conceive;
And since you do profess to be a suitor,
You must, as we do, gratify this gentleman,
To whom we all rest generally beholding[6].

Tra. Sir, I shall not be slack: in sign whereof,
Please ye we may contrive this afternoon[7],
And quaff carouses to our mistress' health;
And do as adversaries do in law,
Strive mightily, but eat and drink as friends.

Gru. Bion. O, excellent motion! Fellows, let's begone.

Hor. The motion's good indeed, and be it so.—
Petruchio, I shall be your *ben venuto*[8]. [*Exeunt.*

[5] And if you break the ice, and do this SEEK,] Rowe substituted *feat* for "seek," but unnecessarily. Tranio refers of course to Petruchio's enterprise to "seek" and "achieve the elder." All the modern editors have here abandoned the ancient authorities. "And do this seek," is equivalent to, "and do this *one* seek."

[6] — generally BEHOLDING.] Such was the language of the time (see Vol. ii. p. 83, note 8, &c.), though modern editors have substituted *beholden*. Shakespeare always employs the active participle, and it was the universal practice of his contemporaries.

[7] Please ye we may CONTRIVE this afternoon,] *i. e.* Spend the afternoon, or wear out the afternoon: from the Latin *contero*. The word is used in the same sense in the novel of Romeo and Juliet, in Painter's "Palace of Pleasure:" "Juliet, knowing the fury of her father, &c. retired for the day into her chamber, and *contrived* that whole night more in weeping than sleeping."

[8] Petruchio, I shall be your *ben venuto*.] The beginning of Act ii. is not marked in the old copies, although we meet with "Actus Primus," "Actus *Tertia*," "Actus Quartus," and "Actus Quintus." The first act probably ended here; but in the folios the divisions are so obviously wrong, that it has been necessary to vary from them.

ACT II. SCENE I.

The Same. A Room in BAPTISTA'S House.

Enter KATHARINA *and* BIANCA.

Bian. Good sister, wrong me not, nor wrong yourself
To make a bondmaid, and a slave of me:
That I disdain; but for these other goods[9],
Unbind my hands I'll put them off myself,
Yea, all my raiment, to my petticoat;
Or what you will command me will I do,
So well I know my duty to my elders.

Kath. Of all thy suitors, here I charge thee, tell[1]
Whom thou lov'st best: see thou dissemble not.

Bian. Believe me, sister, of all the men alive,
I never yet beheld that special face
Which I could fancy more than any other.

Kath. Minion, thou liest. Is't not Hortensio?

Bian. If you affect him, sister, here I swear,
I'll plead for you myself, but you shall have him.

Kath. O! then, belike, you fancy riches more:
You will have Gremio to keep you fair.

Bian. Is it for him you do envy me so?
Nay then, you jest; and now I well perceive,
You have but jested with me all this while.
I pr'ythee, sister Kate, untie my hands.

Kath. If that be jest, then all the rest was so.

[*Strikes her.*

Enter BAPTISTA.

Bap. Why, how now, dame! whence grows this insolence?—

[9] — but for these other GOODS,] Theobald read *gawds*, and all the modern editors have followed him, but without any necessity for the change from the old reading.

[1] — here I charge THEE, tell—] An obvious omission was here supplied by the editor of the second folio, who inserted "thee."

Bianca, stand aside:—poor girl! she weeps.—
Go ply thy needle; meddle not with her.—
For shame, thou hilding[2] of a devilish spirit,
Why dost thou wrong her that did ne'er wrong thee?
When did she cross thee with a bitter word?

Kath. Her silence flouts me, and I'll be reveng'd.
[*Flies after* BIANCA.

Bap. What! in my sight?—Bianca, get thee in.
[*Exit* BIANCA.

Kath. What! will you not suffer me? Nay, now I see,
She is your treasure, she must have a husband;
I must dance barefoot on her wedding-day,
And for your love to her lead apes in hell.
Talk not to me: I will go sit and weep,
Till I can find occasion of revenge.
[*Exit* KATHARINA.

Bap. Was ever gentleman thus griev'd as I?
But who comes here?

Enter GREMIO, *with* LUCENTIO *in a mean habit;* PETRUCHIO, *with* HORTENSIO *as a Musician; and* TRANIO, *with* BIONDELLO *bearing a lute and books.*

Gre. Good-morrow, neighbour Baptista.

Bap. Good-morrow, neighbour Gremio. God save you, gentlemen!

Pet. And you, good sir. Pray, have you not a daughter,
Call'd Katharina, fair, and virtuous?

Bap. I have a daughter, sir, call'd Katharina.

Gre. You are too blunt: go to it orderly.

Pet. You wrong me, signior Gremio: give me leave.—

[2] — hilding—] The word *hilding*, or *hinderling*, says Johnson, means a *low wretch*, and was applied to both sexes. In "Romeo and Juliet," Act iii. sc. 5, Old Capulet calls his daughter "hilding;" and in "All's Well that Ends Well," Act iii. sc. 6, the same term is used towards Parolles. Horne Tooke derives "hilding" from *hyldan*, Sax. to *crouch*.

I am a gentleman of Verona, sir,
That, hearing of her beauty, and her wit,
Her affability, and bashful modesty,
Her wondrous qualities, and mild behaviour,
Am bold to show myself a forward guest
Within your house, to make mine eye the witness
Of that report which I so oft have heard.
And, for an entrance to my entertainment,
I do present you with a man of mine,
[*Presenting* HORTENSIO.
Cunning in music, and the mathematics,
To instruct her fully in those sciences,
Whereof, I know, she is not ignorant.
Accept of him, or else you do me wrong:
His name is Licio, born in Mantua.

Bap. You're welcome, sir, and he, for your good sake.
But for my daughter Katharine, this I know,
She is not for your turn, the more my grief.

Pet. I see, you do not mean to part with her,
Or else you like not of my company.

Bap. Mistake me not; I speak but as I find.
Whence are you, sir? what may I call your name?

Pet. Petruchio is my name, Antonio's son;
A man well known throughout all Italy.

Bap. I know him well: you are welcome for his sake.

Gre. Saving your tale, Petruchio, I pray,
Let us, that are poor petitioners, speak too.
Backare: you are marvellous forward[3].

[3] BACKARE: you are marvellous forward.] This is a word of doubtful etymology and frequent occurrence: it is possibly only a corruption of "back there;" for it is always used as a reproof to over-confidence. In "Ralf Roister Doister," A. i. sc. 2, we meet with it:—

"Ah, sir! backare, quoth Mortimer to his sow."

And this expression is introduced by old John Heywood into his Proverbs. Many other instances might easily be accumulated, but the mode of employing the word is uniform.

Pet. O! pardon me, signior Gremio; I would fain be doing.

Gre. I doubt it not, sir; but you will curse your wooing.—

Neighbour, this is a gift very grateful, I am sure of it. To express the like kindness myself, that have been more kindly beholding to you than any, I freely give unto you[4] this young scholar, [*Presenting* LUCENTIO,] that hath been long studying at Rheims; as cunning in Greek, Latin, and other languages, as the other in music and mathematics. His name is Cambio: pray accept his service.

Bap. A thousand thanks, signior Gremio: welcome, good Cambio.—But, gentle sir, [*To* TRANIO,] methinks, you walk like a stranger: may I be so bold to know the cause of your coming?

Tra. Pardon me, sir, the boldness is mine own,
That, being a stranger in this city here,
Do make myself a suitor to your daughter,
Unto Bianca, fair, and virtuous.
Nor is your firm resolve unknown to me,
In the preferment of the eldest sister.
This liberty is all that I request,—
That, upon knowledge of my parentage,
I may have welcome 'mongst the rest that woo,
And free access and favour as the rest:
And, toward the education of your daughters,
I here bestow a simple instrument,
And this small packet of Greek and Latin books:
If you accept them, then their worth is great.

Bap. Lucentio is your name? of whence, I pray?

Tra. Of Pisa, sir; son to Vincentio.

Bap. A mighty man of Pisa: by report
I know him well, You are very welcome, sir.—

[4] —more kindly BEHOLDING to you than any, *I* freely give unto you—] See p. 136, note 6. The folios omit "I," which is necessary to the sense. In a preceding line they have *neighbours* for "neighbour."

Take you [*To* Hor.] the lute, and you [*To* Luc.] the
set of books;
You shall go see your pupils presently.
Holla, within!

Enter a Servant.

Sirrah, lead these gentlemen
To my daughters; and tell them both,
These are their tutors: bid them use them well.
[*Exit Servant, with* Hortensio, Lucentio, *and*
Biondello.
We will go walk a little in the orchard,
And then to dinner. You are passing welcome,
And so I pray you all to think yourselves.

Pet. Signior Baptista, my business asketh haste,
And every day I cannot come to woo.
You knew my father well, and in him, me,
Left solely heir to all his lands and goods,
Which I have better'd rather than decreas'd:
Then, tell me,—if I get your daughter's love,
What dowry shall I have with her to wife?

Bap. After my death, the one half of my lands,
And in possession, twenty thousand crowns.

Pet. And, for that dowry, I'll assure her of
Her widowhood, be it that she survive me,
In all my lands and leases whatsoever.
Let specialties be therefore drawn between us,
That covenants may be kept on either hand.

Bap. Ay, when the special thing is well obtain'd,
That is, her love[5]; for that is all in all.

Pet. Why, that is nothing; for I tell you, father,
I am as peremptory as she proud-minded;
And where two raging fires meet together,
They do consume the thing that feeds their fury.
Though little fire grows great with little wind,
Yet extreme gusts will blow out fire and all;

[5] That is, her love;] Malone reads, "*This* is,—her love."

So I to her, and so she yields to me,
For I am rough, and woo not like a babe.

Bap. Well may'st thou woo, and happy be thy speed!
But be thou arm'd for some unhappy words.

Pet. Ay, to the proof; as mountains are for winds,
That shake not, though they blow perpetually.

Re-enter HORTENSIO, *with his head broken.*

Bap. How now, my friend! why dost thou look so pale?

Hor. For fear, I promise you, if I look pale.

Bap. What, will my daughter prove a good musician?

Hor. I think, she'll sooner prove a soldier:
Iron may hold with her, but never lutes.

Bap. Why, then thou can'st not break her to the lute?

Hor. Why no, for she hath broke the lute to me.
I did but tell her she mistook her frets,
And bow'd her hand to teach her fingering,
When, with a most impatient, devilish spirit,
"Frets, call you these?" quoth she: "I'll fume with them:"
And with that word she struck me on the head,
And through the instrument my pate made way;
And there I stood amazed for a while,
As on a pillory looking through the lute,
While she did call me rascal fiddler,
And twangling Jack; with twenty such vile terms,
As had she studied to misuse me so.

Pet. Now, by the world, it is a lusty wench!
I love her ten times more than e'er I did:
O, how I long to have some chat with her!

Bap. Well, go with me, and be not so discomfited:
Proceed in practice with my younger daughter;
She's apt to learn, and thankful for good turns.—

Signior Petruchio, will you go with us,
Or shall I send my daughter Kate to you?

Pet. I pray you do; I will attend her here,

[*Exeunt* BAPTISTA, GREMIO, TRANIO, *and* HORTENSIO.

And woo her with some spirit when she comes.
Say, that she rail; why, then I'll tell her plain,
She sings as sweetly as a nightingale:
Say, that she frown; I'll say, she looks as clear
As morning roses newly wash'd with dew:
Say, she be mute, and will not speak a word;
Then I'll commend her volubility,
And say, she uttereth piercing eloquence:
If she do bid me pack, I'll give her thanks,
As though she bid me stay by her a week:
If she deny to wed, I'll crave the day
When I shall ask the banns, and when be married.—
But here she comes; and now, Petruchio, speak.

Enter KATHARINA.

Good-morrow, Kate, for that's your name, I hear.

Kath. Well have you heard, but something hard of hearing:
They call me Katharine, that do talk of me.

Pet. You lie, in faith; for you are call'd plain Kate,
And bonny Kate, and sometimes Kate the curst;
But Kate, the prettiest Kate in Christendom;
Kate of Kate-Hall, my super-dainty Kate,
For dainties are all cates[6]: and therefore, Kate,
Take this of me, Kate of my consolation:—
Hearing thy mildness prais'd in every town,
Thy virtues spoke of, and thy beauty sounded,
Yet not so deeply as to thee belongs,
Myself am mov'd to woo thee for my wife.

Kath. Mov'd! in good time: let him that mov'd you hither,

[6] For dainties are all CATES:] "Cates" generally signified delicate food; but sometimes, merely *provisions*.

Remove you hence. I knew you at the first,
You were a moveable.

Pet. Why, what's a moveable?

Kath. A joint-stool.

Pet. Thou hast hit it: come, sit on me.

Kath. Asses are made to bear, and so are you.

Pet. Women are made to bear, and so are you.

Kath. No such jade as you, if me you mean[7].

Pet. Alas, good Kate! I will not burden thee;
For, knowing thee to be but young and light,—

Kath. Too light for such a swain as you to catch,
And yet as heavy as my weight should be.

Pet. Should be? should buz.

Kath. Well ta'en, and like a buzzard.

Pet. O, slow-wing'd turtle! shall a buzzard take thee?

Kath. Ay, for a turtle, as he takes a buzzard.

Pet. Come, come, you wasp; i'faith, you are too angry.

Kath. If I be waspish, best beware my sting.

Pet. My remedy is, then, to pluck it out.

Kath. Ay, if the fool could find it where it lies.

Pet. Who knows not where a wasp does wear his sting?
In his tail.

Kath. In his tongue.

Pet. Whose tongue?

Kath. Yours, if you talk of tails; and so farewell.

Pet. What! with my tongue in your tail? nay, come again:
Good Kate, I am a gentleman.

Kath. That I'll try.

[*Striking him.*

[7] No such jade as you, if me you mean.] The second folio adds "sir" after "jade." The object was the improvement of the metre; but it lessens the force of Katharine's retort: in such a dialogue it is not likely that exact measure would be regarded.

Pet. I swear I'll cuff you, if you strike again.
Kath. So may you lose your arms:
If you strike me you are no gentleman,
And if no gentleman, why, then no arms.
Pet. A herald, Kate? O! put me in thy books.
Kath. What is your crest? a coxcomb?
Pet. A combless cock, so Kate will be my hen.
Kath. No cock of mine; you crow too like a craven.
Pet. Nay, come, Kate, come; you must not look so sour.
Kath. It is my fashion when I see a crab.
Pet. Why, here's no crab, and therefore look not sour.
Kath. There is, there is.
Pet. Then show it me.
Kath. Had I a glass, I would.
Pet. What, you mean my face?
Kath. Well aim'd of such a young one.
Pet. Now, by Saint George, I am too young for you.
Kath. Yet you are wither'd.
Pet. 'Tis with cares.
Kath. I care not.
Pet. Nay, hear you, Kate: in sooth, you 'scape not so.
Kath. I chafe you, if I tarry: let me go.
Pet. No, not a whit: I find you passing gentle.
'Twas told me, you were rough, and coy, and sullen,
And now I find report a very liar;
For thou art pleasant, gamesome, passing courteous,
But slow in speech, yet sweet as spring-time flowers.
Thou canst not frown, thou canst not look askance,
Nor bite the lip, as angry wenches will;
Nor hast thou pleasure to be cross in talk;
But thou with mildness entertain'st thy wooers,
With gentle conference, soft and affable.
Why does the world report that Kate doth limp?
O, slanderous world! Kate, like the hazel-twig,

Is straight, and slender; and as brown in hue
As hazel nuts, and sweeter than the kernels.
O! let me see thee walk: thou dost not halt.
Kath. Go, fool, and whom thou keep'st command.
Pet. Did ever Dian so become a grove,
As Kate this chamber with her princely gait?
O! be thou Dian, and let her be Kate,
And then let Kate be chaste, and Dian sportful.
Kath. Where did you study all this goodly speech?
Pet. It is extempore, from my mother-wit.
Kath. A witty mother! witless else her son.
Pet. Am I not wise?
Kath. Yes; keep you warm.
Pet. Marry, so I mean, sweet Katharine, in thy bed.
And therefore, setting all this chat aside,
Thus in plain terms:—your father hath consented
That you shall be my wife; your dowry 'greed on,
And, will you, nill you, I will marry you.
Now, Kate, I am a husband for your turn;
For, by this light, whereby I see thy beauty,
Thy beauty that doth make me like thee well,
Thou must be married to no man but me:
For I am he, am born to tame you, Kate,
And bring you from a wild Kate to a Kate
Conformable[8], as other household Kates.
Here comes your father: never make denial;
I must and will have Katharine to my wife.

Re-enter BAPTISTA, GREMIO, *and* TRANIO.

Bap. Now, signior Petruchio, how speed you with my daughter?

[8] And bring you from a wild KATE to a Kate
Conformable—] It is probable that a joke was here intended, arising out of the similarity of sound between *cat* and *Kate*. Formerly, when the letter *a* was pronounced broadly, this similarity of sound might be more obvious. Some modern editors substitute *cat* for "Kate;" but this variation from the old copy is needless.

Pet. How but well, sir? how but well?
It were impossible I should speed amiss.

Bap. Why, how now, daughter Katharine! in your dumps?

Kath. Call you me, daughter? now, I promise you,
You have show'd a tender fatherly regard,
To wish me wed to one half lunatic;
A mad-cap ruffian, and a swearing Jack,
That thinks with oaths to face the matter out.

Pet. Father, 'tis thus:—yourself and all the world,
That talk'd of her, have talk'd amiss of her.
If she be curst, it is for policy,
For she's not froward, but modest as the dove;
She is not hot, but temperate as the morn;
For patience she will prove a second Grissel[9],
And Roman Lucrece for her chastity;
And to conclude,—we have 'greed so well together,
That upon Sunday is the wedding-day.

Kath. I'll see thee hang'd on Sunday first.

Gre. Hark, Petruchio: she says, she'll see thee hang'd first.

Tra. Is this your speeding? nay then, good night our part.

Pet. Be patient, gentlemen; I choose her for myself:
If she and I be pleas'd, what's that to you?
'Tis bargain'd 'twixt us twain, being alone,
That she shall still be curst in company.
I tell you, 'tis incredible to believe
How much she loves me. O, the kindest Kate!
She hung about my neck, and kiss on kiss
She vied so fast[10], protesting oath on oath,
That in a twink she won me to her love.

[9] — a second Grissel,] Dekker, Chettle, and Haughton had made this story better known by their comedy acted about 1600. See Introduction.

[10] She VIED so fast,] To *vie* was a term at cards, and sometimes we meet with *re-vie: out-vie* occurs in this play hereafter (p. 150). It meant to challenge, or stake.

O! you are novices: 'tis a world to see[1],
How tame, when men and women are alone,
A meacock wretch[2] can make the curstest shrew.—
Give me thy hand, Kate: I will unto Venice,
To buy apparel 'gainst the wedding-day.—
Provide the feast, father, and bid the guests;
I will be sure, my Katharine shall be fine.

Bap. I know not what to say; but give me your hands:
God send you joy, Petruchio! 'tis a match.

Gre. Tra. Amen, say we: we will be witnesses.

Pet. Father, and wife, and gentlemen, adieu.
I will to Venice; Sunday comes apace.
We will have rings, and things, and fine array;
And, kiss me Kate, we will be married o' Sunday[3].

[*Exeunt* PETRUCHIO *and* KATHARINE, *severally.*

Gre. Was ever match clapp'd up so suddenly?

Bap. Faith, gentlemen, now I play a merchant's part,
And venture madly on a desperate mart.

Tra. 'Twas a commodity lay fretting by you:
'Twill bring you gain, or perish on the seas.

Bap. The gain I seek is quiet in the match[4].

[1] — 'tis a world to see,] The meaning seems to be, "it is *worth a world to see*." So in Rydley's "Brief Declaration of the Lord's Supper," 1555 (as Mr. Bruce pointed out to me), "*It is a world to see* the answer of the Papists to this place of Origen."

[2] A MEACOCK wretch—] *i. e.* A cowardly wretch. "Meacock" has been derived by some from *meek* and *cock* (but *mes coq*, Fr. Skinner), and it is used by old writers both as an adjective and as a substantive.

[3] — we will be married o' Sunday.] Portions of this and the two preceding lines read as if they had been taken from a ballad. If any such be in print, it has never been pointed out by the commentators; but the following, from the recitation of an old lady, who heard it from her mother (then forty) at least sixty years ago, bears a strong resemblance to what Petruchio seems to quote:

"To church away!
We will have rings
And fine array,
With other things,
Against the day,
For I'm to be married on Sunday."

There are other ballads with the same burden, but none so nearly in the words of Petruchio.

[4] — quiet IN the match.] The old copy has *me* for "in."

Gre. No doubt but he hath got a quiet catch.—
But now, Baptista, to your younger daughter.
Now is the day we long have looked for:
I am your neighbour, and was suitor first.
Tra. And I am one, that love Bianca more
Than words can witness, or your thoughts can guess.
Gre. Youngling, thou canst not love so dear as I.
Tra. Grey-beard, thy love doth freeze.
Gre. But thine doth fry.
Skipper, stand back: 'tis age, that nourisheth.
Tra. But youth, in ladies' eyes that flourisheth.
Bap. Content you, gentlemen; I'll compound this strife:
'Tis deeds, must win the prize; and he, of both,
That can assure my daughter greatest dower,
Shall have my Bianca's love[5].—
Say, signior Gremio, what can you assure her?
Gre. First, as you know, my house within the city
Is richly furnished with plate and gold:
Basons, and ewers, to lave her dainty hands;
My hangings all of Tyrian tapestry:
In ivory coffers I have stuff'd my crowns;
In cypress chests my arras, counterpoints[6],
Costly apparel, tents, and canopies,
Fine linen, Turkey cushions boss'd with pearl,
Valance of Venice gold in needle-work,
Pewter and brass, and all things that belong
To house, or housekeeping: then, at my farm,
I have a hundred milch-kine to the pail,
Six score fat oxen standing in my stalls,
And all things answerable to this portion.
Myself am struck in years, I must confess;
And if I die to-morrow this is hers,
If whilst I live she will be only mine.

[5] Shall have MY Bianca's love.] Malone and Steevens omit "my," without any reason: the line, being a hemistich, could require no amendment.

[6] — counterpoints,] *i. e.* As we now call them, *counterpanes*.

Tra. That "only" came well in.—Sir, list to me:
I am my father's heir, and only son:
If I may have your daughter to my wife,
I'll leave her houses three or four as good,
Within rich Pisa walls, as any one
Old signior Gremio has in Padua;
Besides two thousand ducats by the year
Of fruitful land, all which shall be her jointure.—
What, have I pinch'd you, signior Gremio?

Gre. Two thousand ducats by the year of land!
My land amounts not to so much in all:
That she shall have; besides an argosy,
That now is lying in Marseilles' road[7].—
What, have I chok'd you with an argosy?

Tra. Gremio, 'tis known, my father hath no less
Than three great argosies, besides two galliasses,
And twelve tight galleys: these I will assure her,
And twice as much, whate'er thou offer'st next.

Gre. Nay, I have offer'd all, I have no more;
And she can have no more than all I have:—
If you like me, she shall have me and mine.

Tra. Why, then, the maid is mine from all the world,
By your firm promise: Gremio is out-vied.

Bap. I must confess, your offer is the best;
And, let your father make her the assurance,
She is your own; else, you must pardon me:
If you should die before him, where's her dower?

Tra. That's but a cavil: he is old, I young.

Gre. And may not young men die, as well as old?

Bap. Well, gentlemen,
I am thus resolv'd.—On Sunday next, you know,
My daughter Katharine is to be married:
Now, on the Sunday following shall Bianca
Be bride to you, if you make this assurance;

[7] — in Marseilles' road.] It is spelt *Marcellus* in the old copy, and it must be read as a trisyllable, for the sake of the measure.

If not, to signior Gremio:
And so I take my leave, and thank you both. [*Exit.*

Gre. Adieu, good neighbour. Now I fear thee not:
Sirrah, young gamester, your father were a fool
To give thee all, and, in his waning age,
Set foot under thy table. Tut! a toy!
An old Italian fox is not so kind, my boy. [*Exit.*

Tra. A vengeance on your crafty wither'd hide!
Yet I have faced it with a card of ten[8].
'Tis in my head to do my master good:—
I see no reason, but suppos'd Lucentio
Must get a father, call'd—suppos'd Vincentio;
And that's a wonder: fathers, commonly,
Do get their children; but in this case of wooing,
A child shall get a sire, if I fail not of my cunning.
[*Exit.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

A Room in Baptista's House.

Enter Lucentio, Hortensio, *and* Bianca.

Luc. Fiddler, forbear: you grow too forward, sir.
Have you so soon forgot the entertainment
Her sister Katharine welcom'd you withal?

Hor. But, wrangling pedant, this is
The patroness of heavenly harmony:
Then, give me leave to have prerogative;
And when in music we have spent an hour,
Your lecture shall have leisure for as much.

Luc. Preposterous ass, that never read so far

[8] Yet I have fac'd it with a card of ten.] This expression seems to have been proverbial: "cards of ten" were the highest in the pack.

To know the cause why music was ordain'd!
Was it not to refresh the mind of man,
After his studies, or his usual pain?
Then give me leave to read philosophy,
And while I pause serve in your harmony.

Hor. Sirrah, I will not bear these braves of thine.

Bian. Why, gentlemen, you do me double wrong,
To strive for that which resteth in my choice.
I am no breeching scholar in the schools;
I'll not be tied to hours, nor 'pointed times,
But learn my lessons as I please myself.
And, to cut off all strife, here sit we down:—
Take you your instrument, play you the whiles;
His lecture will be done, ere you have tun'd.

Hor. You'll leave his lecture when I am in tune?

[HORTENSIO *retires.*

Luc. That will be never:—tune your instrument.

Bian. Where left we last?

Luc. Here, madam:——

Hac ibat Simois; hic est Sigeia tellus;
Hic steterat Priami regia celsa senis[9].

Bian. Construe them.

Luc. *Hac ibat*, as I told you before,—*Simois*, I am Lucentio,—*hic est*, son unto Vincentio of Pisa,—*Sigeia tellus*, disguised thus to get your love;—*Hic steterat*, and that Lucentio that comes a wooing,—*Priami*, is my man Tranio, *regia*, bearing my port,—*celsa senis*, that we might beguile the old pantaloon[10].

Hor. [*Returning.*] Madam, my instrument's in tune.

Bian. Let's hear.— [HORTENSIO *plays.*
O fie! the treble jars.

Luc. Spit in the hole, man, and tune again.

Bian. Now let me see if I can construe it: *Hac ibat*

[9] — *celsa senis.*] Ovid. EPIST. HER. *Penelope Ulyssi*, v. 33.

[10] — that we might beguile the old pantaloon.] In the first scene in which Gremio appears, he is called in the stage-direction "a Pantelowne," a character apparently adopted from the Italian stage.

Simois, I know you not;—*hic est Sigeia tellus*, I trust you not;—*Hic steterat Priami*, take heed he hear us not;—*regia*, presume not;—*celsa senis*, despair not.

Hor. Madam, 'tis now in tune.

Luc. All but the base.

Hor. The base is right; 'tis the base knave that jars.
How fiery and forward our pedant is[1]!
Now, for my life, the knave doth court my love:
Pedascule, I'll watch you better yet.

Bian. In time I may believe, yet I mistrust.

Luc. Mistrust it not; for, sure, Æacides
Was Ajax, call'd so from his grandfather.

Bian. I must believe my master; else, I promise you,
I should be arguing still upon that doubt:
But let it rest.—Now, Licio, to you.—
Good masters, take it not unkindly, pray,
That I have been thus pleasant with you both.

Hor. [*To* LUCENTIO.] You may go walk, and give me leave awhile:
My lessons make no music in three parts.

Luc. Are you so formal, sir? [*Aside.*] Well, I must wait,
And watch withal; for, but I be deceiv'd,
Our fine musician groweth amorous.

Hor. Madam, before you touch the instrument,
To learn the order of my fingering,
I must begin with rudiments of art;
To teach you gamut in a briefer sort,
More pleasant, pithy, and effectual,
Than hath been taught by any of my trade:
And there it is in writing fairly drawn.

Bian. Why, I am past my gamut long ago.

[1] How fiery and forward our pedant is!] In the old copies, this and the two next lines are erroneously given to Lucentio, and in other places the characters are evidently confounded: for instance, the line, "In time I may believe, yet I mistrust," is assigned to Lucentio instead of Bianca.

Hor. Yet read the gamut of Hortensio.

Bian. [*Reads.*] Gamut *I am, the ground of all accord,*
A re, *to plead Hortensio's passion;*
B mi, *Bianca, take him for thy lord,*
C faut, *that loves with all affection:*
D sol re, *one cliff, two notes have I:*
E la mi, *show pity, or I die.*
Call you this gamut? tut! I like it not:
Old fashions please me best; I am not so nice,
To change true rules for odd inventions[2].

Enter a Servant[3].

Serv. Mistress, your father prays you leave your books,
And help to dress your sister's chamber up:
You know, to-morrow is the wedding-day.

Bian. Farewell, sweet masters, both: I must be gone. [*Exeunt* BIANCA *and Servant.*

Luc. 'Faith, mistress, then I have no cause to stay. [*Exit.*

Hor. But I have cause to pry into this pedant:
Methinks, he looks as though he were in love.—
Yet if thy thoughts, Bianca, be so humble,
To cast thy wandering eyes on every stale,
Seize thee that list: if once I find thee ranging,
Hortensio will be quit with thee by changing. [*Exit.*

[2] To CHANGE true rules for ODD inventions.] The reading of the folio, 1623, is, "To *charge* true rules for *old* inventions." The folio, 1632, reads "change" for *charge*, and Theobald properly altered *old* into "odd." *Old* would be inconsistent with the meaning of the speaker, who has already said, "old fashions please me best." Both errors were mere misprints, and on p. 25 of this vol. we have already seen *charge* for "change."

[3] Enter a Servant.] This servant is called "Nick" as the prefix to what he says. There was an actor of the name of Nicholas Tooley in Shakespeare's company, but when "The Taming of the Shrew" was produced, he must have been of more importance than to appear merely as a messenger. Possibly he doubled his part in order to summon Bianca.

SCENE II.

The Same. Before Baptista's House.

Enter Baptista, Gremio, Tranio, Katharine, Bianca, Lucentio, *and Attendants.*

Bap. Signior Lucentio, this is the 'pointed day
That Katharine and Petruchio should be married,
And yet we hear not of our son-in-law.
What will be said? what mockery will it be,
To want the bridegroom, when the priest attends
To speak the ceremonial rites of marriage?
What says Lucentio to this shame of ours?

Kath. No shame but mine: I must, forsooth, be forc'd
To give my hand, oppos'd against my heart,
Unto a mad-brain rudesby, full of spleen;
Who woo'd in haste, and means to wed at leisure.
I told you, I, he was a frantic fool,
Hiding his bitter jests in blunt behaviour;
And to be noted for a merry man,
He'll woo a thousand, 'point the day of marriage,
Make friends, invite, yes, and proclaim the banns[4];
Yet never means to wed where he hath woo'd.
Now must the world point at poor Katharine,
And say,—"Lo, there is mad Petruchio's wife,
If it would please him come and marry her."

Tra. Patience, good Katharine, and Baptista too.
Upon my life, Petruchio means but well,
Whatever fortune stays him from his word:

[4] Make friends, invite, yes, and proclaim the banns;] "Yes" was added after "invite" by the editor of the second folio, in order to complete what he considered an imperfect line. Malone and other modern editors inserted *them* instead of "yes," but without any authority. The reading of the second folio is certainly to be preferred to any recent conjectural emendation, and we may, perhaps, presume that a small word like "yes" dropped out in the press.

Though he be blunt, I know him passing wise;
Though he be merry, yet withal he's honest.

Kath. Would Katharine had never seen him though!

[*Exit, weeping, followed by* BIANCA, *and others.*

Bap. Go, girl; I cannot blame thee now to weep,
For such an injury would vex a very saint,
Much more a shrew of thy impatient humour[5].

Enter BIONDELLO.

Bion. Master, master! old news[6], and such news as you never heard of!

Bap. Is it new and old too? how may that be?

Bion. Why, is it not news to hear of Petruchio's coming?

Bap. Is he come?

Bion. Why, no, sir.

Bap. What then?

Bion. He is coming.

Bap. When will he be here?

Bion. When he stands where I am, and sees you there.

Tra. But, say, what to thine old news?

Bion. Why, Petruchio is coming, in a new hat, and an old jerkin; a pair of old breeches, thrice turned; a pair of boots that have been candle-cases, one buckled, another laced; an old rusty sword ta'en out of the town armoury, with a broken hilt, and chapeless[7]; with two broken points: his horse hipped with an old mothy saddle, and stirrups of no kindred: besides, possessed with the glanders, and like to mose in the chine; troubled with the lampass, infected with the fashions[8],

[5] — of THY impatient humour.] The second folio reads "of *thy* impatient humour," the first folio omitting the pronoun, which seems necessary, as well for the sense as for the metre.

[6] — OLD news,] "Old" is wanting in the early editions. Rowe added it in consequence of Baptista's question, "Is it new and old too?" which shows that the word had been accidentally omitted. It was very common in the time of Shakespeare to use *old* as a species of superlative.

[7] — and CHAPELESS;] *i. e.*, says Todd, without a hook to the scabbard.

[8] — infected with the FASHIONS,] *i. e. Farcins,* a well-known disease in

full of wind-galls, sped with spavins, raied with the yellows, past cure of the fives[9], stark spoiled with the staggers, begnawn with the bots; swayed in the back[1], and shoulder-shotten; ne'er-legged before, and with a half-cheeked bit, and a head-stall of sheep's leather; which, being restrained to keep him from stumbling, hath been often burst, and now repaired with knots: one girth six times pieced, and a woman's crupper of velure, which hath two letters for her name fairly set down in studs, and here and there pieced with packthread.

Bap. Who comes with him?

Bion. O, sir! his lackey, for all the world caparisoned like the horse; with a linen stock on one leg, and a kersey boot-hose on the other, gartered with a red and blue list; an old hat, and "the humour of forty fancies" pricked in't for a feather[2]: a monster, a very monster in apparel, and not like a Christian footboy, or a gentleman's lackey.

Tra. 'Tis some odd humour pricks him to this fashion;
Yet oftentimes he goes but mean apparell'd.

Bap. I am glad he is come, howsoe'er he comes.

Bion. Why, sir, he comes not.

Bap. Didst thou not say, he comes?

Bion. Who? that Petruchio came?

Bap. Ay, that Petruchio came.

Bion. No, sir; I say, his horse comes, with him on his back.

horses; often mentioned by old writers, as in Rowlands' "Looke to it, for I'll Stabbe you," 1604 :—

"You gentle-puppets of the proudest size,
That are, like horses, troubled with the *fashions*."

Sign. D. 2 b.

[9] — past cure of the FIVES,] *i. e. Vives*, or *avives*, another disorder in horses.

[1] — swayed in the back,] "*Waid* in the back," old copies.

[2] — an old hat, and "the humour of forty fancies" prick'd in't for a feather.] It seems likely that this "humour of forty fancies" was either a ballad so called, or a collection of ballads, stuck in the "lackey's" hat instead of a feather. No such publication is now known.

Bap. Why, that's all one.
Bion. Nay, by Saint Jamy,
I hold you a penny,
A horse and a man
Is more than one,
And yet not many[3].

Enter PETRUCHIO *and* GRUMIO.

Pet. Come, where be these gallants? who is at home?
Bap. You are welcome, sir.
Pet. And yet I come not well.
Bap. And yet you halt not.
Tra. Not so well apparell'd,
As I wish you were.
Pet. Were it better, I should rush in thus.
But where is Kate? where is my lovely bride?—
How does my father?—Gentles, methinks you frown:
And wherefore gaze this goodly company,
As if they saw some wondrous monument,
Some comet, or unusual prodigy?
Bap. Why, sir, you know, this is your wedding-day:
First were we sad, fearing you would not come;
Now sadder, that you come so unprovided.
Fie! doff this habit, shame to your estate,
An eye-sore to our solemn festival.
Tra. And tell us what occasion of import
Hath all so long detain'd you from your wife,
And sent you hither so unlike yourself?
Pet. Tedious it were to tell, and harsh to hear:
Sufficeth, I am come to keep my word,
Though in some part enforced to digress;
Which, at more leisure, I will so excuse
As you shall well be satisfied withal.

[3] And yet not many.] This is undoubtedly a scrap of some old ballad. Perhaps Biondello was led to recollect it by his own mention of "the humour of forty fancies" just before.

But, where is Kate? I stay too long from her:
The morning wears, 'tis time we were at church.

Tra. See not your bride in these unreverent robes.
Go to my chamber: put on clothes of mine.

Pet. Not I, believe me: thus I'll visit her.

Bap. But thus, I trust, you will not marry her.

Pet. Good sooth, even thus; therefore have done with words:
To me she's married, not unto my clothes.
Could I repair what she will wear in me,
As I can change these poor accoutrements,
'Twere well for Kate, and better for myself.
But what a fool am I to chat with you,
When I should bid good-morrow to my bride,
And seal the title with a lovely kiss?

[*Exeunt* PETRUCHIO, GRUMIO, *and* BIONDELLO.

Tra. He hath some meaning in his mad attire.
We will persuade him, be it possible,
To put on better ere he go to church.

Bap. I'll after him, and see the event of this.

[*Exit.*

Tra. But, sir, to love[4] concerneth us to add
Her father's liking; which to bring to pass,
As I before imparted[5] to your worship,
I am to get a man,—whate'er he be,
It skills not much, we'll fit him to our turn,—
And he shall be Vincentio of Pisa,
And make assurance, here in Padua,
Of greater sums than I have promised.
So shall you quietly enjoy your hope,
And marry sweet Bianca with consent.

Luc. Were it not that my fellow schoolmaster
Doth watch Bianca's steps so narrowly,

[4] But, sir, TO love—] The preposition is wanting in the old copies, and without it both metre and meaning are defective. Malone injured the line, by adding *her* also, after "to." Tranio is here addressing himself to Lucentio, on the subject of their joint scheme.

[5] As *I* before imparted—] The pronoun is omitted in the old copies.

'Twere good, methinks, to steal our marriage;
Which once perform'd, let all the world say no,
I'll keep mine own, despite of all the world.
Tra. That by degrees we mean to look into,
And watch our vantage in this business.
We'll over-reach the grey-beard, Gremio,
The narrow-prying father, Minola,
The quaint musician, amorous Licio;
All for my master's sake, Lucentio.

Re-enter GREMIO.

Signior Gremio, came you from the church?
Gre. As willingly as e'er I came from school.
Tra. And is the bride, and bridegroom, coming home?
Gre. A bridegroom say you? 'tis a groom indeed;
A grumbling groom, and that the girl shall find.
Tra. Curster than she? why, 'tis impossible.
Gre. Why, he's a devil, a devil, a very fiend.
Tra. Why, she's a devil, a devil, the devil's dam.
Gre. Tut! she's a lamb, a dove, a fool to him.
I'll tell you, sir, Lucentio: when the priest
Should ask—if Katharine should be his wife,
"Ay, by gogs-wouns," quoth he; and swore so loud,
That, all-amaz'd, the priest let fall the book,
And, as he stoop'd again to take it up,
This mad-brain'd bridegroom took him such a cuff,
That down fell priest and book, and book and priest:
"Now take them up," quoth he, "if any list."
Tra. What said the wench when he arose again?
Gre. Trembled and shook; for why, he stamp'd, and swore,
As if the vicar meant to cozen him.
But after many ceremonies done,
He calls for wine:—"A health!" quoth he; as if
He had been aboard, carousing to his mates
After a storm:—quaff'd off the muscadel,

And threw the sops all in the sexton's face;
Having no other reason,
But that his beard grew thin and hungerly,
And seem'd to ask him sops as he was drinking.
This done, he took the bride about the neck,
And kiss'd her lips with such a clamorous smack,
That, at the parting, all the church did echo:
And I, seeing this, came thence for very shame;
And after me, I know, the rout is coming:
Such a mad marriage never was before.
Hark, hark! I hear the minstrels play[6]. [*Music.*

Enter PETRUCHIO, KATHARINA, BIANCA, BAPTISTA, HORTENSIO, GRUMIO, *and Train.*

Pet. Gentlemen and friends, I thank you for your pains.
I know, you think to dine with me to-day,
And have prepar'd great store of wedding cheer;
But, so it is, my haste doth call me hence,
And therefore here I mean to take my leave.

Bap. Is't possible you will away to-night?

Pet. I must away to-day, before night come.
Make it no wonder: if you knew my business,
You would entreat me rather go than stay.—
And, honest company, I thank you all,
That have beheld me give away myself
To this most patient, sweet, and virtuous wife:
Dine with my father, drink a health to me,
For I must hence; and farewell to you all.

Tra. Let us entreat you stay till after dinner.

Pet. It may not be.

Gre. Let me entreat you.

Pet. It cannot be.

Kath. Let me entreat you.

Pet. I am content.

[6] Hark, hark! I hear the minstrels play.] The whole of this speech is printed as prose in the first folio, but reduced to irregular verse in the second.

Kath. Are you content to stay?
Pet. I am content you shall entreat me stay,
But yet not stay, entreat me how you can.
Kath. Now, if you love me, stay.
Pet. Grumio, my horse!
Gru. Ay, sir, they be ready: the oats have eaten the horses[7].
Kath. Nay, then,
Do what thou canst, I will not go to-day;
No, nor to-morrow, not till I please myself[8].
The door is open, sir, there lies your way;
You may be jogging whiles your boots are green;
For me, I'll not be gone, till I please myself.—
'Tis like you'll prove a jolly surly groom,
That take it on you at the first so roundly.
Pet. O, Kate! content thee: pr'ythee, be not angry.
Kath. I will be angry. What hast thou to do?—
Father, be quiet; he shall stay my leisure.
Gre. Ay, marry, sir, now it begins to work.
Kath. Gentlemen, forward to the bridal dinner.
I see, a woman may be made a fool,
If she had not a spirit to resist.
Pet. They shall go forward, Kate, at thy command.—
Obey the bride, you that attend on her:
Go to the feast, revel and domineer,
Carouse full measure to her maidenhead,
Be mad and merry, or go hang yourselves.
But for my bonny Kate, she must with me.
Nay, look not big, nor stamp, nor stare, nor fret;
I will be master of what is mine own.
She is my goods, my chattels; she is my house,
My household-stuff, my field, my barn,
My horse, my ox, my ass, my any thing;

[7] — the oats have eaten the horses.] Grumio, perhaps, means to disparage Petruchio's horses by saying, by implication, that they are not worth the oats they have eaten. Such is the interpretation of Steevens.

[8] No, nor to-morrow, nor till I please myself.] Modern editors have substituted *nor* for "not."

And here she stands; touch her whoever dare:
I'll bring mine action on the proudest he
That stops my way in Padua.—Grumio,
Draw forth thy weapon; we're beset with thieves:
Rescue thy mistress, if thou be a man.—
Fear not, sweet wench; they shall not touch thee, Kate:
I'll buckler thee against a million.

[*Exeunt* Petruchio, Katharine, *and* Grumio.

Bap. Nay, let them go, a couple of quiet ones.

Gre. Went they not quickly, I should die with laughing.

Tra. Of all mad matches never was the like!

Luc. Mistress, what's your opinion of your sister?

Bian. That, being mad herself, she's madly mated.

Gre. I warrant him, Petruchio is Kated.

Bap. Neighbours and friends, though bride and bridegroom wants
For to supply the places at the table,
You know, there wants no junkets at the feast.—
Lucentio, you shall supply the bridegroom's place,
And let Bianca take her sister's room.

Tra. Shall sweet Bianca practise how to bride it?

Bap. She shall, Lucentio.—Come, gentlemen; let's go. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV[9]. SCENE I.

A Hall in Petruchio's Country House.

Enter Grumio.

Gru. Fie, fie, on all tired jades, on all mad masters, and all foul ways! Was ever man so beaten? was

[9] Act iv.] In the old copies, Act iv. does not begin until the third scene following. Malone properly divided the comedy otherwise.

ever man so rayed[1]? was ever man so weary? I am sent before to make a fire, and they are coming after to warm them. Now, were not I a little pot, and soon hot, my very lips might freeze to my teeth, my tongue to the roof of my mouth, my heart in my belly, ere I should come by a fire to thaw me; but, I, with blowing the fire, shall warm myself, for, considering the weather, a taller man than I will take cold. Holla, hoa! Curtis!

Enter CURTIS.

Curt. Who is that, calls so coldly?

Gru. A piece of ice: if thou doubt it, thou may'st slide from my shoulder to my heel, with no greater a run but my head and my neck. A fire, good Curtis.

Curt. Is my master and his wife coming, Grumio?

Gru. O! ay, Curtis, ay; and therefore fire, fire: cast on no water.

Curt. Is she so hot a shrew as she's reported?

Gru. She was, good Curtis, before this frost; but, thou know'st, winter tames man, woman, and beast, for it hath tamed my old master, and my new mistress, and myself, fellow Curtis.

Curt. Away, you three-inch fool! I am no beast[2].

Gru. Am I but three inches? why, thy horn is a foot; and so long am I at the least. But wilt thou make a fire, or shall I complain on thee to our mistress, whose hand (she being now at hand) thou shalt soon feel, to thy cold comfort, for being slow in thy hot office?

Curt. I pr'ythee, good Grumio, tell me, how goes the world?

Gru. A cold world, Curtis, in every office but thine; and, therefore, fire. Do thy duty, and have thy duty, for my master and mistress are almost frozen to death.

[1] — was ever man so RAYED?] *i. e. bewrayed,* made dirty.

[2] I am no beast.] Grumio had called Curtis a beast by calling him his fellow, having first called himself a beast.

Curt. There's fire ready; and therefore, good Grumio, the news?

Gru. Why, "Jack, boy! ho boy[3]!" and as much news as thou wilt.

Curt. Come, you are so full of conycatching[4].—

Gru. Why therefore, fire: for I have caught extreme cold. Where's the cook? is supper ready, the house trimmed, rushes strewed, cobwebs swept; the serving-men in their new fustian, the white stockings, and every officer his wedding-garment on? Be the Jacks fair within, the Jills fair without, the carpets laid, and every thing in order?

Curt. All ready; and therefore, I pray thee, news?

Gru. First, know, my horse is tired; my master and mistress fallen out.

Curt. How?

Gru. Out of their saddles into the dirt; and thereby hangs a tale.

Curt. Let's ha't, good Grumio.

Gru. Lend thine ear.

Curt. Here.

Gru. There. [*Striking him.*

Curt. This 'tis to feel a tale[5], not to hear a tale.

Gru. And therefore 'tis called, a sensible tale; and this cuff was but to knock at your ear, and beseech listening. Now I begin: *Imprimis*, we came down a foul hill, my master riding behind my mistress.—

Curt. Both of one horse[6]?

Gru. What's that to thee?

[3] — "Jack, boy! ho boy!"] The commencement of an old drinking round: *jack* was the name for the black leathern jug in which drink was served.

[4] Come, you are so full of CONYCATCHING.] "Conycatching" means *cheating* or *deceiving*, and is a word of very common occurrence. Its etymology has reference to the facility with which *conies*, *i. e.* rabbits, are *caught*.

[5] This 'TIS to feel a tale,] Malone and the modern editors read, "This *is* to feel a tale," against all authority.

[6] Both OF one horse?] This was the phraseology of the time, which all the editors have modernized to "both *on* one horse." They took exactly the same liberty later in this play, (A. v. sc. 2,) where Petruchio says, "Ill venture so much *of* my hawk or hound," referring to the proposed wager.

Curt. Why, a horse.

Gru. Tell thou the tale: — but hadst thou not crossed me, thou should'st have heard how her horse fell, and she under her horse; thou should'st have heard, in how miry a place; how she was bemoiled; how he left her with the horse upon her; how he beat me because her horse stumbled; how she waded through the dirt to pluck him off me; how he swore; how she prayed, that never prayed before; how I cried; how the horses ran away; how her bridle was burst; how I lost my crupper; — with many things of worthy memory, which now shall die in oblivion, and thou return unexperienced to thy grave.

Curt. By this reckoning he is more shrew than she.

Gru. Ay; and that thou and the proudest of you all shall find, when he comes home. But what talk I of this?—Call forth Nathaniel, Joseph, Nicholas, Philip, Walter, Sugarsop, and the rest: let their heads be sleekly combed, their blue coats brushed, and their garters of an indifferent knit[7]: let them curtsey with their left legs, and not presume to touch a hair of my master's horse-tail, till they kiss their hands. Are they all ready?

Curt. They are.

Gru. Call them forth.

Curt. Do you hear? ho! you must meet my master, to countenance my mistress.

Gru. Why, she hath a face of her own.

Curt. Who knows not that?

Gru. Thou, it seems, that callest for company to countenance her.

Curt. I call them forth to credit her.

Gru. Why, she comes to borrow nothing of them.

[7] — garters of an INDIFFERENT knit:] The sense of "indifferent" here was not unusual at the time; *i. e. not* different. Grumio probably means, that the garters ought to correspond. Blue was the common colour for livery.

Enter several Servants.

Nath. Welcome home, Grumio.

Phil. How now, Grumio?

Jos. What, Grumio!

Nich. Fellow Grumio!

Nath. How now, old lad?

Gru. Welcome, you;—how now, you; what, you;—fellow, you;—and thus much for greeting. Now, my spruce companions, is all ready, and all things neat?

Nath. All things is ready. How near is our master?

Gru. E'en at hand, alighted by this; and therefore be not,—Cock's passion, silence!—I hear my master.

Enter PETRUCHIO *and* KATHARINA.

Pet. Where be these knaves? What! no man at door,
To hold my stirrup, nor to take my horse.
Where is Nathaniel, Gregory, Philip?—

All Serv. Here, here, sir; here, sir.

Pet. Here, sir! here, sir! here, sir! here, sir?
You logger-headed and unpolish'd grooms!
What, no attendance? no regard? no duty?—
Where is the foolish knave I sent before?

Gru. Here, sir; as foolish as I was before.

Pet. You peasant swain! you whoreson malt-horse drudge!
Did I not bid thee meet me in the park,
And bring along these rascal knaves with thee?

Gru. Nathaniel's coat, sir, was not fully made,
And Gabriel's pumps were all unpink'd i'the heel;
There was no link to colour Peter's hat,
And Walter's dagger was not come from sheathing:
There were none fine, but Adam, Ralph, and Gregory;
The rest were ragged, old, and beggarly;
Yet, as they are, here are they come to meet you.

Pet. Go, rascals, go, and fetch my supper in.—

[*Exeunt some of the Servants.*

"Where is the life that late I led[8]"—

Where are those—? Sit down, Kate, and welcome.
Soud, soud, soud, soud[9]!

Re-enter Servants, with supper.

Why, when, I say?—Nay, good sweet Kate, be merry.
Off with my boots, you rogues! you villains, when?

"It was the friar of orders grey,
As he forth walked on his way[10]:"—

Out, you rogue! you pluck my foot awry:
Take that, and mend the plucking of the other.—
[*Strikes him.*
Be merry, Kate:—Some water, here; what, ho!—

Enter Servant, with water[11].

Where's my spaniel Troilus?—Sirrah, get you hence,
And bid my cousin Ferdinand come hither:—
[*Exit Servant.*
One, Kate, that you must kiss, and be acquainted with.—
Where are my slippers?—Shall I have some water?
[*A bason is presented to him.*
Come, Kate, and wash, and welcome heartily.—
You whoreson villain! will you let it fall[1]?
[*Strikes him.*

Kath. Patience, I pray you; 'twas a fault unwilling.

[8] "Where is the life that late I led"—] Probably the first line of some ballad. A song to that tune is inserted in "The Gorgeous Gallery of Gallant Inventions," 1578; and a poem with that title, subscribed I. P., is in Clement Robinson's "Handful of Pleasant Delights," 1584. This, however, is evidently not what Petruchio sings.

[9] Soud, soud, soud, soud!] An ejaculation, meant probably to indicate impatience.

[10] "As he forth walked on his way:"] See Percy's "Reliques," i. 263, edit. 1812.

[11] Enter Servant, with water.] This stage-direction, from the old folio, is omitted by modern editors, though necessary to the business of the scene.

[1] — will you let it fall?] Before this line the modern editors insert "*Servant lets the ewer fall;*" but such does not appear to be the case, or Petruchio would not have asked him, "will you let it fall?" The servant holds the bason awry, and spills some of the water.

Pet. A whoreson, beetleheaded, flap-ear'd knave!
Come, Kate, sit down; I know you have a stomach.
Will you give thanks, sweet Kate, or else shall I?—
What's this? mutton?

1 *Serv.* Ay.

Pet. Who brought it?

1 *Serv.* I.

Pet. 'Tis burnt; and so is all the meat.
What dogs are these!—Where is the rascal cook?
How durst you, villains, bring it from the dresser,
And serve it thus to me that love it not?
There, take it to you, trenchers, cups, and all.
[*Throws the meat, &c. at them.*
You heedless joltheads, and unmanner'd slaves!
What! do you grumble? I'll be with you straight.

Kath. I pray you, husband, be not so disquiet:
The meat was well, if you were so contented.

Pet. I tell thee, Kate, 'twas burnt and dried away,
And I expressly am forbid to touch it,
For it engenders choler, planteth anger:
And better 'twere, that both of us did fast,
Since, of ourselves, ourselves are choleric,
Than feed it with such over-roasted flesh.
Be patient; to-morrow 't shall be mended[2],
And for this night we'll fast for company.
Come, I will bring thee to thy bridal chamber.
[*Exeunt* PETRUCHIO, KATHARINA, *and* CURTIS.

Nath. Peter, didst ever see the like?

Peter. He kills her in her own humour.

Re-enter CURTIS.

Gru. Where is he?

Curt. In her chamber,

[2] Be patient; to-morrow 't shall be mended,] So the line is properly printed in the old copies: the word "patient" being pronounced as a trisyllable, as Shakespeare intended: to print "'t shall" *it shall*, as the modern editors have done, was to spoil the measure. Shakespeare sometimes uses "patient" and "patience" as dissyllables, but obviously not so here.

Making a sermon of continency to her;
And rails, and swears, and rates, that she, poor soul,
Knows not which way to stand, to look, to speak,
And sits as one new-risen from a dream.
Away, away! for he is coming hither. [*Exeunt.*

Re-enter PETRUCHIO.

Pet. Thus have I politicly begun my reign,
And 'tis my hope to end successfully.
My falcon now is sharp, and passing empty,
And, till she stoop, she must not be full-gorg'd,
For then she never looks upon her lure.
Another way I have to man my haggard,
To make her come, and know her keeper's call;
That is, to watch her, as we watch these kites,
That bate, and beat, and will not be obedient.
She eat no meat to-day, nor none shall eat;
Last night she slept not, nor to-night she shall not:
As with the meat, some undeserved fault
I'll find about the making of the bed,
And here I'll fling the pillow, there the bolster,
This way the coverlet, another way the sheets:—
Ay, and amid this hurly, I intend,
That all is done in reverend care of her;
And, in conclusion, she shall watch all night:
And, if she chance to nod, I'll rail, and brawl,
And with the clamour keep her still awake.
This is a way to kill a wife with kindness[3];
And thus I'll curb her mad and headstrong humour.
He that knows better how to tame a shrew,
Now let him speak: 'tis charity to shew. [*Exit.*

[3] This is a way to kill a wife with kindness;] Thomas Heywood wrote a play under the title of "A Woman Killed with Kindness;" mentioned by Henslowe in his "Diary" under the date of Feb. 1602-3, and printed in 1607. On p. 147 we have had an allusion to the comedy of "Patient Grissill," by Dekker, Chettle, and Haughton, printed in 1603, but written and acted before "The Taming of the Shrew." See the Introduction.

SCENE II.

Padua. Before Baptista's House.

Enter Tranio *and* Hortensio.

Tra. Is't possible, friend Licio, that mistress Bianca
Doth fancy any other but Lucentio?
I tell you, sir, she bears me fair in hand.
Hor. Sir, to satisfy you in what I have said,
Stand by, and mark the manner of his teaching.
[*They stand aside.*

Enter Bianca *and* Lucentio.

Luc. Now, mistress, profit you in what you read?
Bian. What, master, read you? first resolve me that.
Luc. I read that I profess, the Art to Love.
Bian. And may you prove, sir, master of your art!
Luc. While you, sweet dear, prove mistress of my heart. [*They retire.*
Hor. [*Coming forward.*] Quick proceeders, marry! Now, tell me, I pray,
You that durst swear that your mistress Bianca
Lov'd none[4] in the world so well as Lucentio.
Tra. O, despiteful love! unconstant womankind!—
I tell thee, Licio, this is wonderful.
Hor. Mistake no more: I am not Licio,
Nor a musician, as I seem to be,
But one that scorns to live in this disguise,
For such a one, as leaves a gentleman,
And makes a god of such a cullion.
Know, sir, that I am call'd Hortensio.
Tra. Signior Hortensio, I have often heard
Of your entire affection to Bianca;
And since mine eyes are witness of her lightness,

[4] Lov'd none—] Old copies, "Lov'd *me*." Corrected by Rowe.

I will with you, if you be so contented,
Forswear Bianca and her love for ever.

Hor. See, how they kiss and court!—Signior Lucentio,
Here is my hand, and here I firmly vow
Never to woo her more; but do forswear her,
As one unworthy all the former favours
That I have fondly flatter'd her withal[5].

Tra. And here I take the like unfeigned oath,
Never to marry with her, though she would entreat.
Fie on her! see, how beastly she doth court him.

Hor. Would all the world, but he, had quite forsworn!
For me, that I may surely keep mine oath,
I will be married to a wealthy widow,
Ere three days pass, which hath as long lov'd me,
As I have lov'd this proud disdainful haggard.
And so farewell, signior Lucentio.—
Kindness in women! not their beauteous looks,
Shall win my love:—and so I take my leave,
In resolution as I swore before.

[*Exit* HORTENSIO.—LUCENTIO *and* BIANCA *advance.*

Tra. Mistress Bianca, bless you with such grace,
As 'longeth to a lover's blessed case!
Nay, I have ta'en you napping, gentle love,
And have forsworn you, with Hortensio.

Bian. Tranio, you jest. But have you both forsworn me?

Tra. Mistress, we have.

Luc. Then we are rid of Licio.

Tra. I'faith, he'll have a lusty widow now,
That shall be woo'd and wedded in a day.

Bian. God give him joy!

Tra. Ay, and he'll tame her.

Bian. He says so, Tranio.

[5] — HER withal.] The old copies of 1623 and 1632 read, "*them* withal." The emendation was made in the third folio.

Tra. 'Faith, he is gone unto the taming-school.

Bian. The taming-school! what, is there such a place?

Tra. Ay, mistress, and Petruchio is the master;
That teacheth tricks eleven and twenty long,
To tame a shrew, and charm her chattering tongue.

Enter BIONDELLO, *running.*

Bion. O master, master! I have watch'd so long
That I'm dog-weary; but at last I spied
An ancient engle coming down the hill[6],
Will serve the turn.

Tra. What is he, Biondello?

Bion. Master, a mercatantè[7], or a pedant,
I know not what; but formal in apparel,
In gait and countenance surely like a father.

Luc. And what of him, Tranio?

Tra. If he be credulous, and trust my tale,
I'll make him glad to seem Vincentio,
And give assurance to Baptista Minola,
As if he were the right Vincentio.
Take in your love[8], and then let me alone.

[*Exeunt* LUCENTIO *and* BIANCA.

Enter a Pedant.

Ped. God save you, sir!

Tra. And you, sir: you are welcome.

[6] An ancient ENGLE coming down the hill,] The old folios read *angel;* but the proper mode of spelling the word seems to be *engle* or *ingle.* It means a person of weak understanding, who may be easily gulled. The etymology is doubtful; but Steevens derives it from the French *enginer, i. e.* to *lime*, or catch with bird-lime. Gifford (Ben Jonson's Works, ii. 429) shows decisively, by reference to Gascoigne's "Supposes," (which resembles this part of Shakespeare's plot,) that *engle* is the true reading. Theobald was the first to substitute "engle" for *angel.*

[7] Master, a mercatantè,] *Marcantant* in the old folio: "mercatantè" is Italian for a *merchant:* Biondello did not know whether he was a merchant or a pedant. "Mercatantè" is the amendment of Steevens.

[8] Take IN your love,] The old folios have *me* for "in;" which may possibly be right, supposing Tranio to mean, "Take *me* your love away." Petruchio, A. i. sc. 2, says, "Knock *me* at this gate."

Travel you far on, or are you at the farthest?
Ped. Sir, at the farthest for a week or two;
But then up farther, and as far as Rome,
And so to Tripoly, if God lend me life.
Tra. What countryman, I pray?
Ped. Of Mantua.
Tra. Of Mantua, sir?—marry, God forbid!
And come to Padua, careless of your life?
Ped. My life, sir! how, I pray? for that goes hard.
Tra. 'Tis death for any one in Mantua
To come to Padua. Know you not the cause?
Your ships are stay'd at Venice; and the duke,
For private quarrel 'twixt your duke and him,
Hath publish'd and proclaim'd it openly.
'Tis marvel; but that you are but newly come,
You might have heard it else proclaim'd about.
Ped. Alas, sir! it is worse for me than so;
For I have bills for money by exchange
From Florence, and must here deliver them.
Tra. Well, sir, to do you courtesy
This will I do, and this I will advise you[9].—
First, tell me, have you ever been at Pisa?
Ped. Ay, sir, in Pisa have I often been;
Pisa, renowned for grave citizens.
Tra. Among them, know you one Vincentio?
Ped. I know him not, but I have heard of him:
A merchant of incomparable wealth.
Tra. He is my father, sir; and, sooth to say,
In countenance somewhat doth resemble you.
Bion. [*Aside.*] As much as an apple doth an oyster, and all one.
Tra. To save your life in this extremity,
This favour will I do you for his sake,
And think it not the worst of all your fortunes,
That you are like to sir Vincentio.

[9] — and this I WILL advise you.] Malone reads *will I* for "I will."

His name and credit shall you undertake,
And in my house you shall be friendly lodg'd.
Look, that you take upon you as you should:
You understand me, sir;—so shall you stay
Till you have done your business in the city.
If this be courtesy, sir, accept of it.

Ped. O! sir, I do; and will repute you ever
The patron of my life and liberty.

Tra. Then go with me, to make the matter good.
This, by the way, I let you understand:
My father is here look'd for every day,
To pass assurance of a dower in marriage
'Twixt me and one Baptista's daughter here:
In all these circumstances I'll instruct you.
Go with me, to clothe you as becomes you. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

A Room in PETRUCHIO's House.

Enter KATHARINA *and* GRUMIO.

Gru. No, no, forsooth; I dare not, for my life.

Kath. The more my wrong, the more his spite appears.
What, did he marry me to famish me?
Beggars, that come unto my father's door,
Upon entreaty, have a present alms;
If not, elsewhere they meet with charity:
But, I, who never knew how to entreat,
Nor never needed that I should entreat[10],
Am starv'd for meat, giddy for lack of sleep;
With oaths kept waking, and with brawling fed.
And that which spites me more than all these wants,
He does it under name of perfect love;
As who should say, if I should sleep, or eat,

[10] Nor never needed that I should entreat,] This line is omitted in Malone's Shakespeare by Boswell; but is correctly given in Mr. Knight's "Pictorial Shakspere," and in other modern editions.

'Twere deadly sickness, or else present death.
I pr'ythee go, and get me some repast;
I care not what, so it be wholesome food.
Gru. What say you to a neat's foot?
Kath. 'Tis passing good: I pr'ythee let me have it.
Gru. I fear, it is too choleric a meat.
How say you to a fat tripe, finely broil'd?
Kath. I like it well: good Grumio, fetch it me.
Gru. I cannot tell; I fear, 'tis choleric.
What say you to a piece of beef, and mustard?
Kath. A dish that I do love to feed upon.
Gru. Ay, but the mustard is too hot a little.
Kath. Why, then the beef, and let the mustard rest.
Gru. Nay, then I will not: you shall have the mustard,
Or else you get no beef of Grumio.
Kath. Then both, or one, or any thing thou wilt.
Gru. Why then, the mustard without the beef.
Kath. Go, get thee gone, thou false deluding slave,
[*Beats him.*
That feed'st me with the very name of meat.
Sorrow on thee, and all the pack of you,
That triumph thus upon my misery!
Go; get thee gone, I say.

Enter PETRUCHIO *with a dish of meat, and* HORTENSIO.

Pet. How fares my Kate? What, sweeting, all amort[1]?
Hor. Mistress, what cheer?
Kath. 'Faith, as cold as can be.
Pet. Pluck up thy spirits; look cheerfully upon me.
Here, love; thou seest how diligent I am,
To dress thy meat myself, and bring it thee:
[*Sets the dish on a table.*
I am sure, sweet Kate, this kindness merits thanks.

[1] What, sweeting, all AMORT?] "Amort" was a word of frequent occurrence in plays of Shakespeare's time, though he does not very often use it. It is met with again in Henry VI. pt. 1, A. iii. sc. 2, and it is derived from the French, and means *dead, flat,* or *dispirited.*

What! not a word? Nay then, thou lov'st it not,
And all my pains is sorted to no proof[2].—
Here, take away this dish.

Kath. I pray you, let it stand.

Pet. The poorest service is repaid with thanks,
And so shall mine, before you touch the meat.

Kath. I thank you, sir.

Hor. Signior Petruchio, fie! you are to blame.
Come, mistress Kate, I'll bear you company.

Pet. [*Aside.*] Eat it up all, Hortensio, if thou lov'st me.—
[*To her.*] Much good do it unto thy gentle heart!
Kate, eat apace.—And now, my honey love,
Will we return unto thy father's house,
And revel it as bravely as the best,
With silken coats, and caps, and golden rings,
With ruffs, and cuffs, and farthingales, and things;
With scarfs, and fans, and double change of bravery,
With amber bracelets, beads, and all this knavery[3].
What! hast thou din'd? The tailor stays thy leisure,
To deck thy body with his ruffling treasure.

Enter Tailor.

Come, tailor, let us see these ornaments;

Enter Haberdasher.

Lay forth the gown.—What news with you, sir?

Hab. Here is the cap your worship did bespeak[4].

[2] — is sorted to no PROOF.] *i. e. approof*, or approbation. See p. 216.

[3] With amber bracelets, beads, and all this knavery.] These four lines read as if they were recited by Petruchio from some old ballad or poem. Johnson objected to "things," as a "poor word" to rhyme with "rings;" but perhaps hypercritically. It occurs exactly in the same way in a MS. poem, preserved at Dulwich College among Alleyn's papers :—

"Oh! but he gives her gay gold *rings*,
And tufted gloves for holiday,
And many other goodly *things*,
That have stolen my love away.

[4] Here is the cap your worship did bespeak.] This line has the prefix of *Fel.* in the folios; possibly the beginning of the actor's name, or more likely the first letters of *Fellow*, a word commonly applied to players.

Pet. Why, this was moulded on a porringer;
A velvet dish:—fie, fie! 'tis lewd and filthy.
Why, 'tis a cockle or a walnut shell,
A knack, a toy, a trick, a baby's cap;
Away with it! come, let me have a bigger.

Kath. I'll have no bigger: this doth fit the time,
And gentlewomen wear such caps as these.

Pet. When you are gentle, you shall have one too;
And not till then.

Hor. [*Aside.*] That will not be in haste.

Kath. Why, sir, I trust, I may have leave to speak,
And speak I will; I am no child, no babe:
Your betters have endur'd me say my mind,
And, if you cannot, best you stop your ears.
My tongue will tell the anger of my heart,
Or else my heart, concealing it, will break:
And, rather than it shall, I will be free,
Even to the uttermost, as I please, in words.

Pet. Why, thou say'st true: it is a paltry cap,
A custard-coffin[5], a bauble, a silken pie.
I love thee well, in that thou lik'st it not.

Kath. Love me, or love me not, I like the cap,
And it I will have, or I will have none.

Pet. Thy gown? why, ay:—come, tailor, let us see't.
O, mercy, God! what masking stuff is here?
What's this? a sleeve? 'tis like a demi-cannon:
What! up and down, carv'd like an apple-tart?
Here's snip, and nip, and cut, and slish, and slash,
Like to a censer in a barber's shop[6].—
Why, what, o'devil's name, tailor, call'st thou this?

Hor. [*Aside.*] I see, she's like to have neither cap nor gown.

Tai. You bid be make it orderly and well,
According to the fashion, and the time.

[5] A custard-COFFIN,] "A *coffin*," says Steevens, "was the ancient culinary term for the raised crust of a pie or custard."

[6] Like to a CENSER in a barber's shop.] Steevens tells us that these "censers" were like modern *brasieres*. They were probably curiously ornamented.

Pet. Marry, and did; but if you be remember'd,
I did not bid you mar it to the time.
Go, hop me over every kennel home,
For you shall hop without my custom, sir.
I'll none of it: hence! make your best of it.

Kath. I never saw a better-fashion'd gown,
More quaint, more pleasing, nor more commendable.
Belike, you mean to make a puppet of me.

Pet. Why, true; he means to make a puppet of thee.

Tai. She says, your worship means to make a puppet of her.

Pet. O, monstrous arrogance! Thou liest, thou thread,
Thou thimble,
Thou yard, three-quarters, half-yard, quarter, nail!
Thou flea, thou nit, thou winter cricket thou!—
Brav'd in mine own house with a skein of thread?
Away! thou rag, thou quantity, thou remnant,
Or I shall so be-mete thee with thy yard,
As thou shalt think on prating whilst thou liv'st.
I tell thee, I, that thou hast marr'd her gown.

Tai. Your worship is deceiv'd: the gown is made
Just as my master had direction.
Grumio gave order how it should be done.

Gru. I gave him no order; I gave him the stuff.

Tai. But how did you desire it should be made?

Gru. Marry, sir, with needle and thread.

Tai. But did you not request to have it cut?

Gru. Thou hast faced many things.

Tai. I have.

Gru. Face not me: thou hast braved many men; brave not me: I will neither be faced nor braved. I say unto thee,—I bid thy master cut out the gown; but I did not bid him cut it to pieces: *ergo*, thou liest.

Tai. Why, here is the note of the fashion to testify.

Pet. Read it.

Gru. The note lies in's throat, if he say I said so.

Tai. "Imprimis, a loose-bodied gown."

Gru. Master, if ever I said loose-bodied gown, sew me in the skirts of it, and beat me to death with a bottom of brown thread: I said, a gown.

Pet. Proceed.

Tai. "With a small compassed cape."

Gru. I confess the cape.

Tai. "With a trunk sleeve."

Gru. I confess two sleeves.

Tai. "The sleeves curiously cut."

Pet. Ay, there's the villany.

Gru. Error i'the bill, sir; error i'the bill. I commanded the sleeves should be cut out, and sewed up again; and that I'll prove upon thee, though thy little finger be armed in a thimble.

Tai. This is true, that I say: an I had thee in place where, thou should'st know it.

Gru. I am for thee straight: take thou the bill, give me thy mete-yard, and spare not me[7].

Hor. God-a-mercy, Grumio, then he shall have no odds.

Pet. Well, sir, in brief, the gown is not for me.

Gru. You are i'the right, sir: 'tis for my mistress.

Pet. Go, take it up unto thy master's use.

Gru. Villain, not for thy life! Take up my mistress' gown for thy master's use!

Pet. Why, sir, what's your conceit in that?

Gru. O, sir, the conceit is deeper than you think for.
Take up my mistress' gown to his master's use!
O, fie, fie, fie!

Pet. [*Aside.*] Hortensio, say thou wilt see the tailor paid.—
Go take it hence; be gone, and say no more.

[7] — take thou the BILL, give me thy METE-YARD, and spare not me.] The joke intended is lost, unless we remember that "bill" meant either a piece of paper, or a weapon, such as was carried by watchmen, &c. in the time of Shakespeare. On the title-page of Dekker's "Lanthorne and Candle-light," 4to, 1609, is a representation of a watchman armed with a "bill."

Hor. Tailor, I'll pay thee for thy gown to-morrow:
Take no unkindness of his hasty words.
Away, I say; commend me to thy master.
[*Exeunt Tailor and Haberdasher*[8].

Pet. Well, come, my Kate; we will unto your father's,
Even in these honest mean habiliments.
Our purses shall be proud, our garments poor:
For 'tis the mind that makes the body rich;
And as the sun breaks through the darkest clouds,
So honour peereth in the meanest habit.
What, is the jay more precious than the lark,
Because his feathers are more beautiful?
Or is the adder better than the eel,
Because his painted skin contents the eye?
O! no, good Kate; neither art thou the worse
For this poor furniture, and mean array.
If thou account'st it shame[9], lay it on me;
And therefore frolic: we will hence forthwith,
To feast and sport us at thy father's house.—
Go, call my men, and let us straight to him;
And bring our horses unto Long-lane end,
There will we mount, and thither walk on foot.—
Let's see; I think, 'tis now some seven o'clock,
And well we may come there by dinner time.

Kath. I dare assure you, sir, 'tis almost two,
And 'twill be supper time, ere you come there.

Pet. It shall be seven, ere I go to horse.
Look, what I speak, or do, or think to do,
You are still crossing it.—Sirs, let't alone:
I will not go to-day; and ere I do,
It shall be what o'clock I say it is.

Hor. Why, so this gallant will command the sun.
[*Exeunt.*

[8] Exeunt Tailor and Haberdasher.] The *exit* of the Haberdasher is not mentioned in any edition. He had perhaps stood trembling by, after producing his cap.

[9] If thou ACCOUNT'ST it shame,] Old copies, *accounted'st.*

SCENE IV.

Padua. Before Baptista's House.

Enter Tranio, *and the Pedant dressed like* Vincentio.

Tra. Sir, this is the house: please it you, that I call?

Ped. Ay, what else? and, but I be deceived,
Signior Baptista may remember me,
Near twenty years ago, in Genoa,
Where we were lodgers at the Pegasus[1].

Tra. 'Tis well; and hold your own, in any case,
With such austerity as 'longeth to a father.

Enter Biondello.

Ped. I warrant you. But, sir, here comes your boy;
'Twere good, he were school'd.

Tra. Fear you not him. Sirrah, Biondello,
Now do your duty throughly, I advise you:
Imagine 'twere the right Vincentio.

Bion. Tut! fear not me.

Tra. But hast thou done thy errand to Baptista?

Bion. I told him, that your father was at Venice,
And that you look'd for him this day in Padua.

Tra. Thou'rt a tall fellow: hold thee that to drink.
Here comes Baptista.—Set your countenance, sir.—

Enter Baptista *and* Lucentio.

Signior Baptista, you are happily met.—
Sir, this is the gentleman I told you of.—
I pray you, stand good father to me now,
Give me Bianca for my patrimony.

Ped. Soft, son!—

[1] Where we were lodgers at the Pegasus.] This line clearly is the conclusion of the Pedant's speech, and not the beginning of Tranio's, as it stands in all the old folios.

Sir, by your leave: having come to Padua
To gather in some debts, my son, Lucentio,
Made me acquainted with a weighty cause
Of love between your daughter and himself:
And, for the good report I hear of you,
And for the love he beareth to your daughter,
And she to him, to stay him not too long,
I am content, in a good father's care,
To have him match'd; and, if you please to like
No worse than I, upon some agreement[2],
Me shall you find ready and willing
With one consent to have her so bestow'd;
For curious I cannot be with you,
Signior Baptista, of whom I hear so well.

Bap. Sir, pardon me in what I have to say:
Your plainness, and your shortness please me well.
Right true it is, your son Lucentio, here,
Doth love my daughter, and she loveth him,
Or both dissemble deeply their affections;
And, therefore, if you say no more than this,
That like a father you will deal with him,
And pass my daughter a sufficient dower,
The match is made, and all is done:
Your son shall have my daughter with consent.

Tra. I thank you, sir. Where, then, do you know best,
We be affied, and such assurance ta'en,
As shall with either part's agreement stand?

Bap. Not in my house, Lucentio; for, you know,
Pitchers have ears, and I have many servants:
Besides, old Gremio is hearkening still,
And, happily, we might be interrupted.

Tra. Then at my lodging, an it like you:

[2] No worse than I, upon some agreement,] The folio, 1632, inserted *sir* in the middle of this line, and at the end of one lower down in the page; but properly read they hardly require amendment. In the same way it added *most* twice over in the line, "Me shall you find ready and willing." It seems very doubtful if Shakespeare did not mean to leave the passage as in the folio, 1623.

There doth my father lie, and there this night
We'll pass the business privately and well.
Send for your daughter by your servant here;
My boy shall fetch the scrivener presently.
The worst is this,—that, at so slender warning,
You're like to have a thin and slender pittance.

Bap. It likes me well:—Cambio, hie you home,
And bid Bianca make her ready straight;
And, if you will, tell what hath happened:
Lucentio's father is arriv'd in Padua,
And how she's like to be Lucentio's wife.

Luc. I pray the gods she may with all my heart[3]!

Tra. Dally not with the gods, but get thee gone[4].
Signior Baptista, shall I lead the way?
Welcome: one mess is like to be your cheer.
Come, sir; we will better it in Pisa.

Bap. I follow you.

[*Exeunt* TRANIO, *Pedant, and* BAPTISTA.

Bion. Cambio!—

Luc. What say'st thou, Biondello?

Bion. You saw my master wink and laugh upon you?

Luc. Biondello, what of that?

Bion. 'Faith nothing; but he has left me here behind, to expound the meaning or moral of his signs and tokens.

Luc. I pray thee, moralize them.

Bion. Then thus. Baptista is safe, talking with the deceiving father of a deceitful son.

Luc. And what of him?

Bion. His daughter is to be brought by you to the supper.

[3] I pray the gods she may with all my heart!] This line belongs to Lucentio, as Rowe correctly printed it; but in the old copies Biondello is supposed to speak it.

[4] — get thee gone.] "Enter Peter" is the stage-direction of the old copies after this line; but he comes in only to usher out Tranio, Baptista, and the supposed Vincentio.

Luc. And then?—

Bion. The old priest at St. Luke's church is at your command at all hours.

Luc. And what of all this?

Bion. I cannot tell; expect they are busied about a counterfeit assurance[5]: take you assurance of her, *cum privilegio ad imprimendum solùm.* To the church!—take the priest, clerk, and some sufficient honest witnesses.
If this be not that you look for, I have no more to say,
But bid Bianca farewell for ever and a day.

Luc. Hear'st thou, Biondello?

Bion. I cannot tarry: I knew a wench married in an afternoon as she went to the garden for parsley to stuff a rabbit; and so may you, sir; and so adieu, sir. My master hath appointed me to go to St. Luke's to bid the priest be ready to come against you come with your appendix. [*Exit.*

Luc. I may, and will, if she be so contented:
She will be pleas'd, then wherefore should I doubt?
Hap what hap may, I'll roundly go about her:
It shall go hard, if Cambio go without her. [*Exit.*

SCENE V.

A public Road.

Enter PETRUCHIO, KATHARINA, *and* HORTENSIO.

Pet. Come on, o' God's name: once more toward our father's.
Good lord! how bright and goodly shines the moon.

Kath. The moon! the sun: it is not moonlight now.

Pet. I say, it is the moon that shines so bright.

[5] I cannot tell; EXPECT they are busied about a counterfeit assurance:] The first folio reads *expect*, which is probably right, Biondello telling Lucentio to "expect" that Baptista and the pretended Vincentio were engaged in making "a counterfeit assurance;" but the editor of the second folio changed "expect" to *except*.

Kath. I know, it is the sun that shines so bright.
Pet. Now, by my mother's son, and that's myself,
It shall be moon, or star, or what I list,
Or ere I journey to your father's house.—
Go on, and fetch our horses back again.—
Evermore cross'd, and cross'd; nothing but cross'd.
Hor. Say as he says, or we shall never go.
Kath. Forward, I pray, since we have come so far,
And be it moon, or sun, or what you please.
An if you please to call it a rush candle,
Henceforth, I vow, it shall be so for me.
Pet. I say, it is the moon.
Kath. I know, it is the moon.
Pet. Nay, then you lie: it is the blessed sun.
Kath. Then, God be bless'd, it is the blessed sun[6];
But sun it is not, when you say it is not,
And the moon changes, even as your mind.
What you will have it nam'd, even that it is;
And so it shall be so for Katharine.
Hor. Petruchio, go thy ways: the field is won.
Pet. Well, forward, forward! thus the bowl should run,
And not unluckily against the bias.—
But soft! company is coming here.

Enter VINCENTIO, *in a travelling dress.*

[*To* VINCENTIO.] Good-morrow, gentle mistress: where away?—
Tell me, sweet Kate, and tell me truly too,
Hast thou beheld a fresher gentlewoman?
Such war of white and red within her cheeks!
What stars do spangle heaven with such beauty,
As those two eyes become that heavenly face?—
Fair lovely maid, once more good day to thee.—
Sweet Kate, embrace her for her beauty's sake.

[6] — it is the blessed sun.] The reading of the second folio: the first has "it *in* the blessed sun."

Hor. 'A will make the man mad, to make a woman of him[7].

Kath. Young budding virgin, fair, and fresh, and sweet,
Whither away, or where is thy abode?
Happy the parents of so fair a child;
Happier the man, whom favourable stars
Allot thee for his lovely bed-fellow!

Pet. Why, how now, Kate! I hope thou art not mad:
This is a man, old, wrinkled, faded, wither'd,
And not a maiden, as thou say'st he is.

Kath. Pardon, old father, my mistaking eyes,
That have been so bedazzled with the sun,
That every thing I look on seemeth green.
Now I perceive thou art a reverend father;
Pardon, I pray thee, for my mad mistaking.

Pet. Do, good old grandsire; and, withal, make known
Which way thou travellest: if along with us,
We shall be joyful of thy company.

Vin. Fair sir, and you my merry mistress,
That with your strange encounter much amaz'd me,
My name is call'd Vincentio; my dwelling—Pisa,
And bound I am to Padua, there to visit
A son of mine, which long I have not seen.

Pet. What is his name?

Vin. Lucentio, gentle sir.

Pet. Happily met; the happier for thy son.
And now by law, as well as reverend age,
I may entitle thee—my loving father:
The sister to my wife, this gentlewoman,
Thy son by this hath married. Wonder not,
Nor be not griev'd: she is of good esteem,
Her dowry wealthy, and of worthy birth;

[7] — to make a woman of him.] The folio, 1623, has "*the* woman:" corrected by the folio, 1632.

Beside, so qualified as may beseem
The spouse of any noble gentleman.
Let me embrace with old Vincentio;
And wander we to see thy honest son,
Who will of thy arrival be full joyous.

Vin. But is this true? or is it else your pleasure,
Like pleasant travellers, to break a jest
Upon the company you overtake?

Hor. I do assure thee, father, so it is.

Pet. Come, go along, and see the truth hereof;
For our first merriment hath made thee jealous.

[*Exeunt* PETRUCHIO, KATHARINA, *and* VINCENTIO.

Hor. Well, Petruchio, this has put me in heart.
Have to my widow; and if she be froward[8],
Then hast thou taught Hortensio to be untoward.

[*Exit.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

Padua. Before LUCENTIO's House.

Enter on one side BIONDELLO, LUCENTIO, *and* BIANCA; GREMIO *walking on the other side.*

Bion. Softly and swiftly, sir, for the priest is ready.

Luc. I fly, Biondello; but they may chance to need thee at home: therefore leave us.

Bion. Nay, faith, I'll see the church o' your back; and then come back to my master as soon as I can[9].

[*Exeunt* LUCENTIO, BIANCA, *and* BIONDELLO.

Gre. I marvel Cambio comes not all this while.

[8] — and if she BE froward,] The first folio omits "be," which is supplied in the second folio.

[9] — and then come back to my MASTER as soon as I can.] *Mistress* is the reading of the old copies: the mistake no doubt arose, as in other cases of the same kind, from M. being put in the MS. for either master or mistress. The "Master" Biondello alludes to (as Theobald remarked) is Tranio. He has called him so before, on p. 185.

Enter PETRUCHIO, KATHARINA, VINCENTIO, *and Attendants.*

Pet. Sir, here's the door, this is Lucentio's house:
My father's bears more toward the market-place;
Thither must I, and here I leave you, sir.

Vin. You shall not choose but drink before you go.
I think, I shall command your welcome here,
And, by all likelihood, some cheer is toward. [*Knocks.*

Gre. They're busy within; you were best knock louder.

Enter Pedant above, at a window.

Ped. What's he, that knocks as he would beat down the gate?

Vin. Is signior Lucentio within, sir?

Ped. He's within, sir, but not to be spoken withal.

Vin. What, if a man bring him a hundred pound or two to make merry withal?

Ped. Keep your hundred pounds to yourself: he shall need none, so long as I live.

Pet. Nay, I told you, your son was beloved in Padua. —Do you hear, sir? to leave frivolous circumstances, I pray you, tell signior Lucentio, that his father is come from Pisa, and is here at the door to speak with him.

Ped. Thou liest: his father is come from Pisa[1], and here looking out at the window.

Vin. Art thou his father?

Ped. Ay, sir; so his mother says, if I may believe her.

Pet. Why, how now, gentleman! [*To* VINCEN.] why, this is flat knavery, to take upon you another man's name.

Ped. Lay hands on the villain. I believe, 'a means to cozen somebody in this city under my countenance.

[1] — his father is come from PISA,] *Padua* in the old copies; a decided error, which was corrected by Tyrwhitt.

Re-enter BIONDELLO.

Bion. I have seen them in the church together: God send 'em good shipping!—But who is here? mine old master, Vincentio! now we are undone, and brought to nothing.

Vin. Come hither, crack-hemp[2]. [*Seeing* BIONDELLO.

Bion. I hope I may choose, sir.

Vin. Come hither, you rogue. What, have you forgot me?

Bion. Forgot you? no, sir: I could not forget you, for I never saw you before in all my life.

Vin. What, you notorious villain, didst thou never see thy master's father, Vincentio?

Bion. What, my old, worshipful old master? yes, marry, sir: see where he looks out of the window.

Vin. Is't so, indeed? [*Beats* BIONDELLO.

Bion. Help, help, help! here's a madman will murder me. [*Exit.*

Ped. Help, son! help, signior Baptista!

[*Exit, from the window.*

Pet. Pr'ythee, Kate, let's stand aside, and see the end of this controversy. [*They retire.*

Re-enter Pedant below; BAPTISTA, TRANIO, *and Servants.*

Tra. Sir, what are you, that offer to beat my servant?

Vin. What am I, sir? nay, what are you, sir?—O, immortal gods! O, fine villain! A silken doublet! a

[2] Come hither, CRACK-HEMP.] The more usual compound, just before the time of Shakespeare was *crack-rope*. We meet with it in "Damon and Pithias," by R. Edwards, 1571, "Handsomely, thou crack-rope." Again, in "Appius and Virginia," by R. B. 1575,

"You codshed, you *crack-rope*, you chattering pye;"

and again in "The Two Italian Gentlemen," by A. Munday, printed about 1584,

"Then let him be led through every street in the town,
That every *crack-rope* may fling rotten eggs at the clown."

velvet hose! a scarlet cloak! and a copatain hat[3]!—O, I am undone! I am undone! while I play the good husband at home, my son and my servant spend all at the university.

Tra. How now! what's the matter?

Bap. What, is the man lunatic?

Tra. Sir, you seem a sober ancient gentleman by your habit, but your words show you a madman. Why, sir, what 'cerns it you[4] if I wear pearl and gold? I thank my good father, I am able to maintain it.

Vin. Thy father? O, villain! he is a sail-maker in Bergamo.

Bap. You mistake, sir: you mistake, sir. Pray, what do you think is his name?

Vin. His name? as if I knew not his name: I have brought him up ever since he was three years old, and his name is Tranio.

Ped. Away, away, mad ass! his name is Lucentio; and he is mine only son, and heir to the lands of me, signior Vincentio.

Vin. Lucentio! O! he hath murdered his master.—Lay hold on him, I charge you, in the duke's name.—O, my son, my son!—tell me, thou villain, where is my son Lucentio?

Tra. Call forth an officer.

Enter one with an Officer.

Carry this mad knave to the jail.—Father Baptista, I charge you see that he be forthcoming.

Vin. Carry me to the jail!

Gre. Stay, officer: he shall not go to prison.

Bap. Talk not, signior Gremio. I say, he shall go to prison.

[3] — and a COPATAIN hat!] It is not known what kind of hat was intended by a "copatain hat:" it is supposed to mean a hat with a conical crown. Gascoigne, in his poems (as Steevens showed) speaks of "coptankt hats," and of "high copt hats," but neither word occurs in "The Supposes," from which this part of the plot of "The Taming of the Shrew" is taken.

[4] Why, sir, what 'cerns it you,] So the folio of 1623;—a colloquial abbreviation of *concerns*, which is substituted in the folio of 1632.

Gre. Take heed, signior Baptista, lest you be cony-catched[5] in this business. I dare swear this is the right Vincentio.

Ped. Swear, if thou darest.

Gre. Nay, I dare not swear it.

Tra. Then thou wert best say, that I am not Lucentio.

Gre. Yes, I know thee to be signior Lucentio.

Bap. Away with the dotard! to the jail with him!

Vin. Thus strangers may be haled and abused.—O, monstrous villain!

Re-enter BIONDELLO *with* LUCENTIO, *and* BIANCA.

Bion. O, we are spoiled! and yonder he is: deny him, forswear him, or else we are all undone.

Luc. Pardon, sweet father. [*Kneeling.*

Vin. Lives my sweet son[6]?

[BIONDELLO, TRANIO, *and Pedant run out*[7].

Bian. Pardon, dear father. [*Kneeling.*

Bap. How hast thou offended?—
Where is Lucentio?

Luc. Here's Lucentio,
Right son to the right Vincentio;
That have by marriage made thy daughter mine,
While counterfeit supposes blear'd thine eyne[8].

Gre. Here's packing, with a witness, to deceive us all!

Vin. Where is that damned villain, Tranio,
That fac'd and brav'd me in this matter so?

Bap. Why, tell me, is not this my Cambio?

Bian. Cambio is chang'd into Lucentio.

Luc. Love wrought these miracles. Bianca's love

[5] — lest you be CONY-CATCHED—] *i. e. cheated.* See p. 165, note 4.

[6] Lives my SWEET son? Malone and Steevens without authority read *sweetest.*

[7] Biondello, Tranio, and Pedant run out.] The old simple stage-direction is, "Exit Biondello, Tranio, and Pedant, as fast as may be."

[8] While counterfeit SUPPOSES blear'd thine eyne.] This sense of the word "supposes" is exactly the same as that in which it is employed by Gascoigne, throughout his comedy, "The Supposes."

Made me exchange my state with Tranio,
While he did bear my countenance in the town;
And happily I have arrived at the last
Unto the wished haven of my bliss.
What Tranio did, myself enforc'd him to,
Then pardon him, sweet father, for my sake.

Vin. I'll slit the villain's nose, that would have sent me to the jail.

Bap. [*To* LUCENTIO.] But do you hear, sir? Have you married my daughter without asking my good-will?

Vin. Fear not, Baptista; we will content you: go to; but I will in, to be revenged for this villany.

[*Exit.*

Bap. And I, to sound the depth of this knavery.

[*Exit.*

Luc. Look not pale, Bianca; thy father will not frown. [*Exeunt* LUC. *and* BIAN.

Gre. My cake is dough[9]; but I'll in among the rest,
Out of hope of all, but my share of the feast. [*Exit.*

PETRUCHIO *and* KATHARINA *advance.*

Kath. Husband, let's follow, to see the end of this ado.

Pet. First kiss me, Kate, and we will.

Kath. What, in the midst of the street?

Pet. What! art thou ashamed of me?

Kath. No, sir, God forbid; but ashamed to kiss.

Pet. Why, then let's home again.—Come, sirrah, let's away.

Kath. Nay, I will give thee a kiss: now pray thee, love, stay.

Pet. Is not this well?—Come, my sweet Kate:
Better once than never, for never too late. [*Exeunt.*

[9] My cake is dough:] A proverbial expression, when any disappointment was sustained. Gremio has already used it in A. i. sc. 1 of this play, with an addition, "our cake's dough *on both sides*," more emphatically to indicate how completely expectation had failed. See p. 122.

SCENE II.

A Room in Lucentio's House.

A Banquet set out; Enter Baptista, Vincentio, Gremio, *the Pedant*, Lucentio, Bianca, Petruchio, Katharina, Hortensio, *and Widow.* Tranio, Biondello, Grumio, *and others, attending*[1].

Luc. At last, though long, our jarring notes agree:
And time it is, when raging war is done[2],
To smile at 'scapes and perils overblown.—
My fair Bianca, bid my father welcome,
While I with self-same kindness welcome thine.—
Brother Petruchio,—sister Katharina,—
And thou, Hortensio, with thy loving widow,
Feast with the best, and welcome to my house:
My banquet is to close our stomachs up,
After our great good cheer. Pray you, sit down;
For now we sit to chat, as well as eat.

[*They sit at table.*

Pet. Nothing but sit and sit, and eat and eat!

Bap. Padua affords this kindness, son Petruchio.

Pet. Padua affords nothing but what is kind.

Hor. For both our sakes I would that word were true.

Pet. Now, for my life, Hortensio fears his widow.

Wid. Then, never trust me, if I be afeard.

Pet. You are very sensible, and yet you miss my sense:

[1] Tranio, Biondello, Grumio, and others, attending.] According to the old stage-direction, "the serving-men with Tranio bring in a banquet." A banquet, as Steevens observes, properly meant what we now call *a dessert*, though often taken generally for a feast; and to this Lucentio refers when he says,

"My banquet is to close our stomachs up,
After our great good cheer."

[2] — when raging war is done,] Rowe's emendation. The old copies have, "when raging war is *come*." It is very possible that Shakespeare's word was *gone*, and that the old compositor substituted *come*, from the direct opposition of *gone* and *come*.

I mean, Hortensio is afeard of you.

Wid. He that is giddy thinks the world turns round.

Pet. Roundly replied.

Kath. Mistress, how mean you that?

Wid. Thus I conceive by him.

Pet. Conceives by me!—How likes Hortensio that?

Hor. My widow says, thus she conceives her tale.

Pet. Very well mended. Kiss him for that, good widow.

Kath. He that is giddy thinks the world turns round:—

I pray you, tell me what you meant by that.

Wid. Your husband, being troubled with a shrew,
Measures my husband's sorrow by his woe.
And now you know my meaning.

Kath. A very mean meaning.

Wid. Right, I mean you.

Kath. And I am mean, indeed, respecting you.

Pet. To her, Kate!

Hor. To her, widow!

Pet. A hundred marks, my Kate does put her down.

Hor. That's my office.

Pet. Spoke like an officer:—Ha' to thee, lad.

[*Drinks to* HORTENSIO.

Bap. How likes Gremio these quick-witted folks?

Gre. Believe me, sir, they butt together well.

Bian. Head and butt? an hasty-witted body
Would say, your head and butt were head and horn.

Vin. Ay, mistress bride, hath that awaken'd you?

Bian. Ay, but not frighted me; therefore, I'll sleep again.

Pet. Nay, that you shall not; since you have begun,
Have at you for a better jest or two[3].

Bian. Am I your bird? I mean to shift my bush,

[3] Have at you for a BETTER jest or two.] So the old copies; but Capell suggested "*bitter* jest or two," and he has been usually followed. Petruchio means "a better jest or two" than Bianca's last, about "head and horn."

And then pursue me as you draw your bow.—
You are welcome all.

[*Exeunt* BIANCA, KATHARINA, *and Widow.*

Pet. She hath prevented me.—Here, signior Tranio;
This bird you aim'd at, though you hit her not:
Therefore, a health to all that shot and miss'd.

Tra. O sir! Lucentio slipp'd me, like his greyhound,
Which runs himself, and catches for his master.

Pet. A good swift simile, but something currish.

Tra. 'Tis well, sir, that you hunted for yourself:
'Tis thought, your deer does hold you at a bay.

Bap. O ho, Petruchio! Tranio hits you now.

Luc. I thank thee for that gird, good Tranio.

Hor. Confess, confess, hath he not hit you here?

Pet. 'A has a little gall'd me, I confess;
And, as the jest did glance away from me,
'Tis ten to one it maim'd you two outright.

Bap. Now, in good sadness, son Petruchio,
I think thou hast the veriest shrew of all.

Pet. Well, I say no: and therefore, for assurance[4],
Let's each one send unto his wife,
And he, whose wife is most obedient
To come at first when he doth send for her,
Shall win the wager which we will propose.

Hor. Content. What is the wager?

Luc. Twenty crowns.

Pet. Twenty crowns!
I'll venture so much of my hawk, or hound[5],
But twenty times so much upon my wife.

Luc. A hundred then.

Hor. Content.

Pet. A match! 'tis done.

Hor. Who shall begin?

[4] — FOR assurance,] Instead of "for," the folio of 1623 has *sir*. Corrected by the editor of the folio of 1632.

[5] I'll venture so much OF my hawk, or hound,] So all the old copies. The modern editors, objecting to Shakespeare's phraseology, have uniformly represented him to have written "*on* my hawk, or hound." See p. 165, note 6.

Luc. That will I.
Go, Biondello, bid your mistress come to me.
Bion. I go. [*Exit.*
Bap. Son, I will be your half, Bianca comes.
Luc. I'll have no halves; I'll bear it all myself.

Re-enter BIONDELLO.

How now! what news?
Bion. Sir, my mistress sends you word,
That she is busy, and she cannot come.
Pet. How! she is busy, and she cannot come!
Is that an answer?
Gre. Ay, and a kind one too:
Pray God, sir, your wife send you not a worse.
Pet. I hope better.
Hor. Sirrah, Biondello, go, and entreat my wife
To come to me forthwith. [*Exit* BIONDELLO.
Pet. O ho! entreat her!
Nay, then she must needs come.
Hor. I am afraid, sir,
Do what you can, yours will not be entreated.

Re-enter BIONDELLO.

Now, where's my wife?
Bion. She says, you have some goodly jest in hand;
She will not come: she bids you come to her.
Pet. Worse and worse: she will not come? O vile!
Intolerable, not to be endur'd!
Sirrah, Grumio, go to your mistress; say,
I command her come to me. [*Exit* GRUMIO.
Hor. I know her answer.
Pet. What?
Hor. She will not.
Pet. The fouler fortune mine, and there an end.

Enter KATHARINA.

Bap. Now, by my holidame, here comes Katharina!

Kath. What is your will, sir, that you send for me?
Pet. Where is your sister, and Hortensio's wife?
Kath. They sit conferring by the parlour fire.
Pet. Go, fetch them hither: if they deny to come,
Swinge me them soundly forth unto their husbands.
Away, I say, and bring them hither straight.
[*Exit* KATHARINA.
Luc. Here is a wonder, if you talk of a wonder.
Hor. And so it is. I wonder what it bodes.
Pet. Marry, peace it bodes, and love, and quiet life,
An awful rule, and right supremacy;
And, to be short, what not that's sweet and happy.
Bap. Now fair befal thee, good Petruchio!
The wager thou hast won; and I will add
Unto their losses twenty thousand crowns;
Another dowry to another daughter,
For she is chang'd, as she had never been.
Pet. Nay, I will win my wager better yet,
And show more sign of her obedience,
Her new-built virtue and obedience.

Re-enter KATHARINA, *with* BIANCA *and Widow.*

See, where she comes, and brings your froward wives
As prisoners to her womanly persuasion.—
Katharine, that cap of yours becomes you not;
Off with that bauble, throw it under foot.
[KATHARINA *pulls off her cap, and throws it down.*
Wid. Lord! let me never have a cause to sigh,
Till I be brought to such a silly pass!
Bian. Fie! what a foolish duty call you this?
Luc. I would, your duty were as foolish too:
The wisdom of your duty, fair Bianca,
Hath cost me an hundred crowns[6] since supper-time.
Bian. The more fool you for laying on my duty.

[6] — AN hundred crowns—] Old copies, "*five* hundred." Corrected by Pope.

Pet. Katharine, I charge thee, tell these headstrong women
What duty they do owe their lords and husbands.
Wid. Come, come, you're mocking: we will have no telling.
Pet. Come on, I say; and first begin with her.
Wid. She shall not.
Pet. I say, she shall:—and first begin with her.
Kath. Fie, fie! unknit that threatening unkind brow,
And dart not scornful glances from those eyes,
To wound thy lord, thy king, thy governor:
It blots thy beauty, as frosts do bite the meads,
Confounds thy fame, as whirlwinds shake fair buds,
And in no sense is meet, or amiable.
A woman mov'd is like a fountain troubled,
Muddy, ill-seeming, thick, bereft of beauty;
And, while it is so, none so dry or thirsty
Will deign to sip, or touch one drop of it.
Thy husband is thy lord, thy life, thy keeper,
Thy head, thy sovereign; one that cares for thee,
And for thy maintenance; commits his body
To painful labour, both by sea and land,
To watch the night in storms, the day in cold,
Whilst thou liest warm at home, secure and safe;
And craves no other tribute at thy hands,
But love, fair looks, and true obedience,
Too little payment for so great a debt.
Such duty as the subject owes the prince,
Even such a woman oweth to her husband;
And when she's froward, peevish, sullen, sour,
And not obedient to his honest will,
What is she but a foul contending rebel,
And graceless traitor to her loving lord?—
I am asham'd, that women are so simple
To offer war where they should kneel for peace,
Or seek for rule, supremacy, and sway,
When they are bound to serve, love, and obey.

Why are our bodies soft, and weak, and smooth,
Unapt to toil and trouble in the world,
But that our soft conditions, and our hearts,
Should well agree with our external parts?
Come, come, you froward and unable worms,
My mind hath been as big as one of yours,
My heart as great, my reason, haply, more
To bandy word for word, and frown for frown;
But now I see our lances are but straws,
Our strength as weak, our weakness past compare,
That seeming to be most, which we indeed least are.
Then vail your stomachs[7], for it is no boot,
And place your hands below your husband's foot:
In token of which duty, if he please,
My hand is ready, may it do him ease.

Pet. Why, there's a wench!—Come on, and kiss me, Kate.

Luc. Well, go thy ways, old lad, for thou shalt ha't.

Vin. 'Tis a good hearing, when children are toward.

Luc. But a harsh hearing, when women are froward.

Pet. Come, Kate, we'll to bed.—
We three are married, but you two are sped.
'Twas I won the wager, though you hit the white[8];
[*To* LUCENTIO.
And, being a winner, God give you good night.
[*Exeunt* PETRUCHIO *and* KATH.

Hor. Now go thy ways, thou hast tam'd a curst shrew.

Luc. 'Tis a wonder, by your leave, she will be tam'd so. [*Exeunt.*

[7] Then VAIL your stomachs,] *i. e.* lower or abate your pride.

[8] — though you hit the WHITE;] To "hit the *white*" is a phrase borrowed from archery; the *white* being the centre of the target.

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

"All's Well that Ends Well" was first printed in the folio of 1623, and occupies twenty-five pages, viz. from p. 230 to p. 254 inclusive, in the division of "Comedies." It fills the same space and place in the three later folios.

INTRODUCTION.

The most interesting question in connexion with "All's Well that Ends Well" is, whether it was originally called "Love's Labour's Won?" If it were, we may be sure that it was written before 1598; because in that year, and under the title of "Love Labours Wonne," it is included by Francis Meres in the list of Shakespeare's plays introduced into his *Palladis Tamia*.

It was the opinion of Coleridge, an opinion which he first delivered in 1813, and again in 1818, though it is not found in his "Literary Remains," that "All's Well that Ends Well," as it has come down to us, was written at two different, and rather distant periods of the poet's life. He pointed out very clearly two distinct styles, not only of thought, but of expression; and Professor Tieck, at a later date, adopted and enforced the same belief. So far we are disposed to agree with Tieck; but when he adds, that some passages in "All's Well that Ends Well," which it is difficult to understand and explain, are relics of the first draught of the play, we do not concur, because they are chiefly to be discovered in that portion of the drama which affords evidence of riper thought, and of a more involved and constrained mode of writing. Surely those parts which reminded Tieck, as he states, of "Venus and Adonis," are to be placed among the earlier efforts of Shakespeare. There can be little doubt, however, that Coleridge and Tieck are right in their conclusion, that "All's Well that Ends Well," which was printed for the first time in the folio of 1623, contains indications of the workings of Shakespeare's mind, and specimens of his composition at two separate dates of his career.

It has been a point recently controverted, whether the "Love Labours Won" of Meres were the same piece as "All's Well that Ends Well." The supposition that they were identical was first promulgated by Dr. Farmer, in 1767, in his "Essay on the Learning of Shakespeare." On the other hand, the Rev. Joseph Hunter, in his "Disquisition on the Tempest," 8vo. 1839, has contended that by "Love Labours Won" Meres meant "The Tempest," and that it originally bore "Love Labours Won" as its second title. I do not think that Mr. Hunter, with all his acuteness and learning, has made out his case satisfactorily; and in our Introduction to "The

Tempest," some reasons will be found for assigning that play to the year 1610, or 1611. Mr. Hunter argues that "The Tempest," even more than "All's Well that Ends Well," deserves the significant name of "Love Labours Won;" and he certainly is successful in showing, that "All's Well that Ends Well" bespoke its own title in two separate quotations[1]. They are from towards the close of the play; and here, perhaps, we meet with the strongest evidences that this portion was one of its author's later efforts.

My notion is (and the speculation deserves no stronger term) that "All's Well that Ends Well" was in the first instance, and prior to 1598, called "Love's Labour's Won," and that it had a clear reference to "Love's Labour's Lost," of which it might be considered the counterpart. It was then, perhaps, laid by for some years, and revived by its author, with alterations and additions, about 1605 or 1606, when the new title of "All's Well that Ends Well" was given to it. At this date, however, "Love's Labour's Lost" probably continued to be represented; and we learn from the Revels' Accounts that it was chosen for performance at court between Jan. 1 and Jan. 6, 1604-5. The entry runs in these terms:—

> "Betwin Newers Day and Twelfe Day, a play of Loves Labours Lost."

The name of the author, and of the company by whom the piece was acted, are not in this instance given. We have no information that "All's Well that Ends Well" met with the same distinction; and possibly Shakespeare altered its name, in order to give an appearance of greater novelty to the representation on its revival. This surmise, if well founded, would account for the difference in the titles, as we find them in Meres and in the folio of 1623.

Without here entering into the question, whether Shakespeare understood Italian, of which, we think, little doubt can be entertained, we need not suppose that he went to Boccaccio's *Decameron* for the story of "All's Well that Ends Well," because he found it

[1] The two passages run as follows:—

> ——— "We must away;
> Our waggon is prepar'd, and time revives us:
> All's well that ends well; still the fine's the crown."
> A. iv. sc. 4.
>
> ——— "All's well that ends well yet,
> Though time seem so adverse, and means unfit."

Mr. Hunter prints "All's well that ends well" in Italic, and with capitals, in both instances, as if it were a title; but in the original edition the words appear only in the ordinary type and in the usual way. According to my supposition, these passages, as well as another in the Epilogue, "All is well ended, if this suit is won," were added when the comedy was revived in 1605 or 1606, and when a new name was given to it. "All's well that ends well" is merely a proverbial phrase, which was in use in our language long before Shakespeare wrote. See note 10 to "The Comedy of Errors," vol. ii. p. 159.

already translated to his hands, in "The Palace of Pleasure," by William Painter, of which the first volume was published in 1566, and the second in 1567[2]. It is the 9th novel of the third day of Boccaccio, and the 28th novel of the first volume of "The Palace of Pleasure." In the *Decameron* it bears the following title, which is very literally translated by Painter :—"Giglietta di Nerbona guarisce il Re di Francia d'una fistola: domanda per marito Beltramo di Rossiglione; il quale contra sua voglia sposatala, a Firenze se ne va per isdegno; dove vagheggiando una giovane, in persona di lei Giglietta giacque con lui, e hebbene due figliuoli; perchè egli poi havutala cara per moglie la tiene." The English version by Painter may be read in "Shakespeare's Library;" and hence it will appear, that the poet was only indebted to Boccaccio for the mere outline of his plot, as regards Helena, Bertram, the Widow, and Diana. All that belongs to the characters of the Countess, the Clown, and Parolles, and the comic business in which the last is engaged, were, as far as we now know, the invention of Shakespeare. The only names Boccaccio (and after him Painter) gives are Giglietta and Beltramo: the latter Shakespeare anglicised to Bertram, and he changed Giglietta to Helena, probably because he had already made Juliet the name of one of his heroines. Shakespeare much degrades the character of Bertram, towards the end of the drama, by the duplicity, and even falsehood, he makes him display: Coleridge (Lit. Rem. ii. 121) was offended by the fact, that in A. iii. sc. 5, Helena, "Shakespeare's loveliest character," speaks that which is untrue under the appearance of necessity; but Bertram is convicted by the King of telling a deliberate untruth, and of persisting in it, in the face of the whole court of France. In Boccaccio the winding up of the story occurs at Rousillon, as in Shakespeare, but the King is no party to the scene.

The substitution of Helena for Diana (as in "Measure for Measure" we had that of Mariana for Isabella) was a common incident in Italian novels. One of these was inserted in "Narbonus: the Laberynth of Libertie," by Austin Saker, 4to, 1580; a romance in which the scene is laid in Vienna, but the manners are those of London: there the object was to impose a wife upon her reluctant husband; but the resemblance to the same incident in "All's Well that Ends Well" is only general.

[2] They were published together in 1575, and hence has arisen the error into which some modern editors have fallen, when they suppose that "The Palace of Pleasure" was first printed in that year. Painter dates the dedication of his "second tome" "From my pore house, besides the Towre of London, the iiij. of November, 1567."

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ[1].

King of France.
Duke of Florence.
BERTRAM, Count of Rousillon.
LAFEU, an old Lord.
PAROLLES, a Follower of Bertram.
French Envoy, serving with Bertram.
French Gentleman, also serving with Bertram.
RINALDO, Steward to the Countess of Rousillon.
Clown, in her household.
A Page.

Countess of Rousillon, Mother to Bertram.
HELENA, a Gentlewoman protected by the Countess.
A Widow of Florence.
DIANA, Daughter to the Widow.
VIOLENTA, } Neighbours and Friends to the Widow.
MARIANA, }

Lords, attending on the King; Officers, Soldiers, &c. French and Florentine.

SCENE, partly in France, and partly in Tuscany.

[1] First enumerated by Rowe.

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Rousillon. A Room in the COUNTESS's Palace.

Enter BERTRAM, *the* COUNTESS *of Rousillon*, HELENA, *and* LAFEU, *all in black*[1].

Count. In delivering my son from me, I bury a second husband.

Ber. And I, in going, madam, weep o'er my father's death anew; but I must attend his majesty's command, to whom I am now in ward[2], evermore in subjection.

Laf. You shall find of the king a husband, madam; —you, sir, a father. He that so generally is at all times good, must of necessity hold his virtue to you, whose worthiness would stir it up where it wanted, rather than lack it where there is such abundance.

Count. What hope is there of his majesty's amendment?

Laf. He hath abandoned his physicians, madam; under whose practices he hath persecuted time with hope, and finds no other advantage in the process but only the losing of hope by time.

[1] — all in black.] We have thought nothing lost by preserving the simplicity of the old stage-direction, instead of its modernization "in mourning."

[2] — to whom I am now in WARD,] It seems from Howell's fifteenth letter, as quoted by Tollet, that only the province of Normandy was subject to the law of wardships, prevailing generally in this country: by it the infant heirs of large estates were the king's wards. Shakespeare has extended the custom to a part of France where, it seems, it did not exist.

Count. This young gentlewoman had a father,—O, that had! how sad a passage 'tis!—whose skill was almost as great as his honesty; had it stretched so far, would have made nature immortal[3], and death should have play for lack of work. Would, for the king's sake, he were living! I think it would be the death of the king's disease.

Laf. How called you the man you speak of, madam?

Count. He was famous, sir, in his profession, and it was his great right to be so—Gerard de Narbon.

Laf. He was excellent, indeed, madam: the king very lately spoke of him, admiringly and mourningly. He was skilful enough to have lived still, if knowledge could be set up against mortality.

Ber. What is it, my good lord, the king languishes of?

Laf. A fistula, my lord[4].

Ber. I heard not of it before.

Laf. I would it were not notorious.—Was this gentlewoman the daughter of Gerard de Narbon?

Count. His sole child, my lord; and bequeathed to my overlooking. I have those hopes of her good that her education promises: her dispositions she inherits, which make fair gifts fairer; for where an unclean mind carries virtuous qualities, there commendations go with pity; they are virtues and traitors too: in her they are the better for their simpleness; she derives her honesty, and achieves her goodness.

Laf. Your commendations, madam, get from her tears.

Count. 'Tis the best brine a maiden can season her praise in. The remembrance of her father never

[3] — would have made nature immortal,] Another instance of the manner in which Shakespeare sometimes left the nominative case of the verb to be understood. See vol. ii. p. 478, note 7.

[4] In Painter's novel the passage relating to the disorder of the King of France runs thus:—"She heard by report that the French king had a swelling upon his breast, which by reason of ill cure, was growen to be a fistula, which did put him to marveilous paine and griefe; and that there was no Phisician to be found (although many were proved) that could heale it." Vol. i. fo. 88.

approaches her heart, but the tyranny of her sorrows takes all livelihood from her cheek.—No more of this, Helena: go to, no more; lest it be rather thought you affect a sorrow, than to have.

Hel. I do affect a sorrow, indeed; but I have it too.

Laf. Moderate lamentation is the right of the dead, excessive grief the enemy to the living.

Count. If the living be enemy to the grief, the excess makes it soon mortal.

Ber. Madam, I desire your holy wishes.

Laf. How understand we that?

Count. Be thou blest, Bertram; and succeed thy father
In manners, as in shape! thy blood, and virtue,
Contend for empire in thee; and thy goodness
Share with thy birth-right! Love all, trust a few,
Do wrong to none: be able for thine enemy
Rather in power than use; and keep thy friend
Under thy own life's key: be check'd for silence,
But never tax'd for speech. What heaven more will,
That thee may furnish, and my prayers pluck down,
Fall on thy head!—Farewell, my lord:
'Tis an unseason'd courtier: good my lord,
Advise him.

Laf. He cannot want the best
That shall attend his love.

Count. Heaven bless him!—
Farewell, Bertram. [*Exit* COUNTESS.

Ber. [*To* HELENA.] The best wishes that can be forged in your thoughts be servants to you! Be comfortable to my mother, your mistress, and make much of her.

Laf. Farewell, pretty lady: you must hold the credit of your father.

[*Exeunt* BERTRAM *and* LAFEU.

Hel. O, were that all!—I think not on my father;
And these great tears grace his remembrance more

Than those I shed for him[5]. What was he like?
I have forgot him: my imagination
Carries no favour in't but Bertram's.
I am undone: there is no living, none,
If Bertram be away. It were all one,
That I should love a bright particular star,
And think to wed it, he is so above me:
In his bright radiance and collateral light
Must I be comforted, not in his sphere.
Th' ambition in my love thus plagues itself:
The hind that would be mated by the lion
Must die for love. 'Twas pretty, though a plague,
To see him every hour; to sit and draw
His arched brows, his hawking eye, his curls,
In our heart's table[6]; heart, too capable
Of every line and trick of his sweet favour:
But now he's gone, and my idolatrous fancy
Must sanctify his relics. Who comes here?

Enter PAROLLES.

One that goes with him: I love him for his sake,
And yet I know him a notorious liar,
Think him a great way fool, solely a coward;
Yet these fix'd evils sit so fit in him,
That they take place, when virtue's steely bones
Look bleak in the cold wind: withal, full oft we see

[5] And these great tears grace his remembrance more
Than those I shed for him.] Her meaning seems to be, that the great tears she lets fall grace the remembrance of Bertram more than those she sheds for her father, her grief being for the departure of the former.

[6] In our heart's TABLE ;] A "table" was the old word for a *picture:* here it is used for the canvass on which a picture was to be painted. As Malone has observed, Shakespeare uses the expression "table of my heart" in his 24th Sonnet. The word "trick," in the next line, was technical with reference to painting; and it here means *tracing*, rather than peculiarity. Compare "King John," A. i. sc. 1, "He hath a *trick* of Cœur-de-lion's face." Ben Jonson, in his "Every Man out of his Humour," A. iii. sc. 1, uses *tricking* as an heraldic term, in reference to the tracing of coats of arms. In his "Poetaster," A. i. sc. 1, speaking of actors, he says, "they are blazoned there: there they are *tricked*."

Cold wisdom waiting on superfluous folly.

Par. Save you, fair queen.

Hel. And you, monarch[7].

Par. No.

Hel. And no.

Par. Are you meditating on virginity?

Hel. Ay. You have some stain of soldier[8] in you, let me ask you a question: man is enemy to virginity; how may we barricado it against him?

Par. Keep him out.

Hel. But he assails; and our virginity, though valiant in the defence, yet is weak. Unfold to us some warlike resistance.

Par. There is none: man, sitting down before you, will undermine you, and blow you up.

Hel. Bless our poor virginity from underminers, and blowers up!—Is there no military policy, how virgins might blow up men?

Par. Virginity being blown down, man will quicklier be blown up: marry, in blowing him down again, with the breach yourselves made you lose your city. It is not politic in the commonwealth of nature to preserve virginity. Loss of virginity is rational increase; and there was never virgin got, till virginity was first lost. That you were made of is metal to make virgins. Virginity, by being once lost, may be ten times found: by being ever kept, it is ever lost. 'Tis too cold a companion: away with't.

Hel. I will stand for't a little, though therefore I die a virgin.

Par. There's little can be said in't: 'tis against the rule of nature. To speak on the part of virginity is to

[7] And you, MONARCH.] The word "queen" had a double application, perhaps not in the mind of Parolles: when Helena says, "And you, monarch," she may have intended a reference to a character called "a Monarcho" in the time of Shakespeare. See note to "Love's Labour's Lost," A. iv. sc. 1. A "Monarcho" seems to have been a blustering braggart, not unlike Parolles.

[8] — some STAIN of soldier—] *i. e.* Some tincture or colour of a soldier.

accuse your mothers, which is most infallible disobedience. He that hangs himself is a virgin: virginity murders itself, and should be buried in highways, out of all sanctified limit, as a desperate offendress against nature. Virginity breeds mites, much like a cheese; consumes itself to the very paring, and so dies with feeding his own stomach. Besides, virginity is peevish, proud, idle, made of self-love, which is the most inhibited sin[9] in the canon. Keep it not: you cannot choose but lose by't. Out with't: within ten years it will make itself ten[10], which is a goodly increase, and the principal itself not much the worse. Away with't.

Hel. How might one do, sir, to lose it to her own liking?

Par. Let me see: marry, ill; to like him that ne'er it likes[1]. 'Tis a commodity will lose the gloss with lying; the longer kept, the less worth: off with't, while 'tis vendible: answer the time of request. Virginity, like an old courtier, wears her cap out of fashion; richly suited, but unsuitable: just like the brooch and the tooth-pick, which wear not now. Your date is better in your pie and your porridge, than in your cheek: and your virginity, your old virginity, is like one of our French withered pears: it looks ill, it eats dryly; marry, 'tis a withered pear; it was formerly better; marry, yet, 'tis a withered pear. Will you any thing with it?

Hel. Not my virginity yet[2].

[9] — the most INHIBITED sin—] *i. e. prohibited:* "inhibit" and "inhibited" are elsewhere employed by Shakespeare in the same sense.

[10] — within ten years it will make itself TEN,] The old copy reads, "within ten years it will make itself *two*." The emendation was made by Sir T. Hanmer; and it is supported by what Parolles previously says, "Virginity, by being once lost, may be *ten* times found." Two children in ten years would hardly be a "goodly increase." This reading is confirmed by a MS. note in Lord Francis Egerton's first folio, where "10" is written in the margin.

[1] — marry, ill; to like him that ne'er it likes.] Meaning, that Helena must do ill, by liking a man who does not like virginity.

[2] Not my virginity yet.] We do not see the difficulty of this passage, on which, and on the question of Parolles, "Will you any thing with it?" various

There shall your master have a thousand loves[3],
A mother, and a mistress, and a friend,
A phœnix, captain, and an enemy,
A guide, a goddess, and a sovereign,
A counsellor, a traitress, and a dear;
His humble ambition, proud humility,
His jarring concord, and his discord dulcet,
His faith, his sweet disaster; with a world
Of pretty, fond, adoptious christendoms,
That blinking Cupid gossips. Now shall he—
I know not what he shall:—God send him well!—
The court's a learning-place;—and he is one—

Par. What one, i'faith?

Hel. That I wish well.—'Tis pity—

Par. What's pity?

Hel. That wishing well had not a body in't,
Which might be felt; that we, the poorer born,
Whose baser stars do shut us up in wishes,
Might with effects of them follow our friends,
And show what we alone must think; which never
Returns us thanks.

Enter a Page.

Page. Monsieur Parolles, my lord calls for you.

[*Exit Page.*

Par. Little Helen, farewell: if I can remember thee, I will think of thee at court.

Hel. Monsieur Parolles, you were born under a charitable star.

Par. Under Mars, I.

notes have been written. Parolles has been describing an "old virginity," and has called it "a withered pear;" on which Helena observes, "Not my virginity yet;" *i. e.* my virginity is not a withered pear yet.

[3] There shall your master have a thousand loves,] It is not easy to decide to what the adverb "there" applies: whether to Helena's virginity, as Steevens conjectured, or to the French court, whither Bertram had gone. The last seems the more probable; but the whole speech is abrupt and obscure, and possibly, as Sir Thomas Hanmer contended, something has been lost, such as the words, "You're for the court," which would have rendered it more intelligible. Warburton thought that great part of the speech was "the nonsense of some foolish conceited player." There is no pretence for this notion.

Hel. I especially think, under Mars.

Par. Why under Mars?

Hel. The wars have so kept you under, that you must needs be born under Mars.

Par. When he was predominant.

Hel. When he was retrograde, I think, rather.

Par. Why think you so?

Hel. You go so much backward, when you fight.

Par. That's for advantage.

Hel. So is running away, when fear proposes the safety: but the composition that your valour and fear makes in you is a virtue of a good wing, and I like the wear well.

Par. I am so full of businesses, I cannot answer thee acutely. I will return perfect courtier; in the which my instruction shall serve to naturalize thee, so thou wilt be capable of a courtier's counsel, and understand what advice shall thrust upon thee; else thou diest in thine unthankfulness, and thine ignorance makes thee away: farewell. When thou hast leisure, say thy prayers; when thou hast none, remember thy friends. Get thee a good husband, and use him as he uses thee: so farewell. [*Exit.*

Hel. Our remedies oft in ourselves do lie,
Which we ascribe to heaven: the fated sky
Gives us free scope; only, doth backward pull
Our slow designs, when we ourselves are dull.
What power is it which mounts my love so high;
That makes me see, and cannot feed mine eye?
The mightiest space in fortune nature brings
To join like likes, and kiss like native things.
Impossible be strange attempts to those
That weigh their pains in sense; and do suppose,
What hath been cannot be. Who ever strove
To show her merit, that did miss her love?
The king's disease—my project may deceive me.
But my intents are fix'd, and will not leave me. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

Paris. A Room in the KING'S Palace.

Flourish of cornets. Enter the KING *of France, with letters; Lords and others attending.*

King. The Florentines and Senoys[4] are by th' ears;
Have fought with equal fortune, and continue
A braving war.

1 *Lord*[5]. So 'tis reported, sir.

King. Nay, 'tis most credible: we here receive it
A certainty, vouch'd from our cousin Austria,
With caution, that the Florentine will move us
For speedy aid; wherein our dearest friend
Prejudicates the business, and would seem
To have us make denial.

1 *Lord.* His love and wisdom,
Approv'd so to your majesty, may plead
For amplest credence.

King. He hath arm'd our answer,
And Florence is denied before he comes:
Yet, for our gentlemen, that mean to see
The Tuscan service, freely have they leave
To stand on either part.

2 *Lord.* It may well serve
A nursery to our gentry, who are sick
For breathing and exploit.

King. What's he comes here?

Enter BERTRAM, LAFEU, *and* PAROLLES.

1 *Lord.* It is the count Rousillon, my good lord,
Young Bertram.

[4] The Florentines and SENOYS—] The *Senoys* are the inhabitants of the Republic of Sienna, so called by Painter in his novel.

[5] 1 Lord.] In the old copies, the lords are distinguished as "1 Lord G," and "2 Lord E," being perhaps the initials of the players who filled these small parts.

King. Youth, thou bear'st thy father's face;
Frank nature, rather curious than in haste,
Hath well compos'd thee. Thy father's moral parts
May'st thou inherit too! Welcome to Paris.

Ber. My thanks and duty are your majesty's.

King. I would I had that corporal soundness now,
As when thy father, and myself, in friendship
First tried our soldiership. He did look far
Into the service of the time, and was
Discipled of the bravest: he lasted long;
But on us both did haggish age steal on,
And wore us out of act. It much repairs me
To talk of your good father. In his youth
He had the wit, which I can well observe
To-day in our young lords; but they may jest,
Till their own scorn return to them unnoted,
Ere they can hide their levity in honour:
So like a courtier, contempt nor bitterness
Were in his pride, or sharpness; if they were,
His equal had awak'd them; and his honour,
Clock to itself, knew the true minute when
Exception bid him speak, and at this time
His tongue obey'd his hand: who were below him
He us'd as creatures of another place,
And bow'd his eminent top to their low ranks,
Making them proud of his humility,
In their poor praise he humbled. Such a man
Might be a copy to these younger times,
Which, follow'd well, would demonstrate them now
But goers backward.

Ber. His good remembrance, sir,
Lies richer in your thoughts, than on his tomb:
So in approof lives not his epitaph[6],
As in your royal speech.

[6] So in approof lives not his epitaph,] "Approof" is *approbation;* (see p. 177;) and the meaning seems to be, that the approbation of Bertram's father is not recorded in his epitaph with so much effect as in the King's speech. On p. 251 "approof" seems used for *proof.*

King. 'Would I were with him! He would always say,
(Methinks, I hear him now; his plausive words
He scatter'd not in ears, but grafted them,
To grow there, and to bear,)—"Let me not live,"—
This his good melancholy oft began,
On the catastrophe and heel of pastime,
When it was out, "let me not live," quoth he,
"After my flame lacks oil, to be the snuff
Of younger spirits, whose apprehensive senses
All but new things disdain; whose judgments are
Mere fathers of their garments[7]; whose constancies
Expire before their fashions."—This he wish'd:
I, after him, do after him wish too,
Since I nor wax, nor honey, can bring home,
I quickly were dissolved from my hive,
To give some labourers room.

2 Lord. You are lov'd, sir;
They, that least lend it you, shall lack you first.

King. I fill a place, I know't.—How long is't, count,
Since the physician at your father's died?
He was much fam'd.

Ber. Some six months since, my lord.

King. If he were living, I would try him yet:—
Lend me an arm:—the rest have worn me out
With several applications: nature and sickness
Debate it at their leisure. Welcome, count;
My son's no dearer.

Ber. Thank your majesty. [*Exeunt.*

[7] Mere FATHERS of their garments;] Tyrwhitt would read *feathers* for "fathers;" but the sense of the old reading is very obvious: the judgments of such persons are only employed in begetting new modes of dressing their persons.

SCENE III.

Rousillon. A Room in the COUNTESS's Palace.

Enter COUNTESS, *Steward, and Clown.*

Count. I will now hear: what say you of this gentlewoman?

Stew. Madam, the care I have had to even your content, I wish might be found in the calendar of my past endeavours; for then we wound our modesty, and make foul the clearness of our deservings, when of ourselves we publish them.

Count. What does this knave here? Get you gone, sirrah: the complaints I have heard of you, I do not all believe: 'tis my slowness, that I do not; for I know you lack not folly to commit them, and have ability enough to make such knaveries yours[8].

Clo. 'Tis not unknown to you, madam, I am a poor fellow.

Count. Well, sir.

Clo. No, madam; 'tis not so well, that I am poor, though many of the rich are damned. But, if I may have your ladyship's good-will to go to the world[9], Isbel, the woman, and I will do as we may[10].

Count. Wilt thou needs be a beggar?

Clo. I do beg your good-will in this case.

Count. In what case?

Clo. In Isbel's case, and mine own. Service is no

[8] — ability enough to make such knaveries yours.] The meaning of the whole sentence appears to be, "It is my slowness that makes me not believe all I hear against you; for you are foolish enough to commit such knaveries, and do not want ability for the purpose."

[9] — to go to the world,] This phrase signifies *to be married:* thus, in "As You Like It," Audrey says, "— it is no dishonest desire, to desire to be *a woman of the world.*" See p. 90, note 5: also Vol. ii. p. 210, note 6.

[10] — and *I* will do as we may.] This is the text according to the second folio: in the first the letter *w* is found, as if *we* ought to have been the word printed, but *I* suits the grammar and the sense better.

heritage; and, I think, I shall never have the blessing of God, till I have issue of my body, for they say, bairns are blessings.

Count. Tell me thy reason why thou wilt marry.

Clo. My poor body, madam, requires it: I am driven on by the flesh, and he must needs go, that the devil drives.

Count. Is this all your worship's reason?

Clo. Faith, madam, I have other holy reasons, such as they are.

Count. May the world know them?

Clo. I have been, madam, a wicked creature, as you and all flesh and blood are; and, indeed, I do marry that I may repent.

Count. Thy marriage, sooner than thy wickedness.

Clo. I am out o' friends, madam; and I hope to have friends for my wife's sake.

Count. Such friends are thine enemies, knave.

Clo. You are shallow, madam; e'en great friends[1]; for the knaves come to do that for me, which I am a-weary of. He, that ears my land, spares my team, and gives me leave to inn the crop: if I be his cuckold, he's my drudge. He that comforts my wife is the cherisher of my flesh and blood; he that cherishes my flesh and blood loves my flesh and blood; he that loves my flesh and blood is my friend: *ergo* he that kisses my wife is my friend. If men could be contented to be what they are, there were no fear in marriage; for young Charbon the puritan, and old Poysam the papist, howsome'er their hearts are severed[2] in religion, their heads are both one; they may joll horns together, like any deer i' the herd.

[1] — E'EN great friends;] The old copy reads, "*in* great friends;" a mistake for *e'en*, which has before been frequently made.

[2] — HOWSOME'ER their hearts are severed—] The modern editions invariably read *howsoe'er*, and the ancient copies, *howsomere* or *howsome'er*, which most likely was meant for a vulgarism on the part of the clown. If there be any personal allusion in the names of Charbon and Poysam, it has not been discovered.

Count. Wilt thou ever be a foul-mouthed and calumnious knave?

Clo. A prophet I, madam; and I speak the truth the next way[3]:

For I the ballad will repeat,
Which men full true shall find;
Your marriage comes by destiny,
Your cuckoo sings by kind.

Count. Get you gone, sir: I'll talk with you more anon.

Stew. May it please you, madam, that he bid Helen come to you: of her I am to speak.

Count. Sirrah, tell my gentlewoman, I would speak with her; Helen I mean.

Clo. *Was this fair face the cause, quoth she,*
Why the Grecians sacked Troy?
Fond done, done fond[4],
Was this king Priam's joy?
With that she sighed as she stood[5]
With that she sighed as she stood,
And gave this sentence then;
Among nine bad if one be good,
Among nine bad if one be good,
There's yet one good in ten.

Count. What! one good in ten? you corrupt the song, sirrah.

[3] — and I speak the truth the NEXT way:] *i. e.* the *nearest* or *most direct* way.

[4] FOND done, done fond,] *i. e. Foolishly* done. This line of the old ballad here quoted is evidently incomplete; and Warburton proposed to finish the line with the words, "for Paris, he," on the plausible ground that Paris, and not Helen, was Priam's joy. The fragment has application only to the name of Helen, and not to anything said by the countess.

[5] With that she sighed as she stood,] At the end of this line, *bis* is inserted in the old copies, showing that these words were to be sung twice. The first fragment quoted by the clown is printed in prose, and the last partly in prose and partly in verse, so as to make a strange jumble of the clown's quotation.

Clo. One good woman in ten, madam, which is a purifying o' the song. Would God would serve the world so all the year! we'd find no fault with the tythe-woman, if I were the parson. One in ten, quoth a'! an we might have a good woman born but ere every blazing star[6], or at an earthquake, 'twould mend the lottery well: a man may draw his heart out, ere he pluck one.

Count. You'll be gone, sir knave, and do as I command you?

Clo. That man should be at woman's command, and yet no hurt done!—Though honesty be no puritan, yet it will do no hurt; it will wear the surplice of humility over the black gown of a big heart[7].—I am going, forsooth: the business is for Helen to come hither.

[*Exit.*

Count. Well, now.

Stew. I know, madam, you love your gentlewoman entirely.

Count. Faith, I do: her father bequeathed her to me; and she herself, without other advantage, may lawfully make title to as much love as she finds: there is more owing her than is paid, and more shall be paid her than she'll demand.

Stew. Madam, I was very late more near her than, I think, she wished me: alone she was, and did communicate to herself, her own words to her own ears; she thought, I dare vow for her, they touched not any

[6] — but ERE every blazing star,] Steevens left out *ere*, (printed *ore* in the old copies,) not being able to make anything of it; and Malone suggested that it was put for *or*, *i. e. before*: the fact seems to be, that *o* was merely substituted for *e*, by an error of the press: "*ere* every blazing star" is prior to the appearance of every blazing star. It is surprising that "ere," which occurs again just below, did not explain the mystery to Malone.

[7] — it will wear the surplice of humility over the black gown of a big heart.] The meaning seems to be, that honesty will do no harm, though it be no puritan, and that it will conform so far as to wear the surplice of humility over the black gown of a big heart. The Puritans objected to the use of the surplice; but some conformed so far as to wear it, perhaps, over the black gown in which they usually preached. Such is Johnson's inference from this passage.

stranger sense. Her matter was, she loved your son: fortune, she said, was no goddess, that had put such difference betwixt their two estates; love, no god, that would not extend his might, only where qualities were level; Diana, no queen of virgins[8], that would suffer her poor knight to be surprised, without rescue, in the first assault, or ransom afterward. This she delivered in the most bitter touch of sorrow, that e'er I heard virgin exclaim in; which I held my duty speedily to acquaint you withal, sithence[9] in the loss that may happen it concerns you something to know it.

Count. You have discharged this honestly: keep it to yourself. Many likelihoods informed me of this before, which hung so tottering in the balance, that I could neither believe, nor misdoubt. Pray you, leave me: stall this in your bosom, and I thank you for your honest care. I will speak with you farther anon.

[*Exit Steward.*

Enter HELENA.

Count. Even so it was with me, when I was young:
If ever we are nature's, these are ours; this thorn
Doth to our rose of youth rightly belong;
Our blood to us, this to our blood is born:
It is the show and seal of nature's truth,
Where love's strong passion is impress'd in youth:
By our remembrances of days foregone,
Such were our faults; or then we thought them none.
Her eye is sick on't: I observe her now.

Hel. What is your pleasure, madam?

Count. You know, Helen,
I am a mother to you.

Hel. Mine honourable mistress.

[8] — DIANA, NO queen of virgins,] Theobald supplied the words "Diana, no," which are omitted in the old copies: he also added "to be" in the next line, and those words seem equally necessary.

[9] — sithence,] The old and unabridged form of *since*.

Count. Nay, a mother.
Why not a mother? When I said, a mother,
Methought you saw a serpent: what's in mother,
That you start at it? I say, I am your mother,
And put you in the catalogue of those
That were enwombed mine. 'Tis often seen,
Adoption strives with nature; and choice breeds
A native slip to us from foreign seeds:
You ne'er oppress'd me with a mother's groan,
Yet I express to you a mother's care.—
God's mercy, maiden! does it curd thy blood,
To say, I am thy mother? What's the matter,
That this distemper'd messenger of wet,
The many-colour'd Iris, rounds thine eye?——
Why, that you are my daughter[1]?
Hel. That I am not.
Count. I say, I am your mother.
Hel. Pardon, madam;
The count Rousillon cannot be my brother:
I am from humble, he from honour'd name;
No note upon my parents, his all noble:
My master, my dear lord he is; and I
His servant live, and will his vassal die.
He must not be my brother.
Count. Nor I your mother?
Hel. You are my mother, madam: would you were
(So that my lord, your son, were not my brother)
Indeed, my mother!—or were you both our mothers,
I care no more for, than I do for heaven,
So I were not his sister. Can't no other,
But, I your daughter, he must be my brother[2]?

[1] Why, that you are my daughter?] In the old copies, there is a long line before "Why, that you are my daughter?" to indicate a pause, and an interrupted sentence: the obvious meaning is, "Why, because I call you my daughter, does your eye put on this appearance?"

[2] ——————— Can't no other,
But, I your daughter, he must be my brother?] The meaning is, "Cannot it be otherwise, than that if I am your daughter, he must be my brother?"

Count. Yes, Helen, you might be my daughter-in-law.
God shield, you mean it not! daughter, and mother,
So strive upon your pulse. What, pale again?
My fear hath catch'd your fondness: Now I see
The mystery of your loneliness[3], and find
Your salt tears' head. Now to all sense 'tis gross,
You love my son: invention is asham'd,
Against the proclamation of thy passion,
To say, thou dost not: therefore tell me true;
But tell me then, 'tis so:—for, look, thy cheeks
Confess it, th' one to the other; and thine eyes
See it so grossly shown in thy behaviours,
That in their kind they speak it: only sin,
And hellish obstinacy tie thy tongue,
That truth should be suspected. Speak, is't so?
If it be so, you have wound a goodly clue;
If it be not, forswear't: howe'er, I charge thee,
As heaven shall work in me for thine avail,
To tell me truly.
Hel. Good madam, pardon me.
Count. Do you love my son?
Hel. Your pardon, noble mistress.
Count. Love you my son?
Hel. Do not you love him, madam?
Count. Go not about: my love hath in't a bond,
Whereof the world takes note. Come, come, disclose
The state of your affection, for your passions
Have to the full appeach'd.
Hel. Then, I confess,
Here on my knee, before high heaven and you,
That before you, and next unto high heaven,
I love your son.—
My friends were poor, but honest; so's my love:

[3] The mystery of your LONELINESS,] The old copies have *loveliness* for "loneliness;" but the mistake is evident, and the correction is made in old MS. in Lord F. Egerton's copy of the first folio.

Be not offended, for it hurts not him,
That he is lov'd of me. I follow him not
By any token of presumptuous suit;
Nor would I have him, till I do deserve him,
Yet never know how that desert should be.
I know I love in vain, strive against hope;
Yet, in this captious and intenible sieve[4],
I still pour in the waters of my love,
And lack not to lose still. Thus, Indian-like,
Religious in mine error, I adore
The sun, that looks upon his worshipper,
But knows of him no more. My dearest madam,
Let not your hate encounter with my love,
For loving where you do: but, if yourself,
Whose aged honour cites a virtuous youth,
Did ever, in so true a flame of liking,
Wish chastely, and love dearly, that your Dian
Was both herself and love, O! then, give pity
To her, whose state is such, that cannot choose
But lend and give where she is sure to lose;
That seeks not to find that her search implies,
But, riddle-like, lives sweetly where she dies.

Count. Had you not lately an intent, speak truly,
To go to Paris?

Hel. Madam, I had.

Count. Wherefore? tell true.

Hel. I will tell truth; by grace itself, I swear.
You know, my father left me some prescriptions
Of rare and prov'd effects, such as his reading
And manifest experience had collected
For general sovereignty; and that he will'd me

[4] Yet, in this CAPTIOUS and intenible sieve,] Johnson is inclined to displace "captious" in favour of *carious*; and Farmer supposes "captious" to be a contraction of *capacious*. Where is the difficulty? It is true that this sense of "captious" may not have an exact parallel, but the intention of Shakespeare is very evident: "captious" means, as Malone says, capable of *taking* or *receiving*, and "intenible," (printed *intemible* in the first folio, and rightly in the second,) incapable of *retaining*. Two more appropriate epithets could hardly be found, nor a simile more happily expressive.

In heedfull'st reservation to bestow them,
As notes, whose faculties inclusive were
More than they were in note[5]. Amongst the rest,
There is a remedy approv'd, set down
To cure the desperate languishings[6] whereof
The king is render'd lost.

Count. This was your motive
For Paris, was it? speak.

Hel. My lord, your son, made me to think of this;
Else Paris, and the medicine, and the king,
Had, from the conversation of my thoughts,
Haply been absent then.

Count. But think you, Helen,
If you should tender your supposed aid,
He would receive it? He and his physicians
Are of a mind; he, that they cannot help him,
They, that they cannot help. How shall they credit
A poor unlearned virgin, when the schools,
Embowell'd of their doctrine, have left off
The danger to itself?

Hel. There's something in't[7],
More than my father's skill, which was the greatest
Of his profession, that his good receipt
Shall, for my legacy, be sanctified
By the luckiest stars in heaven: and, would your honour
But give me leave to try success, I'd venture
The well-lost life of mine on his grace's cure,
By such a day, and hour.

Count. Dost thou believe't?

Hel. Ay, madam, knowingly.

[5] More than they were in note.] "Receipts," says Johnson, "in which greater *virtues* were enclosed than appeared to observation."

[6] To cure the desperate LANGUISHINGS—] So the old editions. Malone and others read *languishes*.

[7] There's something IN'T,] The emendation of Sir Thomas Hanmer is, "There's something *hints*;" but the old copies read, "There's something in't," which is very intelligible, and therefore ought to be preserved. In "Twelfth Night," A. iv. sc. 3, just the same expression occurs.

Count. Why, Helen, thou shalt have my leave, and love,
Means, and attendants, and my loving greetings
To those of mine in court. I'll stay at home,
And pray God's blessing into thy attempt.
Be gone to-morrow; and be sure of this,
What I can help thee to thou shalt not miss.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

Paris. A Room in the KING'S Palace.

Flourish. Enter KING, *with young Lords taking leave for the Florentine war;* BERTRAM[8], PAROLLES, *and Attendants.*

King. Farewell, young lords: these warlike principles
Do not throw from you:—and you, my lords, farewell[9].—
Share the advice betwixt you; if both gain all,
The gift doth stretch itself as 'tis receiv'd,
And is enough for both.

1 *Lord.* 'Tis our hope, sir,
After well-enter'd soldiers, to return
And find your grace in health.

King. No, no, it cannot be; and yet my heart

[8] BERTRAM,] In the old stage-directions, Bertram is here called "Count Rosse," for *Rossillion*, as it is spelt in the folios.

[9] — and you, my LORDS, farewell.] Our reading is precisely that of the first and later folios, and no change seems required. The king is addressing himself to two separate bodies of young noblemen, who are about to take their departure, and he is supposed to have explained certain "warlike principles" to them before the scene opens. When the king afterwards says, "Share the advice betwixt you; if both gain all," &c. he means both the parties of nobility to whom he has been speaking. This interpretation enables us to retain "lords" in the plural in both instances, instead of making it singular, as recommended by Tyrwhitt, and adopted by some modern editors, Malone, however, excepted.

Will not confess he owes the malady[10]
That doth my life besiege. Farewell, young lords;
Whether I live or die, be you the sons
Of worthy Frenchmen: let higher Italy
(Those 'bated, that inherit but the fall
Of the last monarchy,) see[1], that you come
Not to woo honour, but to wed it: when
The bravest questant shrinks, find what you seek,
That fame may cry you loud. I say, farewell.

2 Lord. Health, at your bidding, serve your majesty!

King. Those girls of Italy, take heed of them.
They say, our French lack language to deny,
If they demand: beware of being captives,
Before you serve.

Both. Our hearts receive your warnings.

King. Farewell.—Come hither to me.

[*The* KING *retires to a couch.*

1 Lord. O, my sweet lord, that you will stay behind us!

Par. 'Tis not his fault, the spark.

2 Lord. O, 'tis brave wars!

Par. Most admirable: I have seen those wars.

Ber. I am commanded here, and kept a coil with;
"Too young," and "the next year," and "'tis too early."

Par. An thy mind stand to't, boy, steal away bravely.

[10] — he OWES the malady—] *i. e. owns.* See vol. ii. p. 45. 136. 297, &c.

[1] ——————— let HIGHER Italy
(Those 'bated, that inherit but the fall
Of the last monarchy,) see, &c.] Upon this obscure passage, Coleridge has the following note. It ought to be observed that Hanmer was before him in the "guess" of *bastards* for "'bated."—"It would be, I own, an audacious and unjustifiable change of the text; but yet, as a mere conjecture, I venture to suggest *bastards* for 'bated.' As it stands, I can make little or nothing of it. Why should the king except the then most illustrious states, which, as being republics, were the more truly inheritors of the Roman grandeur? With my conjecture the sense would be, 'let higher, or the more northern part of Italy, (unless 'higher' be a corruption of *hir'd*, the metre seeming to demand a monosyllable,) those *bastards* that inherit only the infamy of their fathers, see,' &c. The following 'woo' and 'wed' are so far confirmative, as they indicate Shakespeare's manner of connexion by unmarked influences of association from some preceding metaphor. This it is which makes his style so peculiarly vital and organic. Likewise, 'those girls of Italy' strengthen the guess." Lit. Rem. ii. 120.

Ber. I shall stay here the forehorse to a smock,
Creaking my shoes on the plain masonry,
Till honour be bought up, and no sword worn,
But one to dance with[2]. By heaven! I'll steal away.

1 *Lord.* There's honour in the theft.

Par. Commit it, count.

2 *Lord.* I am your accessary; and so farewell.

Ber. I grow to you, and our parting is a tortured body.

1 *Lord.* Farewell, captain.

2 *Lord.* Sweet monsieur Parolles!

Par. Noble heroes, my sword and yours are kin. Good sparks, and lustrous, a word, good metals:—you shall find in the regiment of the Spinii, one captain Spurio, with his cicatrice[3], an emblem of war, here on his sinister cheek: it was this very sword entrenched it: say to him, I live, and observe his reports for me.

2 *Lord.* We shall, noble captain. [*Exeunt Lords.*

Par. Mars dote on you for his novices!—What will you do?

Ber. Stay; the king[4]— [*Seeing him rise.*

Par. Use a more spacious ceremony to the noble lords: you have restrained yourself within the list of too cold an adieu: be more expressive to them; for they wear themselves in the cap of the time: there do muster true gait; eat, speak, and move under the influence of the most received star; and though the devil lead the measure, such are to be followed. After them, and take a more dilated farewell.

Ber. And I will do so.

Par. Worthy fellows, and like to prove most sinewy sword-men. [*Exeunt* BERTRAM *and* PAROLLES.

[2] ——— and no sword worn,
But one to DANCE with!] In Shakespeare's time, as Malone remarks, it was usual for gentlemen to dance with swords on.

[3] — WITH his cicatrice,] The old copy reads, "his cicatrice *with*."

[4] Stay; the king—] So the old copies; and to make the passage intelligible, modern editors have necessarily added, "Seeing him rise." Possibly *with* was accidentally omitted, and we ought to read, "Stay with the king."

Enter LAFEU.

Laf. Pardon, my Lord, [*Kneeling.*] for me and for my tidings.

King. I'll see thee to stand up[5].

Laf. Then here's a man stands, that has brought his pardon.
I would, you had kneel'd, my lord, to ask me mercy,
And that, at my bidding, you could so stand up.

King. I would I had; so I had broke thy pate,
And ask'd thee mercy for't.

Laf. Goodfaith, across. But, my good lord, 'tis thus;
Will you be cur'd of your infirmity[6]?

King. No.

Laf. O! will you eat no grapes, my royal fox?
Yes, but you will, my noble grapes, an if
My royal fox could reach them. I have seen
A medicine that's able to breathe life into a stone,
Quicken a rock, and make you dance canary[7]
With spritely fire and motion; whose simple touch
Is powerful to araise king Pepin, nay,
To give great Charlemaine a pen in's hand[8],
And write to her a love-line.

King. What her is this?

Laf. Why, doctor she. My lord, there's one arriv'd,

[5] I'll SEE thee to stand up.] "See" is the reading of all the old copies; but in Malone's Shakespeare by Boswell "see" is printed *fee*, without any notice of a change, which is certainly unnecessary. In "The Merchant of Venice," A. iii. sc. 2, directly the reverse was done, for there "*fee* me an officer" was printed "*see* me an officer."

[6] Will you be cur'd of your infirmity?] The verse of this part of the scene is regulated as in the first folio, where it runs much more rythmically than as it was printed by Malone: this complete line, for instance, he separated into two hemistichs. In the same way he divided

"Then here's a man stands, that has brought his pardon;"

And,

"Good faith across. But, my good lord, 'tis thus!"

The incomplete lines were put by the poet into the mouth of the king, who may be supposed to have been a little abrupt and petulant.

[7] — and make you dance CANARY,] *Canary* was the name of a lively kind of dance. See vol. ii. p. 310, note 3.

[8] — a pen IN'S hand,] So the old copies: Malone reads "*in his* hand."

If you will see her:—now, by my faith and honour,
If seriously I may convey my thoughts
In this my light deliverance, I have spoke
With one, that in her sex, her years, profession,
Wisdom, and constancy, hath amaz'd me more
Than I dare blame my weakness. Will you see her,
(For that is her demand) and know her business?
That done, laugh well at me.

King. Now, good Lafeu,
Bring in the admiration, that we with thee
May spend our wonder too, or take off thine,
By wond'ring how thou took'st it.

Laf. Nay, I'll fit you,
And not be all day neither. [*Exit* LAFEU.

King. Thus he his special nothing ever prologues.

Re-enter LAFEU, *with* HELENA.

Laf. Nay, come your ways.

King. This haste hath wings, indeed.

Laf. Nay, come your ways.
This is his majesty, say your mind to him:
A traitor you do look like; but such traitors
His majesty seldom fears. I am Cressid's uncle[9],
That dare leave two together. Fare you well. [*Exit.*

King. Now, fair one, does your business follow us?

Hel. Ay, my good lord. Gerard de Narbon was my father;
In what he did profess well found.

King. I knew him.

Hel. The rather will I spare my praises towards him;
Knowing him, is enough. On's bed of death
Many receipts he gave me; chiefly one,
Which, as the dearest issue of his practice,

[9] — I am Cressid's uncle,] *i. e.* Pandarus. If Malone's conjecture be correct, that "Troilus and Cressida" was written in 1602, Shakespeare had contributed to the notoriety of the story, when, as I have supposed, he revived "All's Well that Ends Well."

And of his old experience th' only darling,
He bad me store up as a triple eye,
Safer than mine own two, more dear. I have so;
And, hearing your high majesty is touch'd
With that malignant cause, wherein the honour
Of my dear father's gift stands chief in power,
I come to tender it, and my appliance,
With all bound humbleness.
King. We thank you, maiden;
But may not be so credulous of cure:
When our most learned doctors leave us, and
The congregated college have concluded
That labouring art can never ransom nature
From her inaidable estate, I say, we must not
So stain our judgment, or corrupt our hope,
To prostitute our past-cure malady
To empirics; or to dissever so
Our great self and our credit, to esteem
A senseless help, when help past sense we deem.
Hel. My duty, then, shall pay me for my pains:
I will no more enforce mine office on you;
Humbly entreating from your royal thoughts
A modest one, to bear me back again.
King. I cannot give thee less, to be call'd grateful.
Thou thought'st to help me, and such thanks I give,
As one near death to those that wish him live;
But what at full I know thou know'st no part,
I knowing all my peril, thou no art.
Hel. What I can do, can do no hurt to try,
Since you set up your rest 'gainst remedy.
He that of greatest works is finisher,
Oft does them by the weakest minister:
So holy writ in babes hath judgment shown,
When judges have been babes[1]. Great floods have flown

[1] When judges have been babes.] The allusion, as Malone has shown, is to St. Matthew's Gospel, xi. 25: "I thank thee, O Father, Lord of heaven and

From simple sources; and great seas have dried,
When miracles have by the greatest been denied.
Oft expectation fails, and most oft there
Where most it promises; and oft it hits,
Where hope is coldest, and despair most fits[2].

King. I must not hear thee: fare thee well, kind maid.
Thy pains, not us'd, must by thyself be paid:
Proffers, not took, reap thanks for their reward.

Hel. Inspired merit so by breath is barr'd.
It is not so with him that all things knows,
As 'tis with us that square our guess by shows;
But most it is presumption in us, when
The help of heaven we count the act of men.
Dear sir, to my endeavours give consent;
Of heaven, not me, make an experiment.
I am not an impostor, that proclaim
Myself against the level of mine aim;
But know I think, and think I know most sure,
My art is not past power, nor you past cure.

King. Art thou so confident? Within what space
Hop'st thou my cure?

Hel. The greatest grace lending grace,
Ere twice the horses of the sun shall bring
Their fiery torcher his diurnal ring;
Ere twice in murk and occidental damp
Moist Hesperus hath quench'd his sleepy lamp;
Or four and twenty times the pilot's glass
Hath told the thievish minutes how they pass,
What is infirm from your sound parts shall fly,
Health shall live free, and sickness freely die.

King. Upon thy certainty and confidence,

earth, because *thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent, and hast revealed them unto babes.*" See also 1 Cor. i. 27.

[2] — and despair most FITS.] The old copies have *shifts*, which Pope, for the sake of the rhyme, as well as the sense, altered to *sits*. Lord Francis Egerton's copy has been corrected to *fits*, in a hand-writing of about the time; and it seems the true reading. See Shakespeare's Sonnets (cxx.), where "fits," for *befits*, is made to rhyme with "hits."

What dar'st thou venture?
Hel. Tax of impudence,
A strumpet's boldness, a divulged shame,
Traduc'd by odious ballads; my maiden's name
Sear'd otherwise; ne worse of worst extended[3],
With vilest torture let my life be ended.
King. Methinks, in thee some blessed spirit doth speak,
His powerful sound within an organ weak;
And what impossibility would slay
In common sense, sense saves another way.
Thy life is dear; for all, that life can rate
Worth name of life, in thee hath estimate;
Youth, beauty, wisdom, courage, all[4]
That happiness and prime[5] can happy call:
Thou this to hazard, needs must intimate
Skill infinite, or monstrous desperate.
Sweet practiser, thy physic I will try,
That ministers thine own death, if I die.
Hel. If I break time, or flinch in property
Of what I spoke, unpitied let me die;
And well deserv'd. Not helping, death's my fee;
But, if I help, what do you promise me?
King. Make thy demand.
Hel. But will you make it even?

[3] — NE worse of worst extended,] The modern editors print *no* for "ne," which is equivalent to *nor:* the meaning may be what is expressed by the phrase, "Let the worse come to the worst;" *i. e.* let "worse" be "extended" to the "worst."

[4] Youth, beauty, wisdom, courage, all] Warburton fancied this line imperfect, because it has only eight syllables; but the pauses between these important and weighty words abundantly make up the time, which is more important than the mere syllables. Warburton inserted *virtue* after "courage;" not a very happy conjecture, certainly, because the French king, excepting by intuition, could form no opinion of the virtue of Helena. As the Rev. Mr. Barry observes to me, the king could judge of her "youth, beauty, wisdom, and courage," from her appearance and conversation. Malone adopted Warburton's emendation. Mr. Knight, in his "Pictorial Shakspere," follows the true text, and for the true reason.

[5] That happiness and PRIME —] Johnson interprets "prime," *youth*, the *spring* of life; which, on all accounts, is preferable to the *pride* of Tyrwhitt. "Prime" is often used in this sense.

King. Ay, by my sceptre, and my hopes of heaven[6].

Hel. Then shalt thou give me with thy kingly hand
What husband in thy power I will command:
Exempted be from me the arrogance
To choose from forth the royal blood of France,
My low and humble name to propagate
With any branch or image of thy state;
But such a one, thy vassal, whom I know
Is free for me to ask, thee to bestow.

King. Here is my hand; the premises observ'd,
Thy will by my performance shall be serv'd:
So make the choice of thy own time; for I,
Thy resolv'd patient, on thee still rely.
More should I question thee, and more I must,
Though more to know could not be more to trust,
From whence thou cam'st, how tended on; but rest
Unquestion'd welcome, and undoubted blest.—
Give me some help here, ho!—If thou proceed
As high as word, my deed shall match thy deed.

[*Flourish. Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Rousillon. A Room in the Countess's Palace.

Enter Countess *and Clown.*

Count. Come on, sir: I shall now put you to the height of your breeding.

Clo. I will show myself highly fed, and lowly taught. I know my business is but to the court.

Count. To the court! why, what place make you

[6] — and my hopes of heaven.] The old copies have *help* for "heaven," which last is probably right; Shakespeare having used the somewhat forced expression, "But will you make it even?" for the sake of closing the couplet emphatically with "heaven." All this part of the scene is in rhyme. Thirlby suggested the change.

special, when you put off that with such contempt? But to the court!

Clo. Truly, madam, if God have lent a man any manners, he may easily put it off at court: he that cannot make a leg, put off's cap, kiss his hand, and say nothing, has neither leg, hands, lip, nor cap; and, indeed, such a fellow, to say precisely, were not for the court. But, for me, I have an answer will serve all men.

Count. Marry, that's a bountiful answer, that fits all questions.

Clo. It is like a barber's chair, that fits all buttocks; the pin-buttock, the quatch-buttock, the brawn-buttock, or any buttock.

Count. Will your answer serve fit to all questions?

Clo. As fit as ten groats is for the hand of an attorney, as your French crown for your taffata punk, as Tib's rush for Tom's fore-finger[7], as a pancake for Shrove-Tuesday, a morris for May-day, as the nail to his hole, the cuckold to his horn, as a scolding quean to a wrangling knave, as the nun's lip to the friar's mouth; nay, as the pudding to his skin.

Count. Have you, I say, an answer of such fitness for all questions?

Clo. From below your duke, to beneath your constable, it will fit any question.

Count. It must be an answer of most monstrous size, that must fit all demands.

Clo. But a trifle neither, in good faith, if the learned should speak truth of it. Here it is, and all that belongs to't: ask me, if I am a courtier; it shall do you no harm to learn.

Count. To be young again, if we could. I will be a

[7] — as Tib's RUSH for Tom's fore-finger,] This passage seems to allude to mock-marriages by rush rings. *Tib* means a woman, and it might therefore be more proper to say, "Tom's rush for Tib's fore-finger," but at this date rings were exchanged. Tom and Tib are often coupled in old writers, as Malone and Steevens have shown by various examples.

fool in question, hoping to be the wiser by your answer. I pray you, sir, are you a courtier?

Clo. O Lord, sir!—there's a simple putting off.—More, more, a hundred of them.

Count. Sir, I am a poor friend of yours, that loves you.

Clo. O Lord, sir!—Thick, thick, spare not me.

Count. I think, sir, you can eat none of this homely meat.

Clo. O Lord, sir!—Nay, put me to't, I warrant you.

Count. You were lately whipped, sir, as I think.

Clo. O Lord, sir!—Spare not me.

Count. Do you cry, "O Lord, sir," at your whipping, and "spare not me?" Indeed, your "O Lord, sir," is very sequent to your whipping: you would answer very well to a whipping, if you were but bound to't.

Clo. I ne'er had worse luck in my life, in my—"O Lord, sir." I see, things may serve long, but not serve ever.

Count. I play the noble housewife with the time, to entertain it so merrily with a fool.

Clo. O Lord, sir!—why, there't serves well again.

Count. An end, sir: to your business. Give Helen this[8],
And urge her to a present answer back:
Commend me to my kinsmen, and my son.
This is not much.

Clo. Not much commendation to them.

Count. Not much employment for you: you understand me?

Clo. Most fruitfully: I am there before my legs.

Count. Haste you again. [*Exeunt severally.*

[8] An end, sir: to your business. Give Helen this,] The punctuation of this passage has usually been, "An end, sir, to your business: give Helen this," but it is clearly wrong. The countess, having just before reproached herself, tells the clown to cease talking, and to attend to the duty she is about to impose upon him. Mr. Knight also prefers this mode of pointing.

SCENE III.

Paris. A Room in the KING'S Palace.

Enter BERTRAM, LAFEU, *and* PAROLLES.

Laf. They say, miracles are past; and we have our philosophical persons, to make modern and familiar things supernatural and causeless[9]. Hence is it, that we make trifles of terrors, ensconcing ourselves into seeming knowledge, when we should submit ourselves to an unknown fear.

Par. Why, 'tis the rarest argument of wonder, that hath shot out in our latter times.

Ber. And so 'tis.

Laf. To be relinquished of the artists,—

Par. So I say; both of Galen and Paracelsus.

Laf. Of all the learned and authentic fellows,—

Par. Right; so I say.

Laf. That gave him out incurable,—

Par. Why, there 'tis; so say I too.

Laf. Not to be helped,—

Par. Right; as 'twere a man assured of an—

Laf. Uncertain life, and sure death.

Par. Just, you say well; so would I have said.

Laf. I may truly say, it is a novelty to the world.

Par. It is, indeed: if you will have it in showing, you shall read it in,—what do you call there?—

Laf. A showing of a heavenly effect in an earthly actor.

Par. That's it I would have said; the very same.

[9] — MODERN and familiar things supernatural and CAUSELESS.] "Modern" is often used by Shakespeare for *common*. See p. 44 of this vol., note 4. Upon the word "causeless," Coleridge has the subsequent remark :—"Shakespeare, inspired, as it might seem, with all knowledge, here uses the word 'causeless' in its strict philosophical sense ;—cause being truly predicable only of *phenomena*, that is, things natural, and not of *noumena*, or things supernatural." Lit. Rem. ii. 121.

Laf. Why, your dolphin is not lustier: 'fore me, I speak in respect—

Par. Nay, 'tis strange; 'tis very strange, that is the brief and the tedious of it; and he is of a most facinorous spirit, that will not acknowledge it to be the—

Laf. Very hand of heaven.

Par. Ay, so I say.

Laf. In a most weak—

Par. And debile minister, great power, great transcendence; which should, indeed, give us a further use to be made, than alone the recovery of the king, as to be—

Laf. Generally thankful.

Enter KING, HELENA, *and Attendants.*

Par. I would have said it; you say well. Here comes the king.

Laf. Lustick, as the Dutchman says[10]: I'll like a maid the better, whilst I have a tooth in my head. Why, he's able to lead her a coranto[1].

Par. Mort du vinaigre[2]*!* Is not this Helen?

Laf. 'Fore God, I think so.

King. Go, call before me all the lords in court.—

[*Exit an Attendant.*

Sit, my preserver, by thy patient's side;
And with this healthful hand, whose banish'd sense
Thou hast repeal'd, a second time receive

[10] LUSTICK, as the Dutchman says:] This word came into common use from Holland in the beginning of the seventeenth century: it occurs, among other authorities, in Dekker and Webster's "Wyat's History," 1607:—

"If my old master be hang'd, why so;
If not, why rustick and *lustick.*"

When the Rev. A. Dyce published his edition of Webster's Works in 1830, he doubted the existence of a copy of this play dated 1612. The Duke of Devonshire has one in his collection.

[1] — to lead her a CORANTO.] A species of dance often mentioned in writers of Shakespeare's time. It was of a very active and lively description. "Coranto" occurs again in "Twelfth Night," A. i. sc. 3.

[2] *Mort du vinaigre!*] The old copy has *Mor du vinager;* most likely a corruption of *Mort du vinaigre,* an affected exclamation by Parolles.

The confirmation of my promis'd gift,
Which but attends thy naming.

Enter several Lords.

Fair maid, send forth thine eye: this youthful parcel
Of noble bachelors stand at my bestowing,
O'er whom both sovereign power and father's voice
I have to use: thy frank election make.
Thou hast power to choose, and they none to forsake.

Hel. To each of you one fair and virtuous mistress
Fall, when love please!—marry, to each, but one[3].

Laf. I'd give bay curtal[4], and his furniture,
My mouth no more were broken[5] than these boys',
And writ as little beard.

King. Peruse them well:
Not one of those but had a noble father.

Hel. Gentlemen,
Heaven hath through me restor'd the king to health.

All. We understand it, and thank heaven for you.

Hel. I am a simple maid; and therein wealthiest,
That, I protest, I simply am a maid.—
Please it your majesty, I have done already:
The blushes in my cheeks thus whisper me,
"We blush, that thou should'st choose; but, be refus'd,
Let the white death sit on thy cheek for ever:
We'll ne'er come there again."

King. Make choice; and, see,
Who shuns thy love, shuns all his love in me.

Hel. Now, Dian, from thy altar do I fly,
And to imperial Love[6], that god most high,

[3] — marry, to each, but one.] *i. e.* I wish a mistress to each of you, with one exception. This is Monck Mason's judicious explanation of the passage.

[4] — bay curtal,] *i. e.* a bay, docked horse.

[5] My mouth no more were BROKEN—] A *broken mouth* is a mouth which has lost some of its teeth.

[6] And to imperial Love,] So the first folio, "Love" being printed without a capital. These words illustrate curiously the progress of error. The second folio has "imperial Iove," the *l* in love having been mistaken for a capital *I*. The third folio alters "imperial" to *impartial*; so that "imperial Love" of the first folio becomes "impartial Jove" in the third.

Do my sighs stream.—Sir, will you hear my suit?

1 *Lord.* And grant it.

Hel. Thanks, sir: all the rest is mute[7].

Laf. I had rather be in this choice, than throw ames-ace for my life[8].

Hel. The honour, sir, that flames in your fair eyes,
Before I speak, too threateningly replies:
Love make your fortunes twenty times above
Her that so wishes, and her humble love!

2 *Lord.* No better, if you please.

Hel. My wish receive,
Which great Love grant! and so I take my leave.

Laf. Do all they deny her? An they were sons of mine, I'd have them whipped, or I would send them to the Turk to make eunuchs of.

Hel. [*To* 3 *Lord.*] Be not afraid that I your hand should take;
I'll never do you wrong for your own sake:
Blessing upon your vows! and in your bed
Find fairer fortune, if you ever wed!

Laf. These boys are boys of ice, they'll none have her: sure, they are bastards to the English; the French ne'er got them.

Hel. You are too young, too happy, and too good,
To make yourself a son out of my blood.

4 *Lord.* Fair one, I think not so.

Laf. There's one grape yet[9],—I am sure, thy father

[7] Thanks, sir: all the rest is mute.] In other words, "I have no more to say to you;" and she therefore proceeds to the second lord.

[8] — than throw AMES-ACE for my life.] "Ames-ace," or *both aces*, was the lowest throw upon two dice: to throw *ames-ace* is an expression often met with, indicating ill luck. Lafeu is contrasting it with the happy chance of being the choice of Helena.

[9] LAF. There's one grape yet,] In the folios, the whole of this speech is given to *Ol. Lord*, meaning probably "Old Lafeu," as he is sometimes called in the prefixes. Theobald assigned "There's one grape yet" to Lafeu, and "I am sure thy father drank wine" to Parolles, making Lafeu conclude with "If thou be'st not an ass," &c. addressed to Parolles. Hanmer and Warburton adopted this distribution, which does not however seem necessary. Lafeu must anticipate Bertram's refusal of Helena, in order to make the latter part of what he says apply to him.

drank wine.—But if thou be'st not an ass, I am a youth of fourteen: I have known thee already.

Hel. [*To* BERTRAM.] I dare not say, I take you; but I give
Me, and my service, ever whilst I live,
Into your guiding power.—This is the man.

King. Why then, young Bertram, take her; she's thy wife.

Ber. My wife, my liege? I shall beseech your highness,
In such a business give me leave to use
The help of mine own eyes.

King. Know'st thou not, Bertram,
What she has done for me?

Ber. Yes, my good lord;
But never hope to know why I should marry her.

King. Thou know'st, she has rais'd me from my sickly bed.

Ber. But follows it, my lord, to bring me down
Must answer for your raising? I know her well:
She had her breeding at my father's charge.
A poor physician's daughter my wife?—Disdain
Rather corrupt me ever!

King. 'Tis only title thou disdain'st in her, the which
I can build up. Strange is it, that our bloods,
Of colour, weight, and heat, pour'd all together,
Would quite confound distinction, yet stand off
In differences so mighty. If she be
All that is virtuous, (save what thou dislik'st,
A poor physician's daughter) thou dislik'st
Of virtue for the name; but do not so:
From lowest place when virtuous things proceed[1],
The place is dignified by the doer's deed:
Where great additions swell's, and virtue none[2],

[1] From lowest place WHEN virtuous things proceed,] The old reading is *whence* for "when," a necessary correction, made by Theobald at the suggestion of Thirlby.

[2] Where great additions SWELL'S, and virtue none,] So the old copy, which

It is a dropsied honour: good alone
Is good, without a name; vileness is so[3]:
The property by what it is should go,
Not by the title. She is young, wise, fair;
In these to nature she's immediate heir,
And these breed honour: that is honour's scorn,
Which challenges itself as honour's born,
And is not like the sire: honours thrive[4],
When rather from our acts we them derive,
Than our foregoers. The mere word's a slave,
Debauch'd on every tomb[5]; on every grave,
A lying trophy, and as oft is dumb,
Where dust, and damn'd oblivion, is the tomb
Of honour'd bones indeed. What should be said?
If thou canst like this creature as a maid,
I can create the rest: virtue, and she
Is her own dower; honour, and wealth from me.

Ber. I cannot love her, nor will strive to do't.

King. Thou wrong'st thyself, if thou should'st strive to choose.

Hel. That you are well restor'd, my lord, I am glad.
Let the rest go.

King. My honour's at the stake, which to defeat[6],
I must produce my power. Here, take her hand,
Proud scornful boy, unworthy this good gift,
That dost in vile misprision shackle up
My love, and her desert; that canst not dream,

abbreviates *swell us* into "swell's," to show that the line requires it to be pronounced as a monosyllable. Malone and other modern editors read *swell*, taking no notice of *us*.

[3] ——— good alone
Is good, without a name; vileness is so:] Malone gives the correct interpretation of this passage:—"Good is good, independent on [of] any worldly distinction or title; so vileness is vile, in whatever state it may appear."

[4] And is not like the sire: honours thrive,] The editor of the second folio thought this line defective, and therefore read "honours *best* thrive;" but the rhythm requires no such addition.

[5] Debauch'd on every tomb;] Old copies *debosh'd*; but it is only the old form of "debauch'd," though some lexicographers make it a different word.

[6] — which to DEFEAT,] Tyrwhitt suggests that Shakespeare uses the word "defeat" in its etymological sense, from *défaire*, Fr., to *free* or *disembarrass*.

We, poising us in her defective scale,
Shall weigh thee to the beam; that wilt not know,
It is in us to plant thine honour, where
We please to have it grow. Check thy contempt:
Obey our will, which travails in thy good:
Believe not thy disdain, but presently
Do thine own fortunes that obedient right,
Which both thy duty owes, and our power claims,
Or I will throw thee from my care for ever
Into the staggers, and the careless lapse
Of youth and ignorance; both my revenge and hate,
Loosing upon thee in the name of justice,
Without all terms of pity. Speak: thine answer.

Ber. Pardon, my gracious lord, for I submit
My fancy to your eyes. When I consider
What great creation, and what dole of honour,
Flies where you bid it, I find that she, which late
Was in my nobler thoughts most base, is now
The praised of the king; who, so ennobled,
Is, as 'twere, born so.

King. Take her by the hand,
And tell her, she is thine: to whom I promise
A counterpoise, if not to thy estate,
A balance more replete.

Ber. I take her hand.

King. Good fortune, and the favour of the king,
Smile upon this contract; whose ceremony
Shall seem expedient on the now borne brief[7],
And be perform'd to-night: the solemn feast
Shall more attend upon the coming space,

[7] ———— whose ceremony
Shall seem expedient on the NOW BORNE brief,] Malone mistook in stating that any old copy has it *now-born:* it is printed in the old folios of 1623 and 1632 "now borne," without a hyphen, and with a final *e* to "borne." The clear meaning is obscurely expressed: if we take *now* (to which Shakespeare prefixes the definite article) to be used substantively, and if we derive *borne* from the verb *to bear*, the king says that the marriage shall not be deferred, "whose ceremony shall seem expedient *on the now*, (or on the instant,) to be borne briefly," or concluded without delay.

Expecting absent friends. As thou lov'st her,
Thy love's to me religious, else, does err.

[*Exeunt* KING, BERTRAM, HELENA, *Lords, and Attendants*[8].

Laf. Do you hear, monsieur? a word with you.

Par. Your pleasure, sir?

Laf. Your lord and master did well to make his recantation.

Par. Recantation?—My lord? my master?

Laf. Ay; is it not a language, I speak?

Par. A most harsh one, and not to be understood without bloody succeeding. My master?

Laf. Are you companion to the count Rousillon?

Par. To any count; to all counts; to what is man.

Laf. To what is count's man: count's master is of another style.

Par. You are too old, sir: let it satisfy you, you are too old.

Laf. I must tell thee, sirrah, I write man; to which title age cannot bring thee.

Par. What I dare too well do, I dare not do.

Laf. I did think thee, for two ordinaries[9], to be a pretty wise fellow: thou didst make tolerable vent of thy travel: it might pass; yet the scarfs, and the bannerets about thee, did manifoldly dissuade me from believing thee a vessel of too great a burden. I have now found thee: when I lose thee again, I care not; yet art thou good for nothing but taking up, and that thou'rt scarce worth.

Par. Hadst thou not the privilege of antiquity upon thee,—

Laf. Do not plunge thyself too far in anger, lest thou hasten thy trial; which if—Lord have mercy on thee for a hen! So, my good window of lattice, fare

[8] — and Attendants.] The old copies have the following stage-direction here: "Parolles and Lafeu stay behind, commenting of this wedding."

[9] — for two ORDINARIES,] While I dined in your company twice.

thee well: thy casement I need not open, for I look through thee. Give me thy hand.

Par. My lord, you give me most egregious indignity.

Laf. Ay, with all my heart; and thou art worthy of it.

Par. I have not, my lord, deserved it.

Laf. Yes, good faith, every drachm of it; and I will not bate thee a scruple.

Par. Well, I shall be wiser.

Laf. E'en as soon as thou canst, for thou hast to pull at a smack o' the contrary[10]. If ever thou be'st bound in thy scarf, and beaten, thou shalt find what it is to be proud of thy bondage. I have a desire to hold my acquaintance with thee, or rather my knowledge, that I may say in the default he is a man I know.

Par. My lord, you do me most insupportable vexation.

Laf. I would it were hell-pains for thy sake, and my poor doing eternal: for doing I am past, as I will by thee, in what motion age will give me leave[1]. [*Exit.*

Par. Well, thou hast a son shall take this disgrace off me, scurvy, old, filthy, scurvy lord!—Well, I must be patient; there is no fettering of authority. I'll beat him, by my life, if I can meet him with any convenience, an he were double and double a lord. I'll have no more pity of his age, than I would have of—I'll beat him: an if I could but meet him again!

Re-enter LAFEU.

Laf. Sirrah, your lord and master's married: there's news for you; you have a new mistress.

[10] — for thou hast to pull at a SMACK o' the contrary.] Lafeu here uses "smack" ironically: it is employed again later in this play, (A. iv. sc. 1,) where it is said, that Parolles "hath a *smack* of all neighbouring languages."

[1] — in what motion age will give me leave.] Edwards has thus explained the meaning of this speech:—"I cannot do much, says Lafeu; doing I am *past, as I will by thee* in what motion age will give me leave; *i. e.* as I will *pass* by thee as fast as I am able:"—and he immediately goes out.

Par. I most unfeignedly beseech your lordship to make some reservation of your wrongs: he is my good lord; whom I serve above is my master.

Laf. Who? God?

Par. Ay, sir.

Laf. The devil it is, that's thy master. Why dost thou garter up thy arms o' this fashion? dost make hose of thy sleeves? do other servants so? Thou wert best set thy lower part where thy nose stands. By mine honour, if I were but two hours younger I'd beat thee: methinks, thou art a general offence, and every man should beat thee. I think, thou wast created for men to breathe themselves upon thee.

Par. This is hard and undeserved measure, my lord.

Laf. Go to, sir; you were beaten in Italy for picking a kernel out of a pomegranate: you are a vagabond, and no true traveller. You are more saucy with lords and honourable personages, than the commission of your birth and virtue gives you heraldry[2]. You are not worth another word, else I'd call you knave. I leave you. [*Exit.*

Enter BERTRAM.

Par. Good, very good; it is so then:—good, very good. Let it be concealed a while.

Ber. Undone, and forfeited to cares for ever!

Par. What is the matter, sweet heart?

Ber. Although before the solemn priest I have sworn,
I will not bed her.

Par. What? what, sweet heart?

Ber. O, my Parolles, they have married me!—
I'll to the Tuscan wars, and never bed her.

[2] — than the COMMISSION of your birth and virtue gives you HERALDRY.] Such is the text of the old copies; and there is no sufficient reason for making "commission" and "heraldry" change places, as was done by Malone. The sense is evident without any alteration.

Par. France is a dog-hole, and it no more merits
The tread of a man's foot. To the wars!

Ber. There's letters from my mother: what the import is,
I know not yet.

Par. Ay, that would be known. To the wars, my boy! to the wars!
He wears his honour in a box, unseen,
That hugs his kicky-wicky here at home[3],
Spending his manly marrow in her arms,
Which should sustain the bound and high curvet
Of Mars's fiery steed. To other regions!
France is a stable; we, that dwell in't, jades;
Therefore, to the war!

Ber. It shall be so: I'll send her to my house,
Acquaint my mother with my hate to her,
And wherefore I am fled; write to the king
That which I durst not speak. His present gift
Shall furnish me to those Italian fields,
Where noble fellows strike. War is no strife
To the dark house, and the detested wife[4].

Par. Will this capriccio hold in thee, art sure?

Ber. Go with me to my chamber, and advise me.
I'll send her straight away: to-morrow
I'll to the wars, she to her single sorrow.

Par. Why, these balls bound; there's noise in it; 'tis hard.
A young man married is a man that's marr'd:

[3] That hugs his KICKY-WICKY here at home,] So the old copies, and why it has been altered to *kicksy-wicksy* nobody has explained. What Parolles means by the word is very clear: not so the origin of the term. Possibly it was a mere invention for the occasion, and as Sir T. Hanmer says, used "in disdain of a wife." If we change the word at all, we ought to make it *kicksy-winsy*, which, as Grey remarks, was a term employed by Taylor, the water-poet, in the title of an attack upon persons who were in his debt and would not pay him. "Kicky-wicky" is quite as intelligible as *kicksy-wicksy*, which is found in Malone's and some other modern editions.

[4] — and the DETESTED wife.] The old copies have "*detected* wife," which Rowe altered to *detested*, no doubt, the word Shakespeare wrote. In Act iii. sc. 5, Bertram is called Helena's "*detesting* lord."

Therefore away, and leave her: bravely go;
The king has done you wrong; but, hush! 'tis so.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

The Same. Another Room in the Same.

Enter HELENA *and Clown.*

Hel. My mother greets me kindly: is she well?

Clo. She is not well; but yet she has her health: she's very merry; but yet she is not well: but thanks be given, she's very well, and wants nothing i' the world; but yet she is not well.

Hel. If she be very well, what does she ail, that she's not very well?

Clo. Truly, she's very well indeed, but for two things.

Hel. What two things?

Clo. One, that she's not in heaven, whither God send her quickly! the other, that she's in earth, from whence God send her quickly!

Enter PAROLLES.

Par. Bless you, my fortunate lady!

Hel. I hope, sir, I have your good will to have mine own good fortunes[5].

Par. You had my prayers to lead them on; and to keep them on, have them still.—O, my knave! How does my old lady?

Clo. So that you had her wrinkles, and I her money, I would she did as you say.

Par. Why, I say nothing.

Clo. Marry, you are the wiser man; for many a man's tongue shakes out his master's undoing. To say

[5] — mine own good FORTUNES.] *Fortune* in the old copies; but the answer of Parolles shows that it ought to be in the plural.

nothing, to do nothing, to know nothing, and to have nothing, is to be a great part of your title, which is within a very little of nothing.

Par. Away! thou'rt a knave.

Clo. You should have said, sir, before a knave thou'rt a knave; that is, before me thou'rt a knave: this had been truth, sir.

Par. Go to, thou art a witty fool: I have found thee.

Clo. Did you find me in yourself, sir, or were you taught to find me? The search, sir, was profitable; and much fool may you find in you, even to the world's pleasure, and the increase of laughter[6].

Par. A good knave, i' faith, and well fed.—
Madam, my lord will go away to-night;
A very serious business calls on him.
The great prerogative and rite of love,
Which as your due time claims, he does acknowledge,
But puts it off to a compell'd restraint[7];
Whose want, and whose delay, is strewed with sweets,
Which they distil now in the curbed time[8]
To make the coming hour o'erflow with joy,
And pleasure drown the brim.

Hel. What's his will else?

Par. That you will take your instant leave o' the king,
And make this haste as your own good proceeding,
Strengthen'd with what apology you think
May make it probable need[9].

[6] — and the increase of laughter.] This is clearly the end of the Clown's speech, which is made in the old copies to finish at "or were you taught to find me," and to begin again at "The search, sir, was profitable." Thus the Clown is made in the folios to speak twice running: perhaps Parolles interposed something, which has been lost; but it was not wanted for the congruity of the dialogue.

[7] But puts it off *to* a compelled restraint;] *i. e.* Postpones it *owing to* a compulsory restraint.

[8] — the CURBED time,] The time to which the "compell'd restraint" applies.

[9] May make it probable need.] *i. e.* May give it the appearance of necessity.

Hel. What more commands he?

Par. That having this obtain'd, you presently Attend his further pleasure.

Hel. In every thing I wait upon his will.

Par. I shall report it so.

Hel. I pray you.—Come, sirrah.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Another Room in the Same.

Enter LAFEU *and* BERTRAM.

Laf. But, I hope, your lordship thinks not him a soldier.

Ber. Yes, my lord, and of very valiant approof.

Laf. You have it from his own deliverance.

Ber. And by other warranted testimony.

Laf. Then my dial goes not true. I took this lark for a bunting.

Ber. I do assure you, my lord, he is very great in knowledge, and accordingly valiant.

Laf. I have then sinned against his experience, and transgressed against his valour; and my state that way is dangerous, since I cannot yet find in my heart to repent. Here he comes. I pray you, make us friends: I will pursue the amity.

Enter PAROLLES.

Par. [*To* BERTRAM.] These things shall be done, sir.

Laf. Pray you, sir, who's his tailor?

Par. Sir?

Laf. O! I know him well. Ay, sir; he, sir, is a good workman, a very good tailor.

Ber. [*Aside to* PAROLLES.] Is she gone to the king?

Par. She is.

Ber. Will she away to-night?

Par. As you'll have her.

Ber. I have writ my letters, casketed my treasure,
Given order for our horses; and to-night,
When I should take possession of the bride,
End, ere I do begin[1].

Laf. A good traveller is something at the latter end of a dinner; but one that lies three-thirds, and uses a known truth to pass a thousand nothings with, should be once heard, and thrice beaten. — God save you, captain.

Ber. Is there any unkindness between my lord and you, monsieur?

Par. I know not how I have deserved to run into my lord's displeasure.

Laf. You have made shift to run into't, boots and spurs and all, like him that leaped into the custard[2]; and out of it you'll run again, rather than suffer question for your residence.

Ber. It may be, you have mistaken him, my lord.

Laf. And shall do so ever, though I took him at his prayers. Fare you well, my lord; and believe this of me, there can be no kernel in this light nut; the soul of this man is his clothes: trust him not in matter of heavy consequence; I have kept of them tame, and know their natures. — Farewell, monsieur: I have

[1] End ere I do begin.] All the copies, ancient and modern, read, "And ere I do begin—" as if it were a broken sentence; but the true reading has been pointed out by the MS. corrector of Lord F. Egerton's first folio, where *End* is substituted for *And*, or rather *E* for *A*, by the insertion of the former letter in the margin. This is a very happy suggestion, and gives the full meaning of Bertram, that he will *end* his matrimonial rite *ere he begins it*.

[2] — like him that leaped into the custard;] Theobald makes the following apposite quotation from Ben Jonson's "Devil is an Ass," A. i. sc. 1, upon this passage:—

> "He may perchance, in tail of a sheriff's dinner,
> Skip with a rhyme on the table, from New-nothing,
> And take his *Almain-leap* into a *custard*,
> Shall make my lady mayoress, and her sisters,
> Laugh all their hoods over their shoulders."

See also Gifford's note on this passage, Ben Jonson's Works, vol. v. p. 14.

spoken better of you, than you have or will deserve at my hand[3]; but we must do good against evil. [*Exit.*

Par. An idle lord, I swear.

Ber. I think so.

Par. Why, do you not know him?

Ber. Yes, I do know him well; and common speech
Gives him a worthy pass. Here comes my clog.

Enter HELENA.

Hel. I have, sir, as I was commanded from you,
Spoke with the king, and have procur'd his leave
For present parting; only he desires
Some private speech with you.

Ber. I shall obey his will.
You must not marvel, Helen, at my course,
Which holds not colour with the time, nor does
The ministration and required office
On my particular: prepar'd I was not
For such a business; therefore am I found
So much unsettled. This drives me to entreat you,
That presently you take your way for home;
And rather muse than ask why I entreat you,
For my respects are better than they seem;
And my appointments have in them a need,
Greater than shows itself, at the first view,
To you that know them not. This to my mother.
[*Giving a letter.*
'Twill be two days ere I shall see you: so,
I leave you to your wisdom.

Hel. Sir, I can nothing say,
But that I am your most obedient servant.

Ber. Come, come, no more of that.

Hel. And ever shall
With true observance seek to eke out that,

[3] — than you have or will deserve at my hand;] So the folio, 1632; that of 1623 reads, superfluously, "than you have or will *to* deserve at my hand."

Wherein toward me my homely stars have fail'd
To equal my great fortune.
Ber. Let that go:
My haste is very great. Farewell: hie home.
Hel. Pray, sir, your pardon.
Ber. Well, what would you say?
Hel. I am not worthy of the wealth I owe[4];
Nor dare I say, 'tis mine, and yet it is,
But, like a timorous thief, most fain would steal
What law does vouch mine own.
Ber. What would you have?
Hel. Something, and scarce so much:—nothing, indeed.—
I would not tell you what I would, my lord—'faith, yes;—
Strangers and foes do sunder, and not kiss.
Ber. I pray you, stay not, but in haste to horse.
Hel. I shall not break your bidding, good my lord.
Where are my other men? monsieur, farewell[5]. [*Exit.*
Ber. Go thou toward home; where I will never come,
Whilst I can shake my sword, or hear the drum.—
Away! and for our flight.
Par. Bravely, coragio! [*Exeunt.*

[4] I am not worthy of the wealth I owe;] *i. e.* I *own* or am *possessed* of. See vol. ii. p. 45, note 1, and many other places where "owe" bears the same signification.

[5] Where are my other men? monsieur, farewell.] This line, since the time of Theobald, has been transferred from Helena to Bertram, but, as Mr. Amyot agrees with me in thinking, without propriety. She inquires for her other attendants, and bids adieu to Parolles, whereas there is no reason why Bertram should take leave of Parolles. The punctuation of the old copy, though it be no rule, may be some guide, and there the line stands thus:—

"Where are my other men? Monsieur, farewell."

Helena immediately afterwards makes her *exit*, as it is marked in the first and other folios, and so far the modern editors are correct.

ACT III. SCENE I.

Florence. A Room in the Duke's Palace.

Flourish. Enter the Duke *of Florence, attended; two Frenchmen, and Soldiers.*

Duke. So that, from point to point, now have you heard
The fundamental reasons of this war,
Whose great decision hath much blood let forth,
And more thirsts after.

1 *Lord.* Holy seems the quarrel[6]
Upon your grace's part; black and fearful
On the opposer.

Duke. Therefore we marvel much our cousin France
Would, in so just a business, shut his bosom
Against our borrowing prayers.

Fr. Env. Good my lord,
The reasons of our state I cannot yield,
But like a common and an outward man,
That the great figure of a council frames
By self-unable motion: therefore, dare not
Say what I think of it, since I have found
Myself in my uncertain grounds to fail
As often as I guess'd.

Duke. Be it his pleasure.

Fr. Gent. But I am sure, the younger of our nature,

[6] Holy seems the quarrel] This should seem to be the remark of a Florentine Lord; as in the old copies the "two Frenchmen" (so called in the introduction to the scene) are distinguished by "*French E.*" and "*French G.*," perhaps French Envoy and French Gentleman, before what is assigned to them in the dialogue. Malone and the modern editors make no such distinction, but merely call them "1 Lord" and "2 Lord." The speech to which the present note applies is the only one given to "1 Lord" in the folios. These appear to be the same "*French E.*" and "*French G.*" who afterwards accompany Helena to Rousillon.

That surfeit on their ease, will day by day
Come here for physic.
Duke. Welcome shall they be,
And all the honours that can fly from us
Shall on them settle. You know your places well;
When better fall, for your avails they fell.
To-morrow to the field. [*Flourish. Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Rousillon. A Room in the COUNTESS's Palace.

Enter COUNTESS *and Clown.*

Count. It hath happened all as I would have had it, save that he comes not along with her.

Clo. By my troth, I take my young lord to be a very melancholy man.

Count. By what observance, I pray you?

Clo. Why, he will look upon his boot, and sing; mend the ruff, and sing[7]; ask questions, and sing; pick his teeth, and sing. I know a man, that had this trick of melancholy, sold a goodly manor for a song[8].

Count. Let me see what he writes, and when he means to come. [*Opening a letter.*

Clo. I have no mind to Isbel, since I was at court. Our old ling and our Isbels o' the country are nothing like your old ling and your Isbels o' the court: the brains

[7] — mend the ruff, and sing;] The tops of the boots, in our author's time, observes Whalley, turned down, and hung loosely over the leg. The folding may be what the Clown means by the *ruff*. Ben Jonson calls it *ruffle*. "Not having leisure to put off my silver spurs, one of the rowels catch'd hold of the *ruffle* of my boot." "Every man out of his Humour," Act iv. (Works by Gifford, vol. ii. p. 155.) *Ruffs* were also worn round the neck.

[8] — SOLD a goodly manor for a song.] The two oldest folios have *hold* instead of *sold*; and in the writing of the time a long *s* might be mistaken for an *h*. If the expression had been "hold a goodly manor *by* a song," it would have shown that the reading of the oldest authorities was correct. To hold a manor *by* any suit or service, as Mr. Barron Field correctly observes to me, is the language of tenures.

of my Cupid's knocked out, and I begin to love, as an old man loves money, with no stomach.

Count. What have we here?

Clo. E'en that you have there. [*Exit.*

Count. [*Reads.*] "I have sent you a daughter-in-law: she hath recovered the king, and undone me. I have wedded her, not bedded her; and sworn to make the *not* eternal. You shall hear, I am run away: know it before the report come. If there be breadth enough in the world, I will hold a long distance. My duty to you.

"Your unfortunate son,

"BERTRAM."

This is not well: rash and unbridled boy,
To fly the favours of so good a king!
To pluck his indignation on thy head,
By the misprizing of a maid, too virtuous
For the contempt of empire!

Re-enter Clown.

Clo. O madam! yonder is heavy news within, between two soldiers and my young lady.

Count. What is the matter?

Clo. Nay, there is some comfort in the news, some comfort: your son will not be killed so soon as I thought he would.

Count. Why should he be kill'd?

Clo. So say I, madam, if he run away, as I hear he does: the danger is in standing to 't; that's the loss of men, though it be the getting of children. Here they come will tell you more; for my part, I only hear your son was run away. [*Exit Clown.*

Enter HELENA *and two French Gentlemen*[9].

Fr. Env. Save you, good madam.

[9] — and two French Gentlemen.] The same who had appeared in a former scene, and are now, in the old copies, called "French E." and "French G." *i. e.* perhaps, French Envoy and French Gentleman.

Hel. Madam, my lord is gone; for ever gone.
Fr. Gen. Do not say so.
Count. Think upon patience.—'Pray you, gentlemen,—
I have felt so many quirks of joy and grief,
That the first face of neither, on the start,
Can woman me[10] unto't:—where is my son, I pray you?
Fr. Gen. Madam, he's gone to serve the duke of Florence:
We met him thitherward; for thence we came[11],
And, after some despatch in hand at court,
Thither we bend again.
Hel. Look on his letter, madam: here's my passport.

[*Reads.*] "When thou canst get the ring upon my finger[1], which never shall come off, and show me a child begotten of thy body, that I am father to, then call me husband: but in such a *then* I write a *never*."

This is a dreadful sentence.
Count. Brought you this letter, gentlemen?
Fr. Env. Ay, madam;
And, for the contents' sake, are sorry for our pains.
Count. I pr'ythee, lady, have a better cheer;
If thou engrossest all the griefs are thine,
Thou robb'st me of a moiety. He was my son,
But I do wash his name out of my blood,
And thou art all my child.—Towards Florence is he?
Fr. Gen. Ay, madam.
Count. And to be a soldier?

[10] Can WOMAN me—] *i. e.* "Affect me," says Steevens, "as my sex are usually affected."

[11] — FOR thence we came,] Malone and other modern editors read, "*from* thence we came," in opposition to all the folios.

[1] When thou canst get the ring UPON my finger,] The meaning is, "When thou canst get possession of the ring now upon my finger." Painter's words are, "when she shall have this ring (meaning a ring which he wore) upon her finger."

Fr. Gen. Such is his noble purpose; and, believe't,
The duke will lay upon him all the honour
That good convenience claims.
Count. Return you thither?
Fr. Env. Ay, madam, with the swiftest wing of speed.
Hel. [*Reads.*] "Till I have no wife, I have nothing in France."
'Tis bitter.
Count. Find you that there?
Hel. Ay, madam.
Fr. Env. 'Tis but the boldness of his hand, haply,
Which his heart was not consenting to.
Count. Nothing in France, until he have no wife!
There's nothing here that is too good for him,
But only she; and she deserves a lord,
That twenty such rude boys might tend upon,
And call her hourly mistress. Who was with him?
Fr. Env. A servant only, and a gentleman
Which I have some time known.
Count. Parolles, was it not?
Fr. Env. Ay, my good lady, he.
Count. A very tainted fellow, and full of wickedness.
My son corrupts a well-derived nature
With his inducement.
Fr. Env. Indeed, good lady,
The fellow has a deal of that too much,
Which holds him much to have[2].
Count. Y' are welcome, gentlemen.
I will entreat you, when you see my son,
To tell him, that his sword can never win

[2] Which holds him much to have.] The meaning is obscure; but it seems to be, that Parolles has a great deal too much of that which it imports him to have much of, in order to keep up appearances—impudence. Heath thought the meaning was, that Parolles had "a deal too much of that which alone can hold or judge that he has much in him, *i. e.* folly and ignorance."

The honour that he loses: more I'll entreat you
Written to bear along.
Fr. Gen. We serve you, madam,
In that and all your worthiest affairs.
Count. Not so, but as we change our courtesies.
Will you draw near?
[*Exeunt* COUNTESS *and French Gentlemen.*
Hel. "Till I have no wife, I have nothing in France."
Nothing in France, until he has no wife!
Thou shalt have none, Rousillon, none in France;
Then hast thou all again. Poor lord! is't I
That chase thee from thy country, and expose
Those tender limbs of thine to the event
Of the none-sparing war? and is it I
That drive thee from the sportive court, where thou
Wast shot at with fair eyes, to be the mark
Of smoky muskets? O! you leaden messengers,
That ride upon the violent speed of fire,
Fly with false aim; move the still-peering air,
That sings with piercing[3], do not touch my lord!
Whoever shoots at him, I set him there;
Whoever charges on his forward breast,
I am the caitiff that do hold him to it;
And, though I kill him not, I am the cause
His death was so effected. Better 'twere,
I met the ravin lion when he roar'd
With sharp constraint of hunger; better 'twere
That all the miseries which nature owes
Were mine at once. No, come thou home, Rousillon,
Whence honour but of danger wins a scar,

[3] Fly with false aim; move the STILL-PEERING air,
That sings with piercing,] We have left this passage as it stands in the first folio, being satisfied with none of the improvements offered by the commentators, nor with any conjectures of our own. "Still-peering" will admit of a meaning quite as well as *still-piecing*, which Malone substituted. The oldest copy misprints *fings* for "sings;" and this obvious error was rendered worse by the printer of the second folio, who made it *stings*.

As oft it loses all: I will be gone.
My being here it is that holds thee hence:
Shall I stay here to do't? no, no, although
The air of paradise did fan the house,
And angels offic'd all: I will be gone,
That pitiful rumour may report my flight,
To consolate thine ear. Come, night; end, day;
For with the dark poor thief, I'll steal away. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

Florence. Before the DUKE's Palace.

Flourish. Enter the DUKE *of Florence,* BERTRAM, PAROLLES[4], *Lords, Officers, Soldiers, and others.*

Duke. The general of our horse thou art; and we,
Great in our hope, lay our best love and credence
Upon thy promising fortune.
Ber. Sir, it is
A charge too heavy for my strength; but yet
We'll strive to bear it for your worthy sake,
To th' extreme edge of hazard[5].
Duke. Then go thou forth,
And fortune play upon thy prosperous helm,
As thy auspicious mistress!
Ber. This very day,
Great Mars, I put myself into thy file:
Make me but like my thoughts, and I shall prove
A lover of thy drum, hater of love. [*Exeunt.*

[4] — Parolles,] Why the modern editors omit Parolles in this scene is not explained. It is true that he says nothing, but he was the constant companion of Bertram, and his name is found in the stage-direction of all the old copies.

[5] To th' extreme edge of hazard.] Steevens pointed out the following passage in Milton's "Paradise Regained," book i. where a similar expression occurs:—

> "You see our danger on the utmost edge
> Of hazard."

Milton, we see, changed "extreme" (which perhaps sounded ill to his ears with the accent on the first syllable) to "utmost."

SCENE IV.

Rousillon. A Room in the COUNTESS's Palace.

Enter COUNTESS, *and her Steward.*

Count. Alas! and would you take the letter of her?
Might you not know, she would do as she has done,
By sending me a letter? Read it again.

Stew. [*Reads.*] "I am Saint Jaques' pilgrim, thither gone[6].
Ambitious love hath so in me offended,
That bare-foot plod I the cold ground upon,
With sainted vow[7] my faults to have amended.
Write, write, that, from the bloody course of war,
My dearest master, your dear son, may hie:
Bless him at home in peace, whilst I from far
His name with zealous fervour sanctify.
His taken labours bid him me forgive:
I, his despiteful Juno, sent him forth
From courtly friends, with camping foes to live,
Where death and danger dog the heels of worth:
He is too good and fair for death and me,
Whom I myself embrace, to set him free."

Count. Ah, what sharp stings are in her mildest words!—
Rinaldo, you did never lack advice so much,
As letting her pass so: had I spoke with her,
I could have well diverted her intents,
Which thus she hath prevented.

Stew. Pardon me, madam:
If I had given you this at over-night,

[6] I am St. Jaques' pilgrim, thither gone.] Johnson remarks that the shrine of St. Jaques of Compostella was rather out of the road from Rousillon to Florence; and Reed conjectures that Helena alluded to St. Jaques at Orleans; but she might mention St. Jaques to mislead the countess as to her route, if indeed Shakespeare considered the relative geographical position of the several places at all important.

[7] With SAINTED vow—] In Malone's Shakespeare by Boswell, "sainted" is misprinted *fainted.*

She might have been o'erta'en; and yet she writes,
Pursuit would be but vain.
Count. What angel shall
Bless this unworthy husband? he cannot thrive,
Unless her prayers, whom heaven delights to hear,
And loves to grant, reprieve him from the wrath
Of greatest justice.—Write, write, Rinaldo,
To this unworthy husband of his wife:
Let every word weigh heavy of her worth,
That he does weigh too light: my greatest grief,
Though little he do feel it, set down sharply.
Despatch the most convenient messenger.—
When, haply, he shall hear that she is gone,
He will return; and hope I may, that she,
Hearing so much, will speed her foot again,
Led hither by pure love. Which of them both
Is dearest to me, I have no skill in sense
To make distinction.—Provide this messenger.—
My heart is heavy, and mine age is weak;
Grief would have tears, and sorrow bids me speak.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Without the Walls of Florence.

A tucket afar off[8]. *Enter an old Widow of Florence,* DIANA[9], VIOLENTA, MARIANA, *and other Citizens.*

Wid. Nay, come; for if they do approach the city, we shall lose all the sight.

Dia. They say, the French count has done most honourable service.

Wid. It is reported that he has taken their greatest

[8] A TUCKET afar off.] A "tucket" was not the name of an instrument, but of the sound produced by an instrument—the trumpet. See Vol. ii. p. 357, note 7.

[9] — Diana,] She is called "daughter" in the stage-direction, and "Diana" in the prefixes.

commander, and that with his own hand he slew the duke's brother. We have lost our labour; they are gone a contrary way: hark! you may know by their trumpets.

Mar. Come; let's return again, and suffice ourselves with the report of it. Well, Diana, take heed of this French earl: the honour of a maid is her name, and no legacy is so rich as honesty.

Wid. I have told my neighbour, how you have been solicited by a gentleman his companion.

Mar. I know that knave; hang him! one Parolles: a filthy officer he is in those suggestions for the young earl[10]:—Beware of them, Diana; their promises, enticements, oaths, tokens, and all these engines of lust, are not the things they go under[11]: many a maid hath been seduced by them; and the misery is, example, that so terrible shows in the wreck of maidenhood, cannot for all that dissuade succession, but that they are limed with the twigs that threaten them. I hope, I need not to advise you further; but, I hope, your own grace will keep you where you are, though there were no farther danger known, but the modesty which is so lost.

Dia. You shall not need to fear me.

Enter HELENA, *in the dress of a Pilgrim.*

Wid. I hope so.—Look, here comes a pilgrim: I know she will lie at my house; thither they send one another.

I'll question her.—God save you, pilgrim!
Whither are you bound?

Hel. To Saint Jaques le grand.
Where do the palmers lodge, I do beseech you?

Wid. At the Saint Francis here, beside the port.

Hel. Is this the way?

[10] — those SUGGESTIONS for the young earl.] *i. e. Temptations.* See vol. ii. p. 283, note 6.

[11] — are not the things they GO UNDER:] *i. e.* Are not the things they *pretend to be,* under the names of which they go and are known.

Wid. Ay, marry, is't.—Hark you!
[*A march afar off.*
They come this way.—
If you will tarry, holy pilgrim[12],
But till the troops come by,
I will conduct you where you shall be lodg'd;
The rather, for I think I know your hostess
As ample as myself.
Hel. Is it yourself?
Wid. If you shall please so, pilgrim.
Hel. I thank you, and will stay upon your leisure.
Wid. You came, I think, from France?
Hel. I did so.
Wid. Here you shall see a countryman of yours,
That has done worthy service.
Hel. His name, I pray you.
Dia. The count Rousillon: know you such a one?
Hel. But by the ear, that hears most nobly of him:
His face I know not[1].
Dia. Whatsoe'er he is,
He's bravely taken here. He stole from France,
As 'tis reported, for the king had married him
Against his liking. Think you it is so?
Hel. Ay, surely, mere the truth: I know his lady.
Dia. There is a gentleman, that serves the count,
Reports but coarsely of her.
Hel. What's his name?
Dia. Monsieur Parolles.
Hel. O! I believe with him,

[12] If you will tarry, HOLY pilgrim,] Here, and in a preceding line,
"I'll question her. God save you, pilgrim,"
the word pilgrim is evidently to be pronounced as three syllables. Steevens thought fit to regulate the text differently, and omitted "holy," for the avowed purpose of mending Shakespeare's metre!

[1] His face I know not.] "Shall we say here," asks Coleridge, "that Shakespeare has unnecessarily made his loveliest character utter a lie? Or shall we dare think that, where to deceive was necessary, he thought a pretended verbal verity a double crime, equally with the other a lie to the hearer, and at the same time an attempt to lie to one's own conscience." Lit. Rem. ii. 121.

In argument of praise, or to the worth
Of the great count himself, she is too mean
To have her name repeated: all her deserving
Is a reserved honesty, and that
I have not heard examin'd.

Dia. Alas, poor lady!
'Tis a hard bondage, to become the wife
Of a detesting lord.

Wid. I write good creature[2]: wheresoe'er she is,
Her heart weighs sadly. This young maid might do her
A shrewd turn, if she pleas'd.

Hel. How do you mean?
May be, the amorous count solicits her
In the unlawful purpose.

Wid. He does, indeed;
And brokes with all that can in such a suit
Corrupt the tender honour of a maid:
But she is arm'd for him, and keeps her guard
In honestest defence.

Enter with drum and colours, a party of the Florentine army[3], BERTRAM, *and* PAROLLES.

Mar. The gods forbid else!

Wid. So, now they come.—
That is Antonio, the duke's eldest son;
That, Escalus.

Hel. Which is the Frenchman?

Dia. He;
That with the plume: 'tis a most gallant fellow;

[2] I write good creature :] The first folio has "I write good creature," which Malone retains, in the sense of "I consider her a good creature." The fact is that such was the phraseology of Shakespeare's time, and in this very play (see p. 245) Lafeu tells Parolles, "*I write* man, to which title age cannot bring thee." Malone omits this apposite instance, but quotes, "About it, and *write* happy when thou hast done," from "King Lear," A. v. sc. 3, and "Since I *writ* widow," from Lodowick Barry's comedy of "Ram Alley," 1611. It is curious to note how soon this mode of expression had gone out of use, for in the second folio the passage in the text is altered to "I (*i. e. ay*) right, good creature."

[3] — a party of the Florentine army,] The old copies read "and the whole army;" *i. e.* "the whole army" the theatre could put upon the stage.

I would he lov'd his wife. If he were honester,
He were much goodlier: is't not a handsome gentleman?

Hel. I like him well.

Dia. 'Tis pity, he is not honest. Yond's that same knave,
That leads him to these places: were I his lady,
I would poison that vile rascal.

Hel. Which is he?

Dia. That jackanapes with scarfs. Why is he melancholy?

Hel. Perchance he's hurt i' the battle.

Par. Lose our drum! well.

Mar. He's shrewdly vexed at something. Look, he has spied us.

Wid. Marry, hang you!

Mar. And your courtesy, for a ring-carrier!

[*Exeunt* BERTRAM, PAROLLES, *Officers, and Soldiers.*

Wid. The troop is past. Come, pilgrim, I will bring you
Where you shall host: of enjoin'd penitents
There's four or five, to great Saint Jaques bound,
Already at my house.

Hel. I humbly thank you.
Please it this matron, and this gentle maid,
To eat with us to-night, the charge and thanking
Shall be for me; and, to requite you farther,
I will bestow some precepts of this virgin,
Worthy the note[4].

Both. We'll take your offer kindly.

[*Exeunt.*

[4] I will bestow some precepts OF this virgin,
Worthy the note.] All the modern editors follow the second folio in reading "*on* this virgin;" but the first folio has it "*of* this virgin," which was the language of the time. We have already met with several instances in this vol. of the use of "of" for *on*: thus in "The Taming of the Shrew," p. 165, we had "both *of* one horse;" and in the same comedy, p. 196, Petruchio says, "I'll venture so much *of* my hawk or hound."

SCENE VI.

Camp before Florence.

Enter BERTRAM, *and the two Frenchmen*[5].

Fr. Env. Nay, good my lord, put him to't: let him have his way.

Fr. Gent. If your lordship find him not a hilding[6], hold me no more in your respect.

Fr. Env. On my life, my lord, a bubble.

Ber. Do you think I am so far deceived in him?

Fr. Env. Believe it, my lord: in mine own direct knowledge, without any malice, but to speak of him as my kinsman, he's a most notable coward, an infinite and endless liar, an hourly promise-breaker, the owner of no one good quality worthy your lordship's entertainment.

Fr. Gent. It were fit you knew him, lest reposing too far in his virtue which he hath not, he might, at some great and trusty business in a main danger, fail you.

Ber. I would I knew in what particular action to try him.

Fr. Gent. None better than to let him fetch off his drum, which you hear him so confidently undertake to do.

Fr. Env. I, with a troop of Florentines, will suddenly surprise him: such I will have, whom, I am sure, he knows not from the enemy. We will bind

[5] Enter Bertram, and the two Frenchmen.] The old stage-direction is, "Enter Count Rousillon and the Frenchmen, as at first," referring to the scene, in which "French E." and "French G." had appeared. In the present scene, in the old copies, they are called "Cap. E." and "Cap. G." in the prefixes, while the modern editors create them "lords," "1 Lord" and "2 Lord." For the sake of consistency, they are called in our text, as before, "French Envoy," and "French Gentleman." It appears, by A. iv. sc. 3, that both of them were named Dumaine, and that they were brothers.

[6] — a HILDING,] A *hilding* is a low, cowardly fellow. See p. 138, note 2.

and hoodwink him so, that he shall suppose no other but that he is carried into the leaguer of the adversaries[7], when we bring him to our own tents. Be but your lordship present at his examination, if he do not, for the promise of his life, and in the highest compulsion of base fear, offer to betray you, and deliver all the intelligence in his power against you, and that with the divine forfeit of his soul upon oath, never trust my judgment in any thing.

Fr. Gent. O! for the love of laughter, let him fetch his drum: he says he has a stratagem for't. When your lordship sees the bottom of his success in't[8], and to what metal this counterfeit lump of ore[9] will be melted, if you give him not John Drum's entertainment[10], your inclining cannot be removed. Here he comes.

Enter PAROLLES.

Fr. Env. O! for the love of laughter, hinder not the honour of his design[1]: let him fetch off his drum in any hand.

Ber. How now, monsieur? this drum sticks sorely in your disposition.

[7] — he is carried into the LEAGUER of the adversaries,] *i. e. Camp.* Douce aptly quotes the following:—"They will not vouchsafe in their speaches or writings to use our ancient termes belonging to matters of warre, but doo call a campe by the Dutch name of *Legar;* nor will not affoord to say, that such a towne or such a fort is besieged, but that it is *belegard.*" Sir John Smythe's Discourses, &c. 1590. Malone omits "own" before "tents," at the end of this sentence.

[8] — of HIS success in't,] The old copies have *this* for "his."

[9] — counterfeit lump of ORE—] The old copies read *ours* for "ore." Theobald made the judicious alteration.

[10] — John Drum's entertainment,] This proverbial expression seems equivalent to *drumming out.* It is often met with in old writers, beginning with Gosson, in his "School of Abuse," 1579. In 1601, a play was published, called "Jack Drum's Entertainment," which was so popular as to be reprinted twice afterwards. One of the earliest dramas, in which Jack Drum's entertainment is mentioned, is "The Three Ladies of London," 1584, where Dissimulation tells Simplicity, "Pack hence, away—Jack Drum's entertainment."

[1] — hinder not the HONOUR of his design:] This is the reading of the old copies, which ought to be adhered to: "the honor of his design" is the honor Parolles will pretend to gain by it. Modern editors have changed "honor" to *humour,* without either warranty or fitness.

Fr. Gent. A pox on't! let it go: 'tis but a drum.

Par. But a drum! Is't but a drum? A drum so lost!—There was an excellent command, to charge in with our horse upon our own wings, and to rend our own soldiers!

Fr. Gent. That was not to be blamed in the command of the service: it was a disaster of war that Cæsar himself could not have prevented, if he had been there to command.

Ber. Well, we cannot greatly condemn our success: some dishonour we had in the loss of that drum; but it is not to be recovered.

Par. It might have been recovered.

Ber. It might; but it is not now.

Par. It is to be recovered. But that the merit of service is seldom attributed to the true and exact performer, I would have that drum or another, or *hic jacet*—

Ber. Why, if you have a stomach to't, monsieur, if you think your mystery in stratagem can bring this instrument of honour again into his native quarter, be magnanimous in the enterprise, and go on; I will grace the attempt for a worthy exploit: if you speed well in it, the duke shall both speak of it, and extend to you what farther becomes his greatness, even to the utmost syllable of your worthiness.

Par. By the hand of a soldier, I will undertake it.

Ber. But you must not now slumber in it.

Par. I'll about it this evening: and I will presently pen down my dilemmas, encourage myself in my certainty, put myself into my mortal preparation, and by midnight look to hear farther from me.

Ber. May I be bold to acquaint his grace you are gone about it?

Par. I know not what the success will be, my lord; but the attempt I vow.

Ber. I know thou art valiant, and to the possibility of thy soldiership will subscribe for thee. Farewell.

Par. I love not many words. [*Exit.*

Fr. Env. No more than a fish loves water.—Is not this a strange fellow, my lord, that so confidently seems to undertake this business, which he knows is not to be done, damns himself to do, and dares better be damned than to do't[2]?

Fr. Gent. You do not know him, my lord, as we do: certain it is, that he will steal himself into a man's favour, and for a week escape a great deal of discoveries; but when you find him out, you have him ever after.

Ber. Why, do you think, he will make no deed at all of this, that so seriously he does address himself unto?

Fr. Env. None in the world; but return with an invention, and clap upon you two or three probable lies. But we have almost embossed him[3], you shall see his fall to-night; for, indeed, he is not for your lordship's respect.

Fr. Gent. We'll make you some sport with the fox, ere we case him[4]. He was first smoked by the old lord Lafeu: when his disguise and he is parted, tell me what a sprat you shall find him, which you shall see this very night.

Fr. Env. I must go look my twigs: he shall be caught.

Ber. Your brother, he shall go along with me.

[2] — be damned than TO do't.] So the old copies: Malone omits "to."

[3] — we have almost EMBOSSED him,] To *emboss* a deer (as appears by a passage from Markham's "Country Contentments," adduced by Steevens) is to run it, until it is weary and foams at the mouth. In Heywood's "Edward IV." 1600, pt. i. sign. E. 3, this dialogue occurs :—

"*Duchess.* Came thou down the wood?

"*Hobs.* Yes, mistress, that I did.

"*Duchess.* And saw'st thou not the deer *imbost*?"

The "*fall* of the deer" was also technical. See likewise p. 108, note 6.

[4] — ere we CASE him.] Ere we deprive him of his "case," strip him.

Fr. Gent. As't please your lordship.
Fr. Env. I'll leave you[5]. [*Exit.*
Ber. Now will I lead you to the house, and show you
The lass I spoke of.
Fr. Gent. But, you say, she's honest.
Ber. That's all the fault. I spoke with her but once,
And found her wondrous cold; but I sent to her,
By this same coxcomb that we have i' the wind,
Tokens and letters which she did re-send;
And this is all I have done. She's a fair creature:
Will you go see her?
Fr. Gent. With all my heart, my lord.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.

Florence. A Room in the Widow's House.

Enter HELENA *and Widow.*

Hel. If you misdoubt me that I am not she,
I know not how I shall assure you farther,
But I shall lose the grounds I work upon.
Wid. Though my estate be fall'n, I was well born,
Nothing acquainted with these businesses,
And would not put my reputation now
In any staining act.
Hel. Nor would I wish you.
First, give me trust, the count he is my husband,
And what to your sworn counsel I have spoken,
Is so, from word to word; and then you cannot,
By the good aid that I of you shall borrow,
Err in bestowing it.

[5] *Fr. Env.* I'll leave you.] There is some little confusion of persons in this part of the dialogue. The *Fr. Env.* should say, "I'll leave you," and make his *exit*, for the purpose of "looking to his twigs:" the *Fr. Gent.* should remain with Bertram. Perhaps all that is absolutely necessary is to give, "As't please your lordship: I'll leave you," to the *Fr. Env.* instead of the *Fr. Gent.* as in the old copies.

Wid. I should believe you;
For you have show'd me that, which well approves
You are great in fortune.
Hel. Take this purse of gold,
And let me buy your friendly help thus far,
Which I will over-pay, and pay again,
When I have found it. The count he woos your daughter,
Lays down his wanton siege before her beauty,
Resolved to carry her[6]: let her, in fine, consent,
As we'll direct her how 'tis best to bear it.
Now, his important blood[7] will nought deny
That she'll demand: a ring the county wears,
That downward hath succeeded in his house
From son to son, some four or five descents
Since the first father wore it: this ring he holds
In most rich choice; yet, in his idle fire
To buy his will, it would not seem too dear,
Howe'er repented after.
Wid. Now I see
The bottom of your purpose.
Hel. You see it lawful then. It is no more,
But that your daughter, ere she seems as won,
Desires this ring; appoints him an encounter;
In fine, delivers me to fill the time,
Herself most chastely absent. After this[8],
To marry her, I'll add three thousand crowns
To what is past already.
Wid. I have yielded.

[6] RESOLVED to carry her:] The first folio has *resolve*, and the second *resolves*; but the true reading seems given in a MS. correction in Lord Francis Egerton's edit. of 1623, which has "resolved."

[7] Now, his IMPORTANT blood—] *i. e.* Importunate—*emportant*, Fr. as Tyrwhitt observes. See Vol. ii. p. 169, note 5. Also, pp. 203 & 348 of the same vol.

[8] Herself most chastely absent: after THIS,] The word "this" is an addition in the second folio; and the probability is, that it had dropped out in the press, as the line is imperfect without it: it is however not absolutely required by the sense, and I have therefore had some doubts as to the propriety of inserting "this" in the text. Possibly the true reading is "afterwards," and not "after *this*;" but the folio of 1632 is, of course, next in authority to that of 1623.

Instruct my daughter how she shall persever,
That time and place, with this deceit so lawful,
May prove coherent. Every night he comes
With musics of all sorts, and songs compos'd
To her unworthiness: it nothing steads us,
To chide him from our eaves, for he persists,
As if his life lay on't.
Hel. Why then, to-night
Let us assay our plot; which, if it speed,
Is wicked meaning in a lawful deed,
And lawful meaning in a lawful act;
Where both not sin, and yet a sinful fact[9].
But let's about it. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Without the Florentine Camp.

Enter French Envoy[1], *with five or six Soldiers in ambush.*

Fr. Env. He can come no other way but by this hedge corner. When you sally upon him, speak what terrible language you will: though you understand it not yourselves, no matter; for we must not seem to understand him, unless some one among us, whom we must produce for an interpreter.

1 *Sold.* Good captain, let me be the interpreter.

[9] Where both not sin, and yet a sinful fact:] This riddle may be thus solved: Bertram's "meaning" was "wicked," though the "deed" he committed was "lawful:" Helen's "meaning" and "act" were both "lawful;" and neither of them sinned, although the "fact" appeared "sinful." The passage has produced controversy. Warburton would read, "And lawful meaning in a *wicked* act," and Hanmer, "*Unlawful* meaning in a lawful act;" but no change is required.

[1] Enter French Envoy,] Called "one of the Frenchmen" in the old stage-direction, and "first Lord" by the modern editors. He is the same who was originally designated in the prefixes as "French E." and afterwards as "Cap. E." We have called him consistently "French Envoy" throughout.

Fr. Env. Art not acquainted with him? knows he not thy voice?

1 *Sold.* No, sir, I warrant you.

Fr. Env. But what linsy-woolsy hast thou to speak to us again?

1 *Sold.* Even such as you speak to me.

Fr. Env. He must think us some band of strangers i' the adversary's entertainment. Now, he hath a smack of all neighbouring languages; therefore, we must every one be a man of his own fancy, not to know what we speak one to another; so we seem to know is to know straight our purpose: chough's language, gabble enough, and good enough. As for you, interpreter, you must seem very politic. But couch, ho! here he comes, to beguile two hours in a sleep, and then to return and swear the lies he forges.

Enter PAROLLES.

Par. Ten o'clock: within these three hours 'twill be time enough to go home. What shall I say I have done? It must be a very plausive invention that carries it. They begin to smoke me, and disgraces have of late knocked too often at my door. I find, my tongue is too foolhardy; but my heart hath the fear of Mars before it, and of his creatures, not daring the reports of my tongue.

Fr. Env. [*Aside.*] This is the first truth that e'er thine own tongue was guilty of.

Par. What the devil should move me to undertake the recovery of this drum, being not ignorant of the impossibility, and knowing I had no such purpose? I must give myself some hurts, and say, I got them in exploit. Yet slight ones will not carry it: they will say, "Came you off with so little?" and great ones I dare not give. Wherefore? what's the instance[2]? Tongue,

[2] Wherefore? what's the instance?] Johnson says that "instance" here means *proof*; but it seems rather to mean, as in "Hamlet," A. iii. sc. 2,

I must put you into a butter-woman's mouth, and buy myself another of Bajazet's mule[3], if you prattle me into these perils.

Fr. Env. [*Aside.*] Is it possible, he should know what he is, and be that he is?

Par. I would the cutting of my garments would serve the turn; or the breaking of my Spanish sword.

Fr. Env. [*Aside.*] We cannot afford you so.

Par. Or the baring of my beard[4]; and to say, it was in stratagem.

Fr. Env. [*Aside.*] 'Twould not do.

Par. Or to drown my clothes, and say I was stripped.

Fr. Env. [*Aside.*] Hardly serve.

Par. Though I swore I leaped from the window of the citadel—

Fr. Env. [*Aside.*] How deep?

Par. Thirty fathom.

Fr. Env. [*Aside.*] Three great oaths would scarce make that be believed.

motive. "What *motive* is there (asks Parolles) that I should give myself great hurts?" He does not see the absolute necessity of wounding himself, but is resolved to rely upon his tongue.

[3] — and buy myself another of Bajazet's MULE,] The allusion here is not intelligible in our day, though probably well understood in the time of Shakespeare. The old copies read "mule," which Warburton altered to *mute;* thereby not rendering the allusion at all more perspicuous: in Turkey they have both "mules" and *mutes*. Reed added the following note in defence of the reading of the folios:—

"Perhaps there may be here a reference to the following apologue, mentioned by Maitland, in one of his despatches to Secretary Cecil: 'I think yow have hard the apologue off the Philosopher who for th' emperor's plesure tooke upon him to make a *Moyle* speak: In many yeares the lyke may yet be, eyther that the *Moyle*, the Philosopher, or Eamperor may dye before the tyme be fully ronne out.' Haynes's Collection, 369. Parolles probably means, he must buy a tongue which has still to learn the use of speech, that he may run himself into no more difficulties by his loquacity."

On the other hand, we know that Tamerlane and Bajazet had both been brought upon the stage before the year 1590, and Bajazet may have been attended by a *mute*, who figured prominently, though none such is found in Marlowe's play. Malone omits "myself" in his reading of the passage.

[4] Or the BARING of my beard;] We have the expression of "baring" applied to the shaving of the head in "Measure for Measure," vol. ii. p. 76: "Shave the head, and tie the beard; and say it was the desire of the penitent to be so *bared* before his death."

Par. I would I had any drum of the enemy's: I would swear I recovered it.

Fr. Env. [*Aside.*] You shall hear one anon.

Par. A drum, now, of the enemy's! [*Alarum within.*

Fr. Env. Throca movousus, cargo, cargo, cargo.

All. Cargo, cargo, villianda par corbo, cargo.

Par. O! ransom, ransom!—Do not hide mine eyes.

[*They seize and blindfold him.*

1 *Sold. Boskos thromuldo boskos.*

Par. I know you are the Muskos' regiment;
And I shall lose my life for want of language.
If there be here German, or Dane, low Dutch,
Italian, or French, let him speak to me:
I will discover that which shall undo
The Florentine.

1 *Sold.* *Boskos vauvado:*—
I understand thee, and can speak thy tongue[5]:—
Kerelybonto:—Sir,
Betake thee to thy faith, for seventeen poniards
Are at thy bosom.

Par. O!

1 *Sold.* O! pray, pray, pray.—
Manka revania dulche.

Fr. Env. *Oscorbidulchos volivorco.*

1 *Sold.* The general is content to spare thee yet,
And, hoodwink'd as thou art, will lead thee on
To gather from thee: haply, thou may'st inform
Something to save thy life.

Par. O! let me live,
And all the secrets of our camp I'll show,
Their force, their purposes; nay, I'll speak that
Which you will wonder at.

1 *Sold.* But wilt thou faithfully?

Par. If I do not, damn me.

[5] I understand thee, and can speak thy tongue:] The person who utters this line is called *Inter.* or *Interpreter,* in the old copies; but he is the "1 Sold." who, in the beginning of the scene, had undertaken the task.

1 *Sold.* *Acordo linta.*—
Come on; thou art granted space.
[*Exit, with* PAROLLES *guarded*[6].

Fr. Env. Go, tell the count Rousillon, and my brother,
We have caught the woodcock, and will keep him muffled,
Till we do hear from them.

2 *Sold.* Captain, I will.

Fr. Env. A' will betray us all unto ourselves:
Inform on that[7].

2 *Sold.* So I will, sir.

Fr. Env. Till then, I'll keep him dark, and safely lock'd. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Florence. A Room in the Widow's House.

Enter BERTRAM *and* DIANA.

Ber. They told me, that your name was Fontibell.

Dia. No, my good lord, Diana.

Ber. Titled goddess,
And worth it, with addition! But, fair soul,
In your fine frame hath love no quality?
If the quick fire of youth light not your mind,
You are no maiden, but a monument:
When you are dead, you should be such a one
As you are now, for you are cold and stern;
And now you should be as your mother was,
When your sweet self was got.

Dia. She then was honest.

Ber. So should you be.

[6] Exit, with Parolles guarded.] The folios have here "a short alarum within;" no doubt, to give a panic to Parolles, as he was taking his departure hoodwinked.

[7] — Inform ON that.] *i. e.* Inform on that point. Rowe substituted "Inform 'em that," without the slightest necessity.

Dia. No:
My mother did but duty; such, my lord,
As you owe to your wife.
Ber. No more o' that:
I pr'ythee, do not strive against my vows[8].
I was compell'd to her; but I love thee
By love's own sweet constraint, and will for ever
Do thee all rights of service.
Dia. Ay, so you serve us,
Till we serve you; but when you have our roses,
You barely leave our thorns to prick ourselves,
And mock us with our bareness.
Ber. How have I sworn?
Dia. 'Tis not the many oaths that make the truth,
But the plain single vow, that is vow'd true.
What is not holy, that we swear not by,
But take the Highest to witness: then, pray you, tell me,
If I should swear by Jove's great attributes[9],
I lov'd you dearly, would you believe my oaths,
When I did love you ill[1]? this has no holding,
To swear by him, whom I protest to love,
That I will work against him[2]. Therefore, your oaths
Are words, and poor conditions, but unseal'd,
At least, in my opinion.
Ber. Change it, change it.

[8] I pr'ythee, do not strive against my vows.] *i. e.* The vows he has made never to cohabit with his wife.

[9] If I should swear by Jove's great attributes,] Thus distinctly printed in all the folios I have seen; but Johnson says, that "it is doubtful whether it be Iove's or love's." Either way, he found the passage difficult. The second folio has, "Jove's great *attribute*."

[1] When I did love you ill?] *i. e.* When I did love you, for your ill or injury. This is Heath's interpretation.

[2] ——————— this has no holding,
To swear by him, whom I protest to love,
That I will work against him.] These lines have not been understood, on account of the inversion: "to swear by him" is to swear by Jove, previously mentioned; and the meaning seems evident when we read the passage thus:— "This has no holding, to swear by him, [*i. e.* Jove,] that I will work against him whom I protest I love."

Be not so holy-cruel: love is holy,
And my integrity ne'er knew the crafts,
That you do charge men with. Stand no more off,
But give thyself unto my sick desires,
Who then recover: say, thou art mine, and ever
My love, as it begins, shall so persever.

Dia. I see, that men make ropes in such a scarre,
That we'll forsake ourselves[3]. Give me that ring.

Ber. I'll lend it thee, my dear; but have no power
To give it from me.

Dia. Will you not, my lord?

Ber. It is an honour 'longing to our house,
Bequeathed down from many ancestors,
Which were the greatest obloquy i' the world
In me to lose.

Dia. Mine honour's such a ring:
My chastity's the jewel of our house,
Bequeathed down from many ancestors,
Which were the greatest obloquy i' the world
In me to lose. Thus, your own proper wisdom
Brings in the champion, honour, on my part
Against your vain assault.

Ber. Here, take my ring:
My house, mine honour, yea, my life be thine,
And I'll be bid by thee.

Dia. When midnight comes, knock at my chamber window:

[3] I see that men make ROPES in such a SCARRE,
That we'll forsake ourselves.] There have been many conjectures for setting right this evidently corrupt passage. Rowe read "make *hopes* in such *affairs*;" which is sense, but hardly such sense as Shakespeare would have written: his emendation was adopted, until Malone introduced *scene* instead of *affairs*, which is only an improvement inasmuch as *scene* is a more likely misprint for *scarre*, than *affairs*. The old reading may possibly stand, taking the meaning to be, that men make "ropes" in order to overcome obstructions, such as "scarres" or *rocks* may be considered. However, any explanation is unsatisfactory. We might read *slopes* for "ropes," in reference to the "scarre," and the difficulty of passing over it; or perhaps, after all, *scarre* is the corrupt word, and we ought to read *staire*, and the allusion may be to a *ladder* or *stair* of "ropes."

I'll order take my mother shall not hear.
Now will I charge you in the band of truth,
When you have conquer'd my yet maiden bed,
Remain there but an hour, nor speak to me.
My reasons are most strong; and you shall know them,
When back again this ring shall be deliver'd:
And on your finger, in the night, I'll put
Another ring; that what in time proceeds
May token to the future our past deeds.
Adieu, till then; then, fail not. You have won
A wife of me, though there my hope be done.

Ber. A heaven on earth I have won by wooing thee.
[*Exit.*

Dia. For which live long to thank both heaven and me!
You may so in the end,——
My mother told me just how he would woo,
As if she sat in's heart: she says, all men
Have the like oaths. He had sworn to marry me,
When his wife's dead; therefore I'll lie with him,
When I am buried. Since Frenchmen are so braid[4],
Marry that will, I live and die a maid[5]:
Only, in this disguise, I think't no sin
To cozen him, that would unjustly win. [*Exit.*

[4] Since Frenchmen are so BRAID,] The explanation of this word given by Steevens seems the right one, though it has been disputed: "Braid signifies *crafty, deceitful;*" and he derives it from the Anglo-Saxon *bred*, which is usually translated *fraus*. The ordinary sense is that which Palsgrave gives in his Dictionary, 1530, "hastynesse of mynde.' For this reference I have to thank the Rev. A. Dyce, and it accords with the sense given in Sir F. Madden's Glossary to "Syr Gawayne." "At a braid," or *on a sudden*, is a not unusual expression; the meaning of Diana might, therefore, possibly be, that Frenchmen are so *hasty* and *sudden;* but this is hardly consistent with what she has previously said of them.

[5] Marry that will, *I* live and die a maid:] Thus the first and second folios. Malone, without assigning any reason, adopted the reading of the third folio, 1664, "*I'll* live and die a maid." This form of expression, using the present tense for the future, is common.

SCENE III.

The Florentine Camp.

Enter the two Frenchmen, and two or three Soldiers.

Fr. Gent. You have not given him his mother's letter.

Fr. Env. I have delivered it an hour since: there is something in't that stings his nature, for on the reading it he changed almost into another man.

Fr. Gent. He has much worthy blame laid upon him, for shaking off so good a wife, and so sweet a lady.

Fr. Env. Especially he hath incurred the everlasting displeasure of the king, who had even tuned his bounty to sing happiness to him. I will tell you a thing, but you shall let it dwell darkly within you.

Fr. Gent. When you have spoken it, 'tis dead, and I am the grave of it.

Fr. Env. He hath perverted a young gentlewoman, here in Florence, of a most chaste renown, and this night he fleshes his will in the spoil of her honour: he hath given her his monumental ring, and thinks himself made in the unchaste composition.

Fr. Gent. Now, God delay our rebellion: as we are ourselves, what things are we!

Fr. Env. Merely our own traitors: and as in the common course of all treasons, we still see them reveal themselves, till they attain to their abhorred ends, so he that in this action contrives against his own nobility, in his proper stream o'erflows himself.

Fr. Gent. Is it not meant damnable in us, to be trumpeters of our unlawful intents? We shall not then have his company to-night.

Fr. Env. Not till after midnight, for he is dieted to his hour.

Fr. Gent. That approaches apace: I would gladly

have him see his company[6] anatomized, that he might take a measure of his own judgments, wherein so curiously he had set this counterfeit.

Fr. Env. We will not meddle with him till he come, for his presence must be the whip of the other.

Fr. Gent. In the mean time, what hear you of these wars?

Fr. Env. I hear there is an overture of peace.

Fr. Gent. Nay, I assure you, a peace concluded.

Fr. Env. What will count Rousillon do then? will he travel higher, or return again into France?

Fr. Gent. I perceive by this demand you are not altogether of his council.

Fr. Env. Let it be forbid, sir; so should I be a great deal of his act.

Fr. Gent. Sir, his wife some two months since fled from his house: her pretence is a pilgrimage to Saint Jaques le grand, which holy undertaking with most austere sanctimony she accomplished; and, there residing, the tenderness of her nature became as a prey to her grief; in fine, made a groan of her last breath, and now she sings in heaven.

Fr. Env. How is this justified?

Fr. Gent. The stronger part of it by her own letters; which make her story true, even to the point of her death: her death itself, which could not be her office to say, is come,—was faithfully confirmed by the rector of the place.

Fr. Env. Hath the count all this intelligence?

Fr. Gent. Ay, and the particular confirmations, point from point, to the full arming of the verity.

Fr. Env. I am heartily sorry that he'll be glad of this.

Fr. Gent. How mightily, sometimes, we make us comforts of our losses.

Fr. Env. And how mightily, some other times, we drown our gain in tears. The great dignity, that his

[6] — his COMPANY—] *i. e.* His *companion*; meaning Parolles.

valour hath here acquired for him, shall at home be encountered with a shame as ample.

Fr. Gent. The web of our life is of a mingled yarn, good and ill together: our virtues would be proud, if our faults whipped them not; and our crimes would despair, if they were not cherished by our virtues.

Enter a Servant.

How now? where's your master?

Serv. He met the duke in the street, sir, of whom he hath taken a solemn leave: his lordship will next morning for France. The duke hath offered him letters of commendations to the king.

Fr. Env. They shall be no more than needful there, if they were more than they can commend.

Enter BERTRAM.

Fr. Gent. They cannot be too sweet for the king's tartness. Here's his lordship now.—How, now, my lord! is't not after midnight?

Ber. I have to-night despatched sixteen businesses, a month's length a-piece, by an abstract of success: I have congé'd with the duke, done my adieu with his nearest, buried a wife, mourned for her, writ to my lady mother I am returning, entertained my convoy; and between these main parcels of despatch effected many nicer needs: the last was the greatest, but that I have not ended yet.

Fr. Env. If the business be of any difficulty, and this morning your departure hence, it requires haste of your lordship.

Ber. I mean the business is not ended, as fearing to hear of it hereafter. But shall we have this dialogue between the fool and the soldier[7]? Come, bring forth

[7] — dialogue between the fool and the soldier?] Some popular production of this kind probably then existed. It is a species of performance of which John Heywood seems to have been the inventor in the reign of Henry VIII. See "Hist. of Engl. Dram. Poetry and the Stage," vol. ii. pp. 393 and 396.

this counterfeit model[8]: he has deceived me, like a double-meaning prophesier.

Fr. Env. Bring him forth. [*Exeunt Soldiers.*] He has sat i' the stocks all night, poor gallant knave.

Ber. No matter; his heels have deserved it, in usurping his spurs so long. How does he carry himself?

Fr. Env. I have told your lordship already; the stocks carry him. But, to answer you as you would be understood, he weeps, like a wench that had shed her milk. He hath confessed himself to Morgan, whom he supposes to be a friar, from the time of his remembrance, to this very instant disaster of his setting i' the stocks, and what think you he hath confessed?

Ber. Nothing of me, has he?

Fr. Env. His confession is taken, and it shall be read to his face: if your lordship be in't, as I believe you are, you must have the patience to hear it.

Re-enter Soldiers, with PAROLLES.

Ber. A plague upon him! muffled? he can say nothing of me: hush! hush!

Fr. Gent. Hoodman comes!—*Portotartarossa.*

1 *Sold.* He calls for the tortures: what will you say without 'em?

Par. I will confess what I know without constraint: if ye pinch me like a pasty, I can say no more.

1 *Sold. Bosko chimurcho.*

Fr. Gent. Boblibindo chicurmurco.

1 *Sold.* You are a merciful general.—Our general bids you answer to what I shall ask you out of a note.

Par. And truly, as I hope to live.

[8] — bring forth this counterfeit MODEL:] It is spelt *module* in the old copies; and it appears from Minsheu (says Malone) that *module* and "model" were "synonymous." They were not synonymous, but the same word differently spelt—"model," from the Fr. *modelle*, and "module," from the Lat. *modulus*.

1 *Sold.* "First, demand of him how many horse the duke is strong." What say you to that?

Par. Five or six thousand; but very weak and unserviceable: the troops are all scattered, and the commanders very poor rogues, upon my reputation and credit, and as I hope to live.

1 *Sold.* Shall I set down your answer so?

Par. Do: I'll take the sacrament on't, how and which way you will.

Ber. All's one to him[9]. What a past-saving slave is this!

Fr. Gent. Y' are deceived, my lord: this is monsieur Parolles, the gallant militarist, (that was his own phrase) that had the whole theorick[1] of war in the knot of his scarf, and the practice in the chape of his dagger[2].

Fr. Env. I will never trust a man again for keeping his sword clean; nor believe he can have every thing in him by wearing his apparel neatly.

1 *Sold.* Well, that's set down.

Par. Five or six thousand horse, I said,—I will say true,—or thereabouts, set down,—for I'll speak truth.

Fr. Gent. He's very near the truth in this.

Ber. But I con him no thanks for't[3], in the nature he delivers it.

Par. Poor rogues, I pray you, say.

1 *Sold.* Well, that's set down.

Par. I humbly thank you, sir. A truth's a truth: the rogues are marvellous poor.

[9] All's one to him.] In the old copy, these words are given by mistake to Parolles.

[1] — that had the whole THEORICK—] *i. e. Theory.* In 1597 was published, as Reed informs us, "*Theorique* and Practise of Warre, written by Don Philip Prince of Castil, by Don Bernardino de Mendoza. Translated out of the Castilian Tonge in Englishe, by Sir Edward Hoby, Knight." 4to.

[2] — the CHAPE of his dagger.] We have already had a "chapeless" sword mentioned in "The Taming of the Shrew," p. 156. The "chape" of a dagger would seem to have been the *hook* by which it was suspended.

[3] — I CON him no thanks for't,] To *con thanks* (says Steevens) answers the French *savoir gré.* To *con* is to *know.* The expression is idiomatic, and occurs frequently in old writers.

1 *Sold.* "Demand of him, of what strength they are a-foot." What say you to that?

Par. By my troth, sir, if I were to live this present hour[4], I will tell true. Let me see: Spurio a hundred and fifty, Sebastian so many, Corambus so many, Jaques so many; Guiltian, Cosmo, Lodowick, and Gratii, two hundred fifty each; mine own company, Chitopher, Vaumond, Bentii, two hundred fifty each: so that the muster-file, rotten and sound, upon my life, amounts not to fifteen thousand poll; half of the which dare not shake the snow from off their cassocks[5], lest they shake themselves to pieces.

Ber. What shall be done to him?

Fr. Gent. Nothing, but let him have thanks.—Demand of him my condition, and what credit I have with the duke.

1 *Sold.* Well, that's set down. "You shall demand of him, whether one Captain Dumaine be i' the camp, a Frenchman; what his reputation is with the duke, what his valour, honesty, and expertness in wars; or whether he thinks, it were not possible with well-weighing sums of gold to corrupt him to a revolt." What say you to this? what do you know of it?

Par. I beseech you, let me answer to the particular of the intergatories: demand them singly.

1 *Sold.* Do you know this captain Dumaine?

Par. I know him: he was a botcher's 'prentice in Paris, from whence he was whipped for getting the sheriff's fool with child; a dumb innocent, that could not say him, nay[6]. [*Dumaine lifts up his hand in anger.*

[4] — if I were to live this present hour,] We are to recollect that Parolles is speaking under the fear of instant death.

[5] — off their CASSOCKS,] *Cassock*, according to Steevens, here signifies "a horseman's loose coat," but Parolles is speaking of *foot*-soldiers, who must likewise have worn it. Steevens has shown by various quotations, that the word was also used for a part of the dress of shepherds, and even of ladies.

[6] — a dumb INNOCENT, that could not say him, nay.] An idiot or natural fool, (distinguished from the jocose, domestic fool in many writers by the term "innocent,") assigned to the care and custody of the sheriff.

Ber. Nay, by your leave, hold your hands; though, I know, his brains are forfeit to the next tile that falls.

1 *Sold.* Well, is this captain in the duke of Florence's camp?

Par. Upon my knowledge he is, and lousy.

Fr. Gent. Nay, look not so upon me; we shall hear of your lordship anon.

1 *Sold.* What is his reputation with the duke?

Par. The duke knows him for no other but a poor officer of mine, and writ to me this other day to turn him out o' the band: I think, I have his letter in my pocket.

1 *Sold.* Marry, we'll search.

Par. In good sadness, I do not know: either it is there, or it is upon a file, with the duke's other letters, in my tent.

1 *Sold.* Here 'tis: here's a paper; shall I read it to you?

Par. I do not know if it be it, or no.

Ber. Our interpreter does it well.

Fr. Gent. Excellently.

1 *Sold.* [*Reads.*] "Dian, the count's a fool, and full of gold,"—

Par. That is not the duke's letter, sir: that is an advertisement to a proper maid in Florence, one Diana, to take heed of the allurement of one count Rousillon, a foolish idle boy, but, for all that, very ruttish. I pray you, sir, put it up again.

1 *Sold.* Nay, I'll read it first, by your favour.

Par. My meaning in't, I protest, was very honest in the behalf of the maid; for I knew the young count to be a dangerous and lascivious boy, who is a whale to virginity, and devours up all the fry it finds.

Ber. Damnable, both-sides rogue!

1 *Sold.* [*Reads.*] "When he swears oaths, bid him drop gold, and take it;

After he scores, he never pays the score:

Half won is match well made; match, and well make it:
He ne'er pays after debts; take it before,
And say, a soldier, Dian, told thee this.
Men are to mell with[7], boys are not to kiss:
For count of this, the count's a fool, I know it,
Who pays before, but not when he does owe it.

"Thine, as he vow'd to thee in thine ear,
"PAROLLES."

Ber. He shall be whipped through the army, with this rhyme in's forehead.

Fr. Env. This is your devoted friend, sir; the manifold linguist, and the armipotent soldier.

Ber. I could endure any thing before but a cat[8], and now he's a cat to me.

1 *Sold.* I perceive, sir, by our general's looks[9], we shall be fain to hang you.

Par. My life, sir, in any case! not that I am afraid to die; but that, my offences being many, I would repent out the remainder of nature. Let me live, sir, in a dungeon, i' the stocks, or any where, so I may live.

1 *Sold.* We'll see what may be done, so you confess freely: therefore, once more to this captain Dumaine. You have answered to his reputation with the duke, and to his valour: what is his honesty?

Par. He will steal, sir, an egg out of a cloister: for rapes and ravishments he parallels Nessus. He professes not keeping of oaths; in breaking them he is stronger than Hercules. He will lie, sir, with such

[7] Men are to MELL with,] *i. e. Meddle* with. See Vol. ii. p. 73, note 4.

[8] I could endure any thing before but a CAT,] Bertram therefore was one of those described by Shylock, ("Merchant of Venice," A. iv. sc. 1,) who could not endure "a harmless necessary cat."

[9] I perceive, sir, by OUR general's looks,] The folios have it "by *your* general's looks;" but a letter too much has been accidentally inserted. The modern editors have invariably substituted *the* for *our*. Soon after Parolles is brought in, hoodwinked, the "1 Soldier" says to him, "*Our* general bids you to answer," &c.

volubility, that you would think truth were a fool: drunkenness is his best virtue; for he will be swine-drunk, and in his sleep he does little harm, save to his bed-clothes about him; but they know his conditions, and lay him in straw. I have but little more to say, sir, of his honesty: he has every thing that an honest man should not have; what an honest man should have, he has nothing.

Fr. Gent. I begin to love him for this.

Ber. For this description of thine honesty? A pox upon him! for me he is more and more a cat.

1 *Sold.* What say you to his expertness in war?

Par. Faith, sir, he has led the drum before the English tragedians[10],—to belie him, I will not,—and more of his soldiership I know not; except, in that country, he had the honour to be the officer at a place there called Mile-end[11], to instruct for the doubling of files: I would do the man what honour I can, but of this I am not certain.

Fr. Gent. He hath out-villained villany so far, that the rarity redeems him.

Ber. A pox on him! he's a cat still.

1 *Sold.* His qualities being at this poor price, I need not ask you, if gold will corrupt him to revolt.

Par. Sir, for a *quart d'ecu*[12] he will sell the fee-simple of his salvation, the inheritance of it; and cut the entail from all remainders, and a perpetual succession for it perpetually.

[10] Faith, sir, he has led the drum before the English tragedians,] The actors of Shakespeare's day, and a little earlier, usually went about the country, preceded by a drum, to give notice of their arrival in any town where they wished to perform. Dekker, in his "Belman of London," 4to, 1608, mentions the practice when players "travelled upon the hard hoof from village to village." Many other writers might be quoted.

[11] — he had the honour to be the officer at a place there call'd MILE-END,] Mile-end was the place where the citizens of London were often mustered and trained. See "The Knight of the Burning Pestle," Dyce's edit. p. 217, note y.

[12] — for a QUART D'ECU—] A *quart d'ecu* is the fourth part of the smaller French crown; about eightpence of our money. It is usually spelt *cardecue*, as in the old copies: it occurs again p. 300.

1 *Sold.* What's his brother, the other captain Dumaine?

Fr. Env. Why does he ask him of me?

1 *Sold.* What's he?

Par. E'en a crow o' the same nest; not altogether so great as the first in goodness, but greater a great deal in evil. He excels his brother for a coward, yet his brother is reputed one of the best that is. In a retreat he out-runs any lackey; marry, in coming on he has the cramp.

1 *Sold.* If your life be saved, will you undertake to betray the Florentine?

Par. Ay, and the captain of his horse, count Rousillon.

1 *Sold.* I'll whisper with the general, and know his pleasure.

Par. [*Aside.*] I'll no more drumming; a plague of all drums! Only to seem to deserve well, and to beguile the supposition of that lascivious young boy the count, have I run into this danger. Yet who would have suspected an ambush, where I was taken?

1 *Sold.* There is no remedy, sir, but you must die. The general says, you, that have so traitorously discovered the secrets of your army, and made such pestiferous reports of men very nobly held, can serve the world for no honest use; therefore you must die. Come, headsman, off with his head.

Par. O Lord, sir; let me live, or let me see my death!

1 *Sold.* That shall you; and take your leave of all your friends. [*Unmuffling him.*
So, look about you: know you any here?

Ber. Good morrow, noble captain.

Fr. Env. God bless you, captain Parolles.

Fr. Gent. God save you, noble captain.

Fr. Env. Captain, what greeting will you to my lord Lafeu? I am for France.

Fr. Gent. Good captain, will you give me a copy of

the sonnet you writ to Diana in behalf of the count Rousillon? an I were not a very coward, I'd compel it of you; but fare you well.

[*Exeunt* BERTRAM, *Frenchmen, &c.*

1 *Sold.* You are undone, captain; all but your scarf, that has a knot on't yet.

Par. Who cannot be crushed with a plot?

1 *Sold.* If you could find out a country where but women were, that had received so much shame, you might begin an impudent nation. Fare you well, sir; I am for France too: we shall speak of you there.

[*Exit.*

Par. Yet am I thankful: if my heart were great,
'Twould burst at this. Captain I'll be no more;
But I will eat, and drink, and sleep as soft
As captain shall: simply the thing I am
Shall make me live. Who knows himself a braggart,
Let him fear this; for it will come to pass,
That every braggart shall be found an ass.
Rust, sword! cool, blushes! and Parolles, live
Safest in shame! being fool'd, by foolery thrive!
There's place, and means for every man alive.
I'll after them. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

Florence. A Room in the Widow's House.

Enter HELENA, *Widow, and* DIANA.

Hel. That you may well perceive I have not wrong'd you,
One of the greatest in the Christian world
Shall be my surety; 'fore whose throne, 'tis needful,
Ere I can perfect mine intents, to kneel.
Time was I did him a desired office,
Dear almost as his life; which gratitude

Through flinty Tartar's bosom would peep forth,
And answer, thanks. I duly am inform'd,
His grace is at Marseilles, to which place[1]
We have convenient convoy. You must know,
I am supposed dead: the army breaking,
My husband hies him home; where, heaven aiding,
And by the leave of my good lord the king,
We'll be before our welcome.

Wid. Gentle madam,
You never had a servant, to whose trust
Your business was more welcome.

Hel. Nor you, mistress[2],
Ever a friend, whose thoughts more truly labour
To recompense your love: doubt not, but heaven
Hath brought me up to be your daughter's dower,
As it hath fated her to be my motive,
And helper to a husband. But O, strange men!
That can such sweet use make of what they hate,
When saucy trusting of the cozen'd thoughts
Defiles the pitchy night! so lust doth play
With what it loathes, for that which is away.
But more of this hereafter.—You, Diana,
Under my poor instructions, yet must suffer
Something in my behalf.

Dia. Let death and honesty
Go with your impositions, I am yours
Upon your will to suffer.

Hel. Yet, I pray you:
But with the word[3], the time will bring on summer,

[1] His grace is at MARSEILLES, to which place] Marseilles, for the sake of the verse, must be pronounced as a trisyllable. It is here spelt *Marcellæ* in the old copies, and we have had it *Marcellus* in "The Taming of the Shrew:" in that form it occurs again in this play on p. 297.

[2] Nor YOU, mistress,] The folio, 1623, reads, "Nor *your* mistress." None of the later folios correct the obvious error.

[3] Yet, I PRAY you:
But with the word, &c.] Blackstone proposed to read, "Yet I *fray* you but with the word," meaning the word "suffer," which is plausible; but the old copy is intelligible enough, if, with Warburton, we understand "but with the word" to be equivalent to *in a very short time.*

When briars shall have leaves as well as thorns,
And be as sweet as sharp. We must away;
Our waggon is prepar'd, and time revives us:
"All's well that ends well:" still the fine's the crown;
Whate'er the course, the end is the renown. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Rousillon. A Room in the COUNTESS's Palace.

Enter COUNTESS, LAFEU, *and Clown.*

Laf. No, no, no; your son was misled with a snipt-taffata fellow there, whose villanous saffron[4] would have made all the unbaked and doughy youth of a nation in his colour: your daughter-in-law had been alive at this hour, and your son here at home, more advanced by the king, than by that red-tailed humble-bee I speak of[5].

Count. I would I had not known him. It was the death of the most virtuous gentlewoman, that ever nature had praise for creating: if she had partaken of my flesh, and cost me the dearest groans of a mother, I could not have owed her a more rooted love.

Laf. 'Twas a good lady, 'twas a good lady: we may pick a thousand salads, ere we light on such another herb.

[4] — whose villanous SAFFRON—] We have before had allusion to the gay fantastic dress of Parolles, with "the scarfs and bannerets about him," A. ii. sc. 3; and here we find that yellow was the prevailing colour. It seems to have been much in fashion in the reign of James I., and perhaps before the death of Elizabeth; for in a passage, quoted by Steevens, from Heywood's "If you know not me you know Nobody," printed in 1606, it is said that the custom of wearing yellow had been "long used in London." Starch was coloured with *saffron*, and Mrs. Turner, who was concerned in the murder of Sir Thomas Overbury, was a manufacturer of it. See note to Dodsley's "Old Plays," vol. vii. p. 132, last edition.

[5] — that RED-TAILED humble bee I speak of.] The colour of the hose worn by Parolles must have been red, as we may conclude from this part of the description Lafeu gives of him. Shakespeare had therefore settled the colours of the habiliments of Parolles before the play was acted.

Clo. Indeed, sir, she was the sweet-marjoram of the salad, or, rather the herb of grace.

Laf. They are not salad-herbs[6], you knave; they are nose-herbs.

Clo. I am no great Nebuchadnezzar, sir, I have not much skill in grass[7].

Laf. Whether dost thou profess thyself, a knave, or a fool?

Clo. A fool, sir, at a woman's service, and a knave at a man's.

Laf. Your distinction?

Clo. I would cozen the man of his wife, and do his service.

Laf. So you were a knave at his service, indeed.

Clo. And I would give his wife my bauble, sir[8], to do her service.

Laf. I will subscribe for thee, thou art both knave and fool.

Clo. At your service.

Laf. No, no, no.

Clo. Why, sir, if I cannot serve you, I can serve as great a prince as you are.

Laf. Who's that? a Frenchman?

Clo. Faith, sir, a' has an English name[9]; but his phisnomy is more hotter in France, than there.

[6] They are not SALAD-herbs,] Rowe inserted "salad," the old copies having merely "herbs;" which word may, however, have been applied to *salad-herbs*, and others distinguished as "nose-herbs," &c.

[7] — I have not much skill in GRASS.] It is spelt *grace* in the old folios, which was then pronounced something like *grass*, and was perhaps a designed quibble by the Clown: he had spoken of "herb of *grace*" just before.

[8] — my BAUBLE, sir,] Douce, "Illustr. of Shakespeare," ii. 318, gives the following description of the bauble usually carried by fools:—"The fool usually carried in his hand an official sceptre or bauble, which was a short stick, ornamented at the end with the figure of a fool's head, or sometimes with that of a doll or puppet. To this instrument there was frequently annexed an inflated skin or bladder, with which the fool belaboured those who offended him, or with whom he was inclined to make sport: this was often used by itself in lieu, as it should seem, of a bauble."

[9] — an English NAME;] The first folio has *maine*, and the error is adopted in the second folio. Henley would retain it, supposing it to allude to the "thick head of hair" of the devil. Of old, the devil was represented in Miracle-plays

Laf. What prince is that?

Clo. The black prince, sir; *alias*, the prince of darkness; *alias*, the devil.

Laf. Hold thee, there's my purse. I give thee not this to suggest thee from thy master[1] thou talkest of: serve him still.

Clo. I am a woodland fellow, sir, that always loved a great fire; and the master I speak of, ever keeps a good fire. But, sure, he is the prince of the world, let his nobility remain in's court. I am for the house with the narrow gate, which I take to be too little for pomp to enter: some, that humble themselves, may; but the many will be too chill and tender, and they'll be for the flowery way, that leads to the broad gate, and the great fire.

Laf. Go thy ways, I begin to be a-weary of thee; and I tell thee so before, because I would not fall out with thee. Go thy ways: let my horses be well looked to, without any tricks.

Clo. If I put any tricks upon 'em, sir, they shall be jades tricks, which are their own right by the law of nature. [*Exit.*

Laf. A shrewd knave, and an unhappy[2].

Count. So a' is. My lord, that's gone, made himself much sport out of him: by his authority he remains here, which he thinks is a patent for his sauciness; and, indeed, he has no pace, but runs where he will.

Laf. I like him well; 'tis not amiss. And I was

and Moralities as covered with hair; and hence his name of "Old Hairy," which has been corrupted in our day to "Old Harry." In the old jest-book, "A C. mery Talys," printed before 1533, is one "Of John Adroyns in the dyvyls apparell," where the dress is particularly described. See also "Hist. Engl. Dram. Poetry and the Stage," vol. ii. p. 262.

[1] — to SUGGEST thee from thy master—] *i. e.* To *tempt* thee from thy master. See Vol. ii. p. 238, note 6.

[2] A shrewd knave, and an UNHAPPY.] *i. e. Mischievous.* In the Romance of "Howleglas," *unhappiness* is used for mischievousness:—"In such manner colde he cloke and hyde his *unhappinesse* and falsnesse." The word *unhappy* is often used in the sense of *mischievous* by our old dramatists. See Dodsley's "Old Plays," last edition, ii. 148, and v. 89. It sometimes means only *unlucky*.

about to tell you, since I heard of the good lady's death, and that my lord, your son, was upon his return home, I moved the king, my master, to speak in the behalf of my daughter; which, in the minority of them both, his majesty, out of a self-gracious remembrance, did first propose. His highness hath promised me to do it; and to stop up the displeasure he hath conceived against your son, there is no fitter matter. How does your ladyship like it?

Count. With very much content, my lord; and I wish it happily effected.

Laf. His highness comes post from Marseilles, of as able body as when he numbered thirty: a' will be here to-morrow, or I am deceived by him that in such intelligence hath seldom failed.

Count. It rejoices me that I hope I shall see him ere I die. I have letters that my son will be here to-night: I shall beseech your lordship, to remain with me till they meet together.

Laf. Madam, I was thinking with what manners I might safely be admitted.

Count. You need but plead your honourable privilege.

Laf. Lady, of that I have made a bold charter; but, I thank my God, it holds yet.

Re-enter Clown.

Clo. O, madam! yonder's my lord your son with a patch of velvet on's face: whether there be a scar under it, or no, the velvet knows; but 'tis a goodly patch of velvet. His left cheek is a cheek of two pile and a half[3], but his right cheek is worn bare.

Laf. A scar nobly got, or a noble scar, is a good livery of honour; so, belike, is that.

Clo. But it is your carbonadoed face.

[3] — a cheek of two FILE and a half,] Referring, of course, to the pile of the velvet patch.

Laf. Let us go see your son, I pray you: I long to talk with the young noble soldier.

Clo. 'Faith, there's a dozen of 'em, with delicate fine hats, and most courteous feathers, which bow the head, and nod at every man. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

Marseilles. A Street.

Enter HELENA, *Widow, and* DIANA, *with two Attendants.*

Hel. But this exceeding posting, day and night,
Must wear your spirits low: we cannot help it;
But, since you have made the days and nights as one,
To wear your gentle limbs in my affairs,
Be bold, you do so grow in my requital,
As nothing can unroot you. In happy time,

Enter a gentle Astringer[4].

This man may help me to his majesty's ear,
If he would spend his power.—God save you, sir.

Gent. And you.

Hel. Sir, I have seen you in the court of France.

Gent. I have been sometimes there.

Hel. I do presume, sir, that you are not fallen
From the report that goes upon your goodness;
And therefore, goaded with most sharp occasions
Which lay nice manners by, I put you to
The use of your own virtues, for the which
I shall continue thankful.

[4] Enter a gentle ASTRINGER.] A "gentle astringer" (says Steevens) is a "gentleman falconer," the word being derived from *ostercus* or *austercus*, a gos-hawk.

Gent. What's your will?
Hel. That it will please you
To give this poor petition to the king,
And aid me with that store of power you have,
To come into his presence.
Gent. The king's not here.
Hel. Not here, sir?
Gent. Not, indeed:
He hence remov'd last night, and with more haste
Than is his use.
Wid. Lord, how we lose our pains!
Hel. All's well that ends well yet,
Though time seem so adverse, and means unfit.—
I do beseech you, whither is he gone?
Gent. Marry, as I take it, to Rousillon;
Whither I am going.
Hel. I do beseech you, sir,
Since you are like to see the king before me,
Commend the paper to his gracious hand;
Which, I presume, shall render you no blame,
But rather make you thank your pains for it.
I will come after you, with what good speed
Our means will make us means.
Gent. This I'll do for you.
Hel. And you shall find yourself to be well thank'd,
Whate'er falls more.—We must to horse again:—
Go, go, provide. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Rousillon. The inner Court of the Countess's Palace.

Enter Clown and Parolles.

Par. Good monsieur Lavatch, give my lord Lafeu this letter. I have ere now, sir, been better known to you, when I have held familiarity with fresher clothes;

but I am now, sir, muddied in fortune's mood[5], and smell somewhat strong of her strong displeasure.

Clo. Truly, fortune's displeasure is but sluttish, if it smell so strongly as thou speakest of: I will henceforth eat no fish of fortune's buttering. Pr'ythee, allow the wind[6].

Par. Nay, you need not to stop your nose, sir: I spake but by a metaphor.

Clo. Indeed, sir, if your metaphor stink, I will stop my nose; or against any man's metaphor. Pr'ythee, get thee farther.

Par. Pray you, sir, deliver me this paper.

Clo. Foh! pr'ythee, stand away: a paper from fortune's close-stool to give to a nobleman! Look, here he comes himself.

Enter LAFEU.

Here is a pur of fortune's, sir, or of fortune's cat, (but not a musk-cat) that has fallen into the unclean fishpond of her displeasure, and, as he says, is muddied withal. Pray you, sir, use the carp as you may, for he looks like a poor, decayed, ingenious, foolish, rascally knave. I do pity his distress in my smiles of comfort, and leave him to your lordship. [*Exit Clown.*

Par. My lord, I am a man whom fortune hath cruelly scratched.

Laf. And what would you have me to do? 'tis too late to pare her nails now. Wherein have you played the knave with fortune, that she should scratch you, who of herself is a good lady, and would not have knaves thrive long under her[7]? There's a *quart d'ecu* for you. Let the justices make you and fortune friends; I am for other business.

[5] — muddied in fortune's MOOD,] *Mud* was in Shakespeare's day pronounced nearly like *mood*, and hence the intended jingle, which Warburton not adverting to, changed "mood" to *moat*. On page 295 we have had "grace" pronounced like *grass*.

[6] Pr'ythee, allow the wind.] *i. e.* Allow me to stand to windward of you.

[7] — under HER?] *Her* was supplied by the editor of the second folio.

Par. I beseech your honour to hear me one single word.

Laf. You beg a single penny more: come, you shall ha't; save your word.

Par. My name, my good lord, is Parolles.

Laf. You beg more than a word, then[8].—Cox' my passion! give me your hand.—How does your drum?

Par. O, my good lord! you were the first that found me.

Laf. Was I, in sooth? and I was the first that lost thee.

Par. It lies in you, my lord, to bring me in some grace, for you did bring me out.

Laf. Out upon thee, knave! dost thou put upon me at once both the office of God and the devil? one brings thee in grace, and the other brings thee out. [*Trumpets sound.*] The king's coming; I know by his trumpets.—Sirrah, inquire farther after me: I had talk of you last night. Though you are a fool and a knave, you shall eat: go to, follow.

Par. I praise God for you. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

The Same. A Room in the Countess's Palace.

Flourish. Enter King, Countess, Lafeu, *Lords, Gentlemen, Guards, &c.*

King. We lost a jewel of her, and our esteem
Was made much poorer by it; but your son,
As mad in folly, lack'd the sense to know

[8] You beg more than A WORD, then.] Parolles, or *paroles*, being French for *words*, a quibble was most likely intended. The two first folios omit the indefinite article, which seems necessary for the sense, and is added in MS. in Lord Francis Egerton's copy of the folio of 1623. The folio of 1664 has "You beg more than *one* word, then."

Her estimation home.

Count. 'Tis past, my liege;
And I beseech your majesty to make it
Natural rebellion, done i' the blade of youth[9];
When oil and fire, too strong for reason's force,
O'erbears it, and burns on.

King. My honour'd lady,
I have forgiven and forgotten all,
Though my revenges were high bent upon him,
And watch'd the time to shoot.

Laf. This I must say,—
But first I beg my pardon,—the young lord
Did to his majesty, his mother, and his lady,
Offence of mighty note, but to himself
The greatest wrong of all: he lost a wife,
Whose beauty did astonish the survey
Of richest eyes; whose words all ears took captive;
Whose dear perfection, hearts that scorn'd to serve
Humbly call'd mistress.

King. Praising what is lost
Makes the remembrance dear.—Well, call him hither.
We are reconcil'd, and the first view shall kill
All repetition.—Let him not ask our pardon:
The nature of his great offence is dead,
And deeper than oblivion we do bury
The incensing relics of it: let him approach,
A stranger, no offender; and inform him,
So 'tis our will he should.

Gent. I shall, my liege.
[*Exit Gentleman.*

King. What says he to your daughter? have you spoke?

Laf. All that he is hath reference to your highness.

[9] — done i' the BLADE of youth;] *i. e.* as Johnson says, "the spring of early life;" and since the sense is very intelligible, we adhere to the old text, as it stands in all the editions anterior to that of Theobald. Malone and Steevens adopted the corrupted reading, *blaze*, which could hardly have been an error of the press.

King. Then shall we have a match. I have letters sent me,
That set him high in fame.

Enter BERTRAM.

Laf. He looks well on't.
King. I am not a day of season[10],
For thou may'st see a sunshine and a hail
In me at once; but to the brightest beams
Distracted clouds give way: so stand thou forth;
The time is fair again.
Ber. My high repented blames,
Dear sovereign, pardon to me.
King. All is whole;
Not one word more of the consumed time.
Let's take the instant by the forward top,
For we are old, and on our quick'st decrees
Th' inaudible and noiseless foot of time
Steals, ere we can effect them. You remember
The daughter of this lord?
Ber. Admiringly[1].
My liege, at first
I stuck my choice upon her, ere my heart
Durst make too bold a herald of my tongue:
Where the impression of mine eye infixing,
Contempt his scornful perspective did lend me,
Which warp'd the line of every other favour,
Scorn'd a fair colour, or express'd it stolen,
Extended or contracted all proportions,
To a most hideous object. Thence it came,
That she, whom all men prais'd, and whom myself,
Since I have lost, have lov'd, was in mine eye

[10] I am not a day of SEASON,] *i. e.* A day when the *season* is settled; but a day when it hails while the sun shines.

[1] Admiringly.] The usual regulation of this passage makes two imperfect lines, when there is in fact only one hemistich: "Admiringly" concludes the line commenced by the king with the words "The daughter of this lord:" Bertram then proceeds, "My liege, at first," which was probably not meant to be a complete line.

The dust that did offend it.

King. Well excus'd:
That thou didst love her strikes some scores away
From the great compt. But love, that comes too late,
Like a remorseful pardon slowly carried,
To the great sender turns a sour offence,
Crying, that's good that's gone. Our rash faults
Make trivial price of serious things we have,
Not knowing them, until we know their grave:
Oft our displeasures, to ourselves unjust,
Destroy our friends, and after weep their dust:
Our own love, waking[2], cries to see what's done,
While shameful hate sleeps out the afternoon.
Be this sweet Helen's knell, and now forget her.
Send forth your amorous token for fair Maudlin:
The main consents are had; and here we'll stay
To see our widower's second marriage-day.

Count. Which better than the first, O, dear heaven, bless!
Or, ere they meet, in me, O nature, cease[3]!

Laf. Come on, my son, in whom my house's name
Must be digested, give a favour from you,
To sparkle in the spirits of my daughter,
That she may quickly come.—By my old beard,
And every hair that's on't, Helen, that's dead,
Was a sweet creature; such a ring as this,
The last that, ere I took her leave at court[4],

[2] Our own love, waking,] Monck Mason would substitute *old* for "own;" but perhaps "own" may be taken in the sense of *real* or *true*.

[3] Which better than the first, O, dear heaven, bless!
Or, ere they meet, in me, O nature, cease!] This couplet (ending in the original copies with "cesse" for *cease*) was assigned by Theobald to the countess, and has been given to her by subsequent editors. This is doing some violence to the text, but it seems necessary, though we would willingly have restored the lines to the king, in accordance with the old copies. That "cesse" means *cease* there can be no doubt, and in the second folio the word is printed *ceasse*.

[4] The last that, ere I took her leave at court,] There seems some corruption in this line: to convert "I" into *she*, as was done by Rowe, does not completely cure the defect. The meaning seems to be, "the last time that I took leave of her at court."

I saw upon her finger.

Ber. Hers it was not.

King. Now, pray you, let me see it; for mine eye,
While I was speaking, oft was fasten'd to't.—
This ring was mine; and, when I gave it Helen,
I bade her, if her fortunes ever stood
Necessitied to help, that by this token
I would relieve her. Had you that craft to reave her
Of what should stead her most?

Ber. My gracious sovereign,
Howe'er it pleases you to take it so,
The ring was never hers.

Count. Son, on my life,
I have seen her wear it; and she reckon'd it
At her life's rate.

Laf. I am sure I saw her wear it.

Ber. You are deceiv'd: my lord, she never saw it.
In Florence was it from a casement thrown me,
Wrapp'd in a paper, which contain'd the name
Of her that threw it. Noble she was, and thought
I stood engag'd[5]; but when I had subscrib'd
To mine own fortune, and inform'd her fully
I could not answer in that course of honour
As she had made the overture, she ceas'd,
In heavy satisfaction, and would never
Receive the ring again.

King. Plutus himself,
That knows the tinct and multiplying medicine,
Hath not in nature's mystery more science,
Than I have in this ring: 'twas mine, 'twas Helen's,
Whoever gave it you. Then, if you know
That you are well acquainted with yourself,
Confess 'twas hers, and by what rough enforcement
You got it from her. She call'd the saints to surety,
That she would never put it from her finger,

[5] I stood ENGAG'D;] *i. e.* The noble lady thought that Bertram "stood engaged" *to her*. Malone understands it *unengaged*.

Unless she gave it to yourself in bed,
Where you have never come, or sent it us
Upon her great disaster.

Ber. She never saw it.

King. Thou speak'st it falsely, as I love mine honour,
And mak'st conjectural fears to come into me,
Which I would fain shut out. If it should prove
That thou art so inhuman,—'twill not prove so;—
And yet I know not:—thou didst hate her deadly,
And she is dead; which nothing, but to close
Her eyes myself, could win me to believe,
More than to see this ring.—Take him away.—
[*Guards seize* BERTRAM.
My fore-past proofs, howe'er the matter fall,
Shall tax my fears of little vanity,
Having vainly fear'd too little.—Away with him!
We'll sift this matter farther.

Ber. If you shall prove
This ring was ever hers, you shall as easy
Prove that I husbanded her bed in Florence,
Where yet she never was. [*Exit* BERTRAM, *guarded.*

Enter a Gentleman[6].

King. I am wrapp'd in dismal thinkings.

Gent. Gracious sovereign,
Whether I have been to blame, or no, I know not:
Here's a petition from a Florentine,
Who hath, for four or five removes, come short
To tender it herself. I undertook it,
Vanquish'd thereto by the fair grace and speech
Of the poor suppliant, who by this, I know,
Is here attending: her business looks in her
With an importing visage[7]; and she told me,
In a sweet verbal brief, it did concern

[6] Enter a Gentleman.] This gentleman must have been the "gentle Astringer," whom Helena had previously encountered and solicited.

[7] With an IMPORTING visage;] Malone's Shakespeare by Boswell reads *important*, in opposition to all the folios.

Your highness with herself.

King. [*Reads.*] "Upon his many protestations to marry me, when his wife was dead, I blush to say it, he won me. Now is the count Rousillon a widower: his vows are forfeited to me, and my honour's paid to him. He stole from Florence, taking no leave, and I follow him to his country for justice. Grant it me, O king! in you it best lies; otherwise a seducer flourishes, and a poor maid is undone.

"DIANA CAPILET."

Laf. I will buy me a son-in-law in a fair, and toll: for this, I'll none of him[8].

King. The heavens have thought well on thee, Lafeu,
To bring forth this discovery.—Seek these suitors:—
Go speedily, and bring again the count.
[*Exeunt Gentleman, and some Attendants.*
I am afeard, the life of Helen, lady,
Was foully snatch'd.

Count. Now, justice on the doers!

Re-enter BERTRAM, *guarded.*

King. I wonder, sir, for wives are monsters to you[9],
And that you fly them as you swear them lordship,
Yet you desire to marry.—What woman's that?

Re-enter Gentleman, with Widow, and DIANA.

Dia. I am, my lord, a wretched Florentine,
Derived from the ancient Capilet:

[8] I will buy me a son-in-law in a fair, and toll: for this, I'll none of him.] The meaning is very plain, although much comment has been wasted upon the passage. Lafeu says, "I will buy me a son-in-law in a fair, and pay toll for him on the purchase: as for this son-in-law, I'll have nothing to do with him."

[9] I wonder, sir, FOR wives are monsters to you,] The first folio repeats "sir" instead of *for*, which has been added in old MS. in Lord Francis Egerton's copy: *sir*, with a long *s*, would be easily misprinted for *for*. The modern editors read *since*; but "for" is used in the sense of *because*. The second folio gives the line thus:—

"I wonder, sir, wives are *such* monsters to you."

My suit, as I do understand, you know,
And therefore know how far I may be pitied.
Wid. I am her mother, sir, whose age and honour
Both suffer under this complaint we bring,
And both shall cease, without your remedy.
King. Come hither, count. Do you know these women?
Ber. My lord, I neither can, nor will deny
But that I know them. Do they charge me farther?
Dia. Why do you look so strange upon your wife?
Ber. She's none of mine, my lord.
Dia. If you shall marry,
You give away this hand, and that is mine;
You give away heaven's vows, and those are mine;
You give away myself, which is known mine;
For I by vow am so embodied yours,
That she which marries you must marry me;
Either both, or none.
Laf. [*To* BERTRAM.] Your reputation comes too short for my daughter: you are no husband for her.
Ber. My lord, this is a fond and desperate creature,
Whom sometime I have laugh'd with. Let your highness
Lay a more noble thought upon mine honour,
Than for to think that I would sink it here.
King. Sir, for my thoughts, you have them ill to friend,
Till your deeds gain them: fairer prove your honour,
Than in my thought it lies.
Dia. Good my lord,
Ask him upon his oath, if he does think
He had not my virginity.
King. What say'st thou to her?
Ber. She's impudent, my lord;
And was a common gamester to the camp.
Dia. He does me wrong, my lord: if I were so,
He might have bought me at a common price:

Do not believe him. O! behold this ring,
Whose high respect, and rich validity,
Did lack a parallel; yet, for all that,
He gave it to a commoner o' the camp,
If I be one.

Count. He blushes, and 'tis his[10]:
Of six preceding ancestors, that gem
Conferr'd by testament to the sequent issue,
Hath it been ow'd and worn. This is his wife:
That ring's a thousand proofs.

King. Methought, you said,
You saw one here in court could witness it.

Dia. I did, my lord, but loth am to produce
So bad an instrument: his name's Parolles.

Laf. I saw the man to-day, if man he be.

King. Find him, and bring him hither.

Ber. What of him?
He's quoted for a most perfidious slave,
With all the spots o' the world tax'd and debauch'd,
Whose nature sickens but to speak a truth.
Am I or that, or this, for what he'll utter,
That will speak any thing?

King. She hath that ring of yours.

Ber. I think, she has: certain it is, I lik'd her,
And boarded her i' the wanton way of youth.
She knew her distance, and did angle for me,
Madding my eagerness with her restraint,
As all impediments in fancy's course
Are motives of more fancy; and, in fine,
Her insuit coming with her modern grace[1],
Subdued me to her rate: she got the ring,

[10] He blushes, and 'tis HIS :] The old folios have *hit*, instead of *his*. Malone reads, "He blushes, and 'tis *it*;" but the error lies in the last not in the first letter of *hit*, *t* having been substituted for *s*. The countess of course means that the ring is the property of Bertram.

[1] Her INSUIT coming with her MODERN grace,] *i. e.* Her *solicitation* joining with her *common* beauty, or beauty that was common. This sense of modern is frequent in Shakespeare.

And I had that, which any inferior might[2]
At market-price have bought.

Dia. I must be patient:
You, that have turn'd off a first so noble wife,
May justly diet me[3]. I pray you yet,
(Since you lack virtue, I will lose a husband,)
Send for your ring; I will return it home,
And give me mine again.

Ber. I have it not.

King. What ring was yours, I pray you?

Dia. Sir, much like
The same upon your finger.

King. Know you this ring? this ring was his of late.

Dia. And this was it I gave him, being a-bed.

King. The story then goes false, you threw it him
Out of a casement.

Dia. I have spoke the truth.

Enter PAROLLES[4].

Ber. My lord, I do confess, the ring was hers.

King. You boggle shrewdly, every feather starts you.—
Is this the man you speak of?

Dia. Ay, my lord.

[2] And I had that, which ANY inferior might] This line illustrates the worse than needlessness of the change made by Pope in a line in "Love's Labour's Lost," Vol. ii. p. 287 :—

"Why should I joy in *any* abortive birth?"

Pope substituted *an* for *any*, because only one syllable was required for the ten-syllable measure. The fact is, that in both these instances "any" being pronounced in the time of *one* syllable, the metre is perfect, and such as Shakespeare intended.

[3] May justly DIET me.] The meaning, according to the explanation of Collins, seems to be, "You may justly make me fast, by depriving me (as Desdemona says) of the rites for which I love you." Steevens quotes "to fast like one that takes diet," from "The Two Gentlemen of Verona," A. ii. sc. 1, to show that to *fast* and to *diet* were used in some sort synonymously.

[4] Enter Parolles.] In the old folios the entrance of Parolles is twice marked, here, and with the Widow and Diana. This is evidently the proper place for him to make his appearance.

King. Tell me, sirrah, but tell me true, I charge
you,
Not fearing the displeasure of your master,
(Which, on your just proceeding, I'll keep off,)
By him, and by this woman here, what know you?

Par. So please your majesty, my master hath been an honourable gentleman: tricks he hath had in him, which gentlemen have.

King. Come, come; to the purpose. Did he love this woman?

Par. 'Faith, sir, he did love her; but how?

King. How, I pray you?

Par. He did love her, sir, as a gentleman loves a woman.

King. How is that?

Par. He loved her, sir, and loved her not.

King. As thou art a knave, and no knave.—
What an equivocal companion is this!

Par. I am a poor man, and at your majesty's command.

Laf. He's a good drum, my lord, but a naughty orator.

Dia. Do you know, he promised me marriage?

Par. 'Faith, I know more than I'll speak.

King. But wilt thou not speak all thou know'st?

Par. Yes, so please your majesty. I did go between them, as I said; but more than that, he loved her,—for, indeed, he was mad for her, and talked of Satan, and of limbo, and of furies, and I know not what: yet I was in that credit with them at that time, that I knew of their going to bed, and of other motions, as promising her marriage, and things that would derive me ill will to speak of: therefore, I will not speak what I know.

King. Thou hast spoken all already, unless thou
canst
Say they are married. But thou art too fine

In thy evidence[5]; therefore, stand aside.—
This ring, you say, was yours[6]?

Dia. Ay, my good lord.

King. Where did you buy it? or who gave it you?

Dia. It was not given me, nor I did not buy it.

King. Who lent it you?

Dia. It was not lent me neither.

King. Where did you find it then?

Dia. I found it not.

King. If it were yours by none of all these ways,
How could you give it him?

Dia. I never gave it him.

Laf. This woman's an easy glove, my lord: she goes off and on at pleasure.

King. This ring was mine: I gave it his first wife.

Dia. It might be yours, or hers, for aught I know.

King. Take her away: I do not like her now.
To prison with her; and away with him.—
Unless thou tell'st me where thou had'st this ring,
Thou diest within this hour.

Dia. I'll never tell you.

King. Take her away.

Dia. I'll put in bail, my liege.

King. I think thee now some common customer.

Dia. By Jove, if ever I knew man, 'twas you.

King. Wherefore hast thou accus'd him all this while?

Dia. Because he's guilty, and he is not guilty.
He knows I am no maid, and he'll swear to't:
I'll swear I am a maid, and he knows not.
Great king, I am no strumpet, by my life!
I am either maid, or else this old man's wife.

[*Pointing to* LAFEU.

[5] But thou art TOO FINE in thy evidence;] *i. e.* Too full of *finesse;* too *artful.* Malone needlessly cites several instances.

[6] This ring, you say, was yours?] This speech is clearly metrical, though printed as prose in all the editions, ancient and modern. The King invariably uses blank-verse.

King. She does abuse our ears. To prison with her!

Dia. Good mother, fetch my bail.—[*Exit Widow.*] Stay, royal sir:
The jeweller that owes the ring is sent for,
And he shall surety me. But for this lord,
Who hath abus'd me, as he knows himself,
Though yet he never harm'd me, here I 'quit him.
He knows himself my bed he hath defil'd,
And at that time he got his wife with child:
Dead though she be, she feels her young one kick:
So there's my riddle, one that's dead is quick;
And now behold the meaning.

Re-enter Widow, with HELENA.

King. Is there no exorcist
Beguiles the truer office of mine eyes?
Is't real, that I see?

Hel. No, my good lord:
'Tis but the shadow of a wife you see;
The name, and not the thing.

Ber. Both, both! O, pardon!

Hel. O! my good lord, when I was like this maid,
I found you wondrous kind. There is your ring;
And, look you, here's your letter: this it says:
"When from my finger you can get this ring,
And are by me with child[7]," &c.—This is done:
Will you be mine, now you are doubly won?

Ber. If she, my liege, can make me know this clearly,
I'll love her dearly, ever, ever dearly.

Hel. If it appear not plain, and prove untrue[8],

[7] "And ARE by me with child,"] *Is* for "are," a grammatical error running through all the old copies. Helena only gives the import of the words of the letter, and not the exact words. Her repetition of them shows clearly the sense of the passage. See p. 258.

[8] If it appear not plain, and prove untrue,] In Painter, and in his original, Boccaccio, Helen comes before Count Bertram at Rousillon with twins in her

Deadly divorce step between me and you!—
O! my dear mother, do I see you living?

Laf. Mine eyes smell onions, I shall weep anon.—
Good Tom Drum, [*To* PAROLLES.] lend me a handkerchief: so, I thank thee. Wait on me home, I'll make sport with thee: let thy courtesies alone, they are scurvy ones.

King. Let us from point to point this story know,
To make the even truth in pleasure flow.—
[*To* DIANA.] If thou be'st yet a fresh uncropped flower,
Choose thou thy husband, and I'll pay thy dower;
For I can guess, that by thy honest aid
Thou kept'st a wife herself, thyself a maid.—
Of that, and all the progress, more and less,
Resolvedly more leisure shall express:
All yet seems well; and if it end so meet,
The bitter past, more welcome is the sweet.

[*Flourish.*

The king's a beggar, now the play is done.
All is well ended, if this suit be won,
That you express content; which we will pay,
With strife to please you, day exceeding day:
Ours be your patience then, and yours our parts;
Your gentle hands lend us, and take our hearts.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

arms, "Io ti richieggio per Dio, che le conditioni postemi per li due cavalieri, che io ti mandai, tu le mi osservi: ed ecco nelle mie braccia non un solo figliuolo di te ma due; ed ecco qui il tuo anello:" which Painter thus renders:—"Therefore I now beseche thee, for the honoure of God, that thou wilt observe the conditions which the twoo Knightes that I sent unto thee did commaunde me to doe: for beholde here, in my armes, not onely one sonne begotten by thee, but twayne, and likewyse thy ryng." *Palace of Pleasure*, i. fo. 92. Edit. Marsh. It is to be remarked, that in the original story the King is not present at Rousillon at the reconcilement of Bertram and Helena.

TWELFTH-NIGHT:

OR,

WHAT YOU WILL.

"Twelfe Night, Or what you will," was first printed in the folio of 1623, where it occupies twenty-one pages; viz. from p. 255 to 275 inclusive, in the division of "Comedies," p. 276 having been left blank, and unpaged. It appears in the same form in the three later folios.

INTRODUCTION.

We have no record of the performance of "Twelfth-Night" at court, nor is there any mention of it in the books at Stationers' Hall until November 8, 1623, when it was registered by Blount and Jaggard, as about to be included in the first folio of "Mr. William Shakespeare's Comedies, Histories, and Tragedies." It appeared originally in that volume, under the double title, "Twelfth-Night, or What You Will," with the Acts and Scenes duly noted.

We cannot determine with precision when it was first written, but we know that it was acted on the celebration of the Readers' Feast at the Middle Temple on Feb. 2, 1602, according to our modern computation of the year. The fact of its performance we have on the evidence of an eye-witness, who seems to have been a barrister, and whose Diary, in his own hand-writing, is preserved in the British Museum (Harl. MSS. 5353). The memorandum runs, literatim, as follows:—

"Feby. 2, 1601[2]. At our feast we had a play called Twelve-Night, or What You Will, much like the comedy of errors, or Menechmi in Plautus, but most like and neere to that in Italian, called *Inganni*. A good practise in it to make the steward believe his lady widdowe was in love with him, by counterfayting a letter, as from his lady, in generall termes telling him what shee liked best in him, and prescribing his gestures, inscribing his apparaile, &c., and then when he came to practise, making him beleeve they tooke him to be mad."

This remarkable entry was pointed out in the "History of English Dramatic Poetry and the Stage," vol. i. p. 327. 8vo, 1831, and the Rev. Joseph Hunter, in his "Disquisition on The Tempest," 8vo, 1839, has ascertained that it was made by a person of the name of Manningham. It puts an end to the conjecture of Malone, that "Twelfth-Night" was written in 1607, and to the less probable speculation of Tyrwhitt, that it was not produced until 1614. Even if it should be objected that we have no evidence to show that this Comedy was composed shortly prior to its representation at the Middle Temple, it may be answered, that it is capable of proof that it was written posterior to the publication of the translation of Linschoten's "Discours of Voyages into the East and West

Indies." In A. ii. sc. 2. Maria says of Malvolio:—"He does smile his face into more lines than are in the new map, with the augmentation of the Indies." When Malone prepared his "Chronological Order" he had "not been able to learn the date of the map here alluded to," but Linschoten's "Discours of Voyages" was published in folio in English in 1598, and in that volume is inserted "the new map with the augmentation of the Indies." Meres takes no notice of "Twelfth-Night" in his list, published in the same year, and we may conclude that the Comedy was not then in existence. The words "new map," employed by Shakespeare, may be thought to show that Linschoten's "Discours" had not made its appearance long before "Twelfth-Night" was produced; but on the whole, we are inclined to fix the period of its composition at the end of 1600, or in the beginning of 1601: it might be acted at the Globe in the summer of the same year, and from thence transferred to the Middle Temple about six months afterwards, on account of its continued popularity.

Several originals of "Twelfth-Night," in English, French, and Italian, have been pointed out, nearly all of them discovered within the present century, and to these we shall now advert.

A voluminous and various author of the name of Barnabe Rich, who had been brought up a soldier, published a volume, which he called "Rich his Farewell to Military Profession," without date, but between the years 1578 and 1581: a re-impression of it appeared in 1606, and it contains a novel entitled "Apolonius and Silla," which has many points of resemblance to Shakespeare's comedy. To this production more particular reference is not necessary, as it forms part of the publication called "Shakespeare's Library." If our great dramatist at all availed himself of its incidents, he must of course have used an earlier edition than that of 1606. One minute circumstance in relation to it may deserve notice. Manningham in his Diary calls Olivia a "widow," and in Rich's novel the lady Julina, who answers to Olivia, is a widow, but in Shakespeare she never had been married. It is possible that in the form in which the comedy was performed on Feb. 2, 1601-2, she was a widow, and that the author subsequently made the change; but it is more likely, as Olivia must have been in mourning for the loss of her brother, that Manningham mistook her condition, and concluded hastily that she lamented the loss of her husband.

Rich furnishes us with the title of no work to which he was indebted; but we may conclude that, either immediately or intermediately, he derived his chief materials from the Italian of Bandello, or from the French of Belleforest. In Bandello it forms the thirty-sixth novel of the *Seconda Parte*, in the Lucca edit. 1554. 4to, where it bears the subsequent title:—"Nicuola, innamorata di Lat-

tantio, và à servirlo vestita da paggio ; e dopo molti casi seco si marita: e ciò che ad un suo fratello avvenne." In the collection by Belleforest, printed at Paris in 1572, 12mo, it is headed as follows:—" Comme une fille Romaine, se vestant en page, servist long temps un sien amy sans estre cogneue, et depuis l'eust à mary, avec autres divers discours." Although Belleforest inserts no names in his title, he adopts those of Bandello, but abridges or omits many of the speeches and some portions of the narrative: what in Bandello occupies several pages is sometimes included by Belleforest in a single paragraph. We quote the subsequent passage, because it will more exactly show the degree of connexion between "Twelfth-Night" and the old French version: it is where Nicuola, the Viola of Shakespeare, disguised as a page, and under the name of Romule, has an interview with Catelle, the Olivia of "Twelfth-Night," on behalf of Lattance, who answers to the Duke.

" Mais Catelle, qui avoit plus l'œil sur l'orateur et sur la naïve beauté, que l'oreille aux paroles venant d'ailleurs, estoit en une estrange peine, et volontiers se fut jettée à son col pour le baiser tout à son aise ; mais la honte la retint pour un temps : à la fin n'en pouvant plus, et vaincue de ceste impatience d'amour, et se trouvant favorisée de la commodité, ne sceut de tant se commander, que l'embrassant fort estroitement elle ne le baisast d'une douzaine de fois, et ce avec telle lasciveté et gestes effrontez, que Romule s'apparceut bien que cette-cy avait plus chere son accointance que les ambassades de celuy qui la courtisoit. A ceste cause luy dit, Je vous prie, madame, me faire tant de bien que me donnant congé, j'aye de vous quelque gracieuse responce, avec laquelle je puisse faire content et joyeux mon seigneur, lequel est en soucy et tourment continuel pour ne sçavoir votre volonté vers luy, et s'il a rien acquis en vos bonnes graces. Catelle, humant de plus en plus le venin d'amour par les yeux, luy sembloit que Romule devint de fois à autre plus beau."

Upon the novel by Bandello two Italian plays were composed, which were printed, and have come down to our time. The title of one of these is given by Manningham, where he says that Shakespeare's "Twelfth-Night" was "most like and neere to that in Italian called *Inganni*." It was first acted in 1547, and the earliest edition of it, with which I am acquainted, did not appear until 1582, when it bore the title of *Gl' Inganni Comedia del Signor N. S.* The other Italian drama, founded upon Bandello's novel, bears a somewhat similar title:—*Gl' Ingannati Commedia degl' Accademici Intronati di Siena*, which was several times printed; last, perhaps, in the collection *Delle Commedie degl' Accademici Intronati di Siena*, 1611, 12mo. Whether our great dramatist saw either of these pieces before he wrote his "Twelfth-Night" may admit of doubt;

but looking at the terms Manningham employs, it might seem as if it were a matter understood, at the time "Twelfth-Night" was acted at the Temple on Feb. 2, 1602, that it was founded upon the *Inganni*. There is no indication in the MS. Diary that the writer of it was versed in Italian literature, and *Gl' Inganni* might at that day be a known comedy of which it was believed Shakespeare had availed himself. An analysis of it is given in a small tract, called "Farther Particulars of Shakespeare and his Works," 8vo, 1839, but as only fifty copies of it were printed, it may be necessary here to enter into some few details of its plot, conduct, and characters. The "Argument," or explanatory Prologue, which precedes the first scene, will show that the author of *Gl'Inganni* did not adhere to Bandello by any means closely, and that he adopted entirely different names for his personages.

"Anselmo, a Genoese merchant who traded to the Levant, having left his wife in Genoa great with child, had two children by her, one a boy called Fortunato, and the other a girl named Gineura. After he had borne for four years the desire of seeing his wife and family, he returned home to them, and wishing to depart again, he took them with him; and when they were embarked on board the vessel, he dressed them both in short clothes for greater convenience, so that the girl looked like a boy. And on the voyage to Soria he was taken by Corsairs and carried into Natolia, where he remained in slavery for fourteen years. His children had a different fortune; for the boy was several times sold, but finally here in this city, which, on this occasion, shall be Naples; and he now serves Dorotea, a courtesan, who lives there at that little door. The mother and Gineura, after various accidents, were bought by M. Massimo Caraccioli, who lives where you see this door; but by the advice of the mother, who has been dead six years, Gineura has changed her name and caused herself to be called Ruberto; and, as her mother while living persuaded her, always gave herself out to be a boy, thinking in this way that she should be better able to preserve her chastity. Fortunato and Ruberto, by the information of their mother, know themselves to be brother and sister. M. Massimo has a son, whom they call Gostanzo, and a daughter named Portia. Gostanza is in love with Dorotea, the courtesan to whom Fortunato is servant. Portia, his sister, is in love with Ruberto, notwithstanding she is a girl, because she has always been thought a man. Ruberto, the girl, not knowing how to satisfy the desires of Portia, who constantly importunes her, has sometimes at night conveyed her brother into the house in her place: he has got Portia with child, and she is now every hour expecting to be brought to bed. On the other hand, Ruberto, as a girl and in love with her young master Gostanzo, has double suffering—one from the passion which torments her, and the other from the fear lest the pregnancy

of Portia should be discovered. Massimo, the father of Portia and Gostanzo, is aware of the condition of his daughter, and has sent to Genoa to inquire into the parentage of Ruberto, in order that if he find him ignoble, and unworthy to be the husband of his daughter, whom he believes to be with child by him, he may have him killed. But, by what I have heard, the father of the twins, who has escaped from the hands of the Turks, ought this day to be returned with the messenger, and I think that every thing will be accommodated."

In this play, therefore, Portia, who is the Olivia of Shakespeare, is not stated to be a widow, and our great dramatist avoided the needless indelicacy of representing her to be with child. In *Gl' Inganni*, Gineura (*i. e.* Viola), as will have been seen from the "Argument," is not page to the man with whom she is in love, but to Portia; while Gostanzo, whose affection Gineura is anxious to obtain, is brother to her mistress. This of course makes an important difference in the relative situations of the parties, because Gineura, disguised as Ruberto, is not employed to carry letters and messages between the characters who represent the Duke and Olivia. Gostanzo being in love with a courtesan, named Dorotea, in the first Act, Gineura endeavours to dissuade him from his lawless passion, in a manner that distantly, and only distantly, reminds us of Shakespeare. Ruberto (*i. e.* Gineura) tells Gostanzo to find some object worthy of his affection :—

"*Gostanzo.* And where shall I find her ?
Ruberto. I know one who is more lost for love of you, than you are for this carrion.
Gostanzo. Is she fair ?
Ruberto. Indifferently.
Gostanzo. Where is she ?
Ruberto. Not far from you.
Gostanzo. And will she be content that I should lie with her.
Ruberto. If God wills that you should do it.
Gostanzo. How shall I get to her ?
Ruberto. As you would come to me.
Gostanzo. How do you know that she loves me ?
Ruberto. Because she often talks to me of her love.
Gostanzo. Do I know her ?
Ruberto. As well as you know me.
Gostanzo. Is she young ?
Ruberto. Of my age.
Gostanzo. And loves me ?
Ruberto. Adores you.
Gostanzo. Have I ever seen her ?
Ruberto. As often as you have seen me.
Gostanzo. Why does she not discover herself to me ?
Ruberto. Because she sees you the slave of another woman."

The resemblance between Gineura and her brother Fortunato is so great, that Portia has mistaken the one for the other, and in the

end, like Sebastian and Olivia, they are united; while Gostanzo, being cured of his passion for Dorotea, and grateful for the persevering and disinterested affection of Gineura, is married to her. Our great dramatist has given an actual, as well as an intellectual elevation to the whole subject, by the manner in which he has treated it; and has converted what may, in most respects, be considered a low comedy into a fine romantic drama.

So much for *Gl' Inganni*, and it now remains to speak of *Gl' Ingannati*, a comedy to which, in relation to "Twelfth-Night," attention was first directed by the Rev. Joseph Hunter in his "Disquisition on Shakespeare's Tempest," p. 78. *Gl' Ingannati* follows Bandello's novel with more exactness than *Gl' Inganni*, though both change the names of the parties; and here we have the important feature that the heroine, called Lelia, (disguised as Fabio) is page to Flamminio, with whom she is in love, but who is in love with a lady named Isabella. Lelia, as in Shakespeare, is employed by Flamminio to forward his suit with Isabella. What succeeds is part of the dialogue between Lelia, in her male attire, and Flamminio.—

"*Lelia.* Do as I advise. Abandon Isabella, and love one who loves you in return. You may not find her as beautiful; but, tell me, is there nobody else whom you can love, and who loves you?

Flamminio. There was a young lady named Lelia, whom, I was a thousand times about to tell you, you are much like. She was thought the fairest, the cleverest, and the most courteous damsel of this country. I will show you her one of these days, for I formerly looked upon her with some regard. She was then rich and about the court, and I continued in love with her for nearly a year, during which time she showed me much favour. Afterwards she went to Mirandola, and it was my fate to fall in love with Isabella, who has been as cruel to me as Lelia was kind.

Lelia. Then you deserve the treatment you have received. Since you slighted her who loved you, you ought to be slighted in return by others.

Flamminio. What do you say?

Lelia. If this poor girl were your first love, and still loves you more than ever, why did you abandon her for Isabella? I know not who could pardon that offence. Ah! signor Flamminio, you did her grievous wrong.

Flamminio. You are only a boy, Fabio, and know not the power of love. I tell you that I cannot help loving Isabella: I adore her, nor do I wish to think of any other woman."

Elsewhere the resemblance between "Twelfth-Night" and *Gl' Ingannati*, in point of situation is quite as strong, but there the likeness ends, for in the dialogue we can trace no connexion between the two. The author of the Italian comedy has obviously founded himself entirely upon Bandello's novel, of which there might be some translation in the time of Shakespeare more nearly approaching the original, than the version which Rich published before our great dramatist visited the metropolis. Whether any such literal translation had or had not been made, Shakespeare may have gone to the Italian story, and *Le Novelle di Bandello* were very well

known in England as early as about the middle of the sixteenth century. If Shakespeare had followed Rich we should probably have discovered some verbal trace of his obligation, as in the cases where he followed Painter's "Palace of Pleasure," or, still more strikingly, where he availed himself of the works of Greene and Lodge. In *Gl' Ingannati* we find nothing but incident in common with "Twelfth-Night." The vast inferiority of the former to the latter in language and sentiment may be seen in every page, in every line. The mistake of the brother for the sister, by Isabella, is the same in both, and it terminates in a somewhat similar manner, for the female attendant of the lady, meeting Fabricio (who is dressed, like his sister Lelia, in white) in the street, conducts him to her mistress, who receives him with open arms. Flamminio and Lelia are of course united at the end of the comedy.

The likeness between *Gl' Ingannati* and "Twelfth-Night" is certainly, in some points of the story, stronger than that between *Gl' Inganni* and Shakespeare's drama; but to neither can we say, with any degree of certainty, that our great dramatist resorted, although he had perhaps read both, when he was considering the best mode of adapting to the stage the incidents of Bandello's novel. There is no hint, in any source yet discovered, for the smallest portion of the comic business of "Twelfth-Night." In both the Italian dramas it is of the most homely and vulgar materials, by the intervention of empirics, braggarts, pedants, and servants, who deal in the coarsest jokes, and are guilty of the grossest buffoonery. Shakespeare shows his infinite superiority in each department: in the more serious portion of his drama he employed the incidents furnished by predecessors as the mere scaffolding for the erection of his own beautiful edifice; and for the comic scenes, combining so admirably with, and assisting so importantly in the progress of the main plot, he seems, as usual, to have drawn merely upon his own interminable resources.

It was an opinion, confidently stated by Coleridge in his lectures in 1818, that the passage in Act. ii. sc. 4, beginning

> "Too old, by heaven: let still the woman take
> An elder than herself," &c.

had a direct application to the circumstances of his own marriage with Anne Hathaway, who was so much senior to the poet. Some of Shakespeare's biographers had previously enforced this notion, and others have since followed it up; but Coleridge took the opportunity of enlarging eloquently on the manner in which young poets have frequently connected themselves with women of very ordinary personal and mental attractions, the imagination supplying all deficiencies, clothing the object of affection with grace and beauty, and furnishing her with every accomplishment.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ[1].

ORSINO, Duke of Illyria.
SEBASTIAN, Brother to Viola.
ANTONIO, a Sea Captain, Friend to Sebastian.
A Sea Captain, Friend to Viola.
VALENTINE, CURIO, } Gentlemen attending on the Duke.
Sir TOBY BELCH, Uncle to Olivia.
Sir ANDREW AGUE-CHEEK.
MALVOLIO, Steward to Olivia.
FABIAN, Clown, } Servants to Olivia.

OLIVIA, a rich Countess.
VIOLA, in love with the Duke.
MARIA, Olivia's Woman.

Lords, Priests, Sailors, Officers, Musicians, and other Attendants.

SCENE, a City in Illyria; and the Sea-coast near it.

[1] First given by Rowe in his edition.

TWELFTH-NIGHT:

OR,

WHAT YOU WILL.

ACT I. SCENE I.

An Apartment in the DUKE's Palace.

Enter DUKE, CURIO, *Lords; Musicians attending.*

Duke. If music be the food of love, play on:
Give me excess of it; that, surfeiting,
The appetite may sicken, and so die.
That strain again;—it had a dying fall:
O! it came o'er my ear like the sweet south,
That breathes upon a bank of violets[1],
Stealing, and giving odour.—Enough! no more:
'Tis not so sweet now, as it was before.
O, spirit of love! how quick and fresh art thou,
That, notwithstanding thy capacity

[1] ——————— like the sweet south,
That breathes upon a bank of violets,] The old copies read "the sweet *sound*." Pope substituted *south*, to the manifest improvement of the passage; and as *sound* for *south* was an easy misprint, we have continued the alteration, being of opinion, that it is much more likely that the printer should have made an error, than that Shakespeare should have missed so obvious a beauty. As Steevens remarked, there is great similarity of expression in the following passage from Sir P. Sidney's "Arcadia," 4to, 1590:—"her breath is more sweet than a gentle south-west wind, which comes creeping over flowery fields and shadowed waters." There is no doubt that Shakespeare saw this passage. See p. 325, note 4. No "sweet *sound*" "breathes upon a bank of violets," but "the sweet *south*" may very properly be said to breathe upon it.

Receiveth as the sea, nought enters there,
Of what validity[2] and pitch soe'er,
But falls into abatement and low price,
Even in a minute! so full of shapes is fancy,
That it alone is high-fantastical.

Cur. Will you go hunt, my lord?

Duke. What, Curio?

Cur. The hart.

Duke. Why, so I do, the noblest that I have.
O! when mine eyes did see Olivia first,
Methought she purg'd the air of pestilence:
That instant was I turn'd into a hart,
And my desires, like fell and cruel hounds,
E'er since pursue me[3].—How now! what news from her?

Enter VALENTINE.

Val. So please my lord, I might not be admitted,
But from her handmaid do return this answer:—
The element itself, till seven years' heat,
Shall not behold her face at ample view;
But, like a cloistress, she will veiled walk,
And water once a day her chamber round

[2] Of what VALIDITY—] *i. e. value.* See "All's Well that Ends Well," A. v. sc. 3.

[3] And my desires, like fell and cruel hounds,
E'er since pursue me.] Malone quoted the whole of the fifth sonnet of Samuel Daniel, to show that this thought was not new in Shakespeare. Daniel's "Delia," in which it is contained, was twice printed in 1592, 4to, and when coincidences of the kind occur, dates are important: Malone used an edition of 1594. The following are the only applicable lines, as they stand in the first impression: the poet is complaining of the disdain of his mistress,

"Which turn'd my sport into a hart's dispaire,
Which still is chac'd, whilst I have any breath,
By mine owne thoughts, set on me by my faire:
My thoughts, like hounds, pursue me to my death."

While Malone was insisting that Shakespeare undoubtedly had Daniel's sonnet in his mind, he himself produced several instances, which prove that various other writers had fallen upon the same thought, in nearly the same words, including Adlington, in his translation of "The Golden Asse (not *Ages*, as misprinted in Malone's Shakespeare by Boswell) of Apuleius," which came from the press as early as 1566, and of which there were various subsequent impressions.

With eye-offending brine: all this, to season
A brother's dead love, which she would keep fresh
And lasting in her sad remembrance.

Duke. O! she that hath a heart of that fine frame,
To pay this debt of love but to a brother,
How will she love, when the rich golden shaft
Hath kill'd the flock of all affections else[4]
That live in her: when liver, brain, and heart,
These sovereign thrones, are all supplied, and fill'd,
(Her sweet perfections[5]) with one self king[6].—
Away, before me to sweet beds of flowers;
Love-thoughts lie rich, when canopied with bowers.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The Sea-coast.

Enter VIOLA, *Captain, and Sailors.*

Vio. What country, friends, is this?
Cap. This is Illyria, lady.
Vio. And what should I do in Illyria?

[4] Hath kill'd the FLOCK of all affections else] Sir P. Sidney, in his "Arcadia," 1590, as Steevens observes, has a similar expression,—"the *flock* of unspeakable virtues," meaning, of course, the assemblage of them. It deserves remark, that this passage occurs in the "Arcadia," just below one already quoted, respecting "the sweet south,"—a confirmation of that reading.

[5] (Her sweet perfections)] The passage would run better for the sense, and equally well for the verse, if we were to read,

——— "when liver, brain, and heart,
These sovereign thrones, her sweet perfections,
Are all supplied and fill'd with one self king."

In the folio, 1623, there are no marks of parenthesis before or after "her sweet perfections," but they seem necessary to cure the defective collocation in the old text. "Liver, brain, and heart," says Steevens, "are admitted in poetry as the residence of passions, judgment, and sentiments. These are what Shakespeare calls 'her sweet perfections.'" If we could read "perfections" in the singular, the meaning might be that "one self king," viz. "her sweet perfection," would fill the three sovereign thrones of "liver, brain, and heart."

[6] — with one self king.] The second folio reads "with one self *same* king," as if the metre were defective; but "perfections" being read as four syllables, as is constantly the case with words ending in *tion* and *sion*, the line is complete.

My brother he is in Elysium.
Perchance, he is not drown'd:—what think you, sailors?
Cap. It is perchance that you yourself were sav'd.
Vio. O, my poor brother! and so, perchance, may he be.
Cap. True, madam: and, to comfort you with chance,
Assure yourself, after our ship did split,
When you, and those poor number saved with you[7],
Hung on our driving boat, I saw your brother,
Most provident in peril, bind himself
(Courage and hope both teaching him the practice)
To a strong mast, that lived upon the sea;
Where, like Arion on the dolphin's back,
I saw him hold acquaintance with the waves
So long as I could see.
Vio. For saying so there's gold.
Mine own escape unfoldeth to my hope,
Whereto thy speech serves for authority,
The like of him. Know'st thou this country?
Cap. Ay, madam, well; for I was bred and born,
Not three hours' travel from this very place.
Vio. Who governs here?
Cap. A noble duke, in nature
As in name[8].
Vio. What is his name?
Cap. Orsino.
Vio. Orsino! I have heard my father name him:
He was a bachelor then.
Cap. And so is now, or was so very late;
For but a month ago I went from hence,

[7] When you, and THOSE poor number saved with you,] Shakespeare uses "number" as the plural, and there is no need to alter "those" into *that*, as was done by Malone, Steevens, &c.

[8] ——— A noble duke, in nature
As in name.] Malone or Boswell silently interpolated *his* before "name." As the text now stands it is not exactly according to the old copies, where "A noble duke, in nature as in name," is made a line by itself, without regard to "Who governs here?" preceding it, and "What is his name?" following it. It may be doubted which is the better regulation.

And then 'twas fresh in murmur, (as, you know,
What great ones do the less will prattle of)
That he did seek the love of fair Olivia.

Vio. What's she?

Cap. A virtuous maid, the daughter of a count
That died some twelvemonth since; then leaving her
In the protection of his son, her brother,
Who shortly also died: for whose dear love,
They say, she hath abjur'd the company,
And sight of men[9].

Vio. O! that I serv'd that lady,
And might not be delivered to the world,
Till I had made mine own occasion mellow,
What my estate is.

Cap. That were hard to compass,
Because she will admit no kind of suit,
No, not the duke's.

Vio. There is a fair behaviour in thee, captain,
And though that nature with a beauteous wall
Doth oft close in pollution, yet of thee
I will believe, thou hast a mind that suits
With this thy fair and outward character.
I pr'ythee, (and I'll pay thee bounteously,)
Conceal me what I am, and be my aid
For such disguise as haply shall become
The form of my intent. I'll serve this duke:
Thou shalt present me as an eunuch to him.
It may be worth thy pains; for I can sing,
And speak to him in many sorts of music,
That will allow me very worth his service.
What else may hap to time I will commit;

[9] They say, she hath abjur'd the COMPANY
And SIGHT of men.] In all the old copies the passage stands as follows:—
"They say she hath abjur'd the sight,
And company of men."
The alteration, making "sight" and "company" change places, was introduced by Sir Thomas Hanmer; and it is unquestionably for the better, both as regards metre and sense. Olivia has abjured not only the "company" but even the "sight" of men.

Only, shape thou thy silence to my wit.

Cap. Be you his eunuch, and your mute I'll be:
When my tongue blabs, then let mine eyes not see.

Vio. I thank thee. Lead me on. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

A Room in Olivia's House.

Enter Sir Toby Belch, *and* Maria.

Sir To. What a plague means my niece, to take the death of her brother thus? I am sure care's an enemy to life.

Mar. By my troth, sir Toby, you must come in earlier o' nights: your cousin, my lady, takes great exceptions to your ill hours.

Sir To. Why, let her except before excepted.

Mar. Ay, but you must confine yourself within the modest limits of order.

Sir To. Confine? I'll confine myself no finer than I am. These clothes are good enough to drink in, and so be these boots too: an they be not, let them hang themselves in their own straps.

Mar. That quaffing and drinking will undo you: I heard my lady talk of it yesterday, and of a foolish knight, that you brought in one night here to be her wooer.

Sir To. Who? Sir Andrew Ague-cheek?

Mar. Ay, he.

Sir To. He's as tall a man as any's in Illyria[10].

[10] He's as TALL a man as any's in Illyria.] The use of "tall" for *courageous* and *bold* was extremely common in the time of Shakespeare. In "The Merry Wives of Windsor," A. i. sc. 4, Simple says, "he is as tall a man of his hands, as any is between this and his head: he hath fought with a warrener." In the same comedy, A. ii. sc. 1, Shallow speaks of "four tall fellows" as four courageous fellows. Instances innumerable might be collected from other writers of the same age. See Dodsley's Old Plays, last edit. vol. iii. p. 39. vol. v. p. 255. 388, &c.

Mar. What's that to the purpose?

Sir To. Why, he has three thousand ducats a year.

Mar. Ay, but he'll have but a year in all these ducats: he's a very fool, and a prodigal.

Sir To. Fie, that you'll say so! he plays o' the viol-de-gamboys[1], and speaks three or four languages word for word without book, and hath all the good gifts of nature.

Mar. He hath, indeed,—almost natural; for, besides that he's a fool, he's a great quarreller; and, but that he hath the gift of a coward to allay the gust he hath in quarrelling, 'tis thought among the prudent he would quickly have the gift of a grave.

Sir T. By this hand, they are scoundrels, and substractors that say so of him. Who are they?

Mar. They that add, moreover, he's drunk nightly in your company.

Sir T. With drinking healths to my niece. I'll drink to her, as long as there is a passage in my throat, and drink in Illyria. He's a coward, and a coystril[2], that will not drink to my niece, till his brains turn o' the toe like a parish-top[3]. What, wench! *Castiliano vulgo*[4]; for here comes Sir Andrew Ague-face.

Enter Sir ANDREW AGUE-CHEEK.

Sir And. Sir Toby Belch! how now, Sir Toby Belch?

Sir To. Sweet sir Andrew.

[1] — he plays o' the VIOL-DE-GAMBOYS,] Meaning, of course, the *viol-di-gambo*, an instrument then much in use.

[2] He's a coward, and a COYSTRIL,] A "coystril" is a *kestrel*, or bastard hawk: the term was figuratively applied.

[3] — like a PARISH-TOP.] A large top was formerly kept in parishes or towns, for the exercise and amusement of the lower orders. See Dyce's Beaumont and Fletcher, "Thierry and Theodoret," vol. i. p. 138.

[4] *Castiliano vulgo*;] Sir Toby probably uses this as a drinking exclamation; and in "The Rich Jew of Malta," by Marlowe, we have *Rivo Castiliano* employed in the same way. Warburton supposed that *vulgo* should be printed *volto*, and that Maria was to put on a Castilian, or grave countenance on the approach of Sir Andrew.

Sir And. Bless you, fair shrew.

Mar. And you too, sir.

Sir To. Accost, sir Andrew, accost[5].

Sir And. What's that?

Sir To. My niece's chamber-maid.

Sir And. Good mistress Accost, I desire better acquaintance.

Mar. My name is Mary, sir.

Sir And. Good Mistress Mary Accost,—

Sir To. You mistake, knight: accost is front her, board her, woo her, assail her.

Sir And. By my troth, I would not undertake her in this company. Is that the meaning of accost?

Mar. Fare you well, gentlemen.

Sir To. An thou let part so, sir Andrew, would thou might'st never draw sword again!

Sir And. An you part so, mistress, I would I might never draw sword again. Fair lady, do you think you have fools in hand?

Mar. Sir, I have not you by the hand.

Sir And. Marry, but you shall have; and here's my hand.

Mar. Now, sir, thought is free: I pray you, bring your hand to the buttery-bar, and let it drink[6].

Sir And. Wherefore, sweet heart? what's your metaphor?

Mar. It's dry, sir.

[5] Accost, Sir Andrew, accost.] Sir Andrew did not understand the word "accost," and since the time of Dryden, who employs it, the use of it in this sense is rare. Sir Toby afterwards explains it, "front her, board her," &c. "Accost" is from the Fr. *accoster*, and means strictly, to come *side by side*, and more generally, to *approach*. Spenser, "Faerie Queene," book v. c. x. stanza 42, uses it more licentiously for the sake of the rhyme :—

"For all the shores, which to the sea *accoste*,
He day and night doth ward, both far and wide."

[6] — bring your hand to the buttery-bar, and let it drink.] The buttery was the place from which meat and drink were formerly delivered. In the Induction to "The Taming of the Shrew," the lord tells a servant to take the players to the buttery. To have a dry hand was formerly considered a symptom of debility, as Steevens established by various quotations.

Sir And. Why, I think so: I am not such an ass, but I can keep my hand dry. But what's your jest?

Mar. A dry jest, sir.

Sir And. Are you full of them?

Mar. Ay, sir; I have them at my fingers' ends: marry, now I let go your hand, I am barren.

[*Exit* MARIA.

Sir To. O knight! thou lack'st a cup of canary. When did I see thee so put down?

Sir And. Never in your life, I think; unless you see canary put me down. Methinks, sometimes I have no more wit than a Christian, or an ordinary man has; but I am a great eater of beef, and, I believe, that does harm to my wit[7].

Sir To. No question.

Sir And. An I thought that, I'd forswear it. I'll ride home to-morrow, sir Toby.

Sir To. *Pourquoi*, my dear knight?

Sir And. What is *pourquoi?* do or not do? I would I had bestowed that time in the tongues, that I have in fencing, dancing, and bear-baiting. O, had I but followed the arts!

Sir To. Then hadst thou had an excellent head of hair.

Sir And. Why, would that have mended my hair?

Sir To. Past question; for, thou seest, it will not curl by nature[8].

Sir And. But it becomes me well enough, does't not?

Sir To. Excellent: it hangs like flax on a distaff, and I hope to see a housewife take thee between her legs, and spin it off.

[7] — but I am a great eater of beef, and, I believe, that does harm to my wit.] Ben Jonson, in "Every Man out of his Humour," asserts that porridge thickens the brain:—"'Slud, I think he feeds her with porridge, I: she could never have such a thick brain else." Gifford's "Ben Jonson," vol. ii. p. 63.

[8] — it will not CURL BY nature.] The old copies read, "*cool my* nature." The happy emendation was made by Theobald.

Sir And. 'Faith, I'll home to-morrow, sir Toby: your niece will not be seen; or, if she be, it's four to one she'll none of me. The count himself, here hard by, woos her.

Sir To. She'll none o' the count: she'll not match above her degree, neither in estate, years, nor wit; I have heard her swear it. Tut, there's life in't, man.

Sir And. I'll stay a month longer. I am a fellow o' the strangest mind i' the world: I delight in masques and revels sometimes altogether.

Sir To. Art thou good at these kick-shaws, knight?

Sir And. As any man in Illyria, whatsoever he be, under the degree of my betters: and yet I will not compare with an old man.

Sir To. What is thy excellence in a galliard, knight[9]?

Sir And. 'Faith, I can cut a caper.

Sir To. And I can cut the mutton to't.

Sir And. And, I think, I have the back-trick, simply as strong as any man in Illyria.

Sir To. Wherefore are these things hid? wherefore have these gifts a curtain before them? are they like to take dust, like mistress Mall's picture[1]? why dost thou not go to church in a galliard, and come home in

[9] What is thy excellence in a GALLIARD, knight?] A "galliard" was a lively species of dance, said to be of Spanish origin, the name of it being derived from *gallardo* in that language, which signifies cheerful or gay.

[1] — mistress MALL's picture?] The name of this woman was Mary Frith. She was in the habit of wearing men's clothes, and obtained extraordinary celebrity in connexion with many low characters of the time. Her picture might be curtained, either because it was considered indecent, or simply, as Sir Toby says, to preserve it from the dust. If she were born in 1584, as Malone states, at the time "Twelfth-Night" was first acted, (Feb. 1601-2,) she was only sixteen or seventeen years old. Her birth is, therefore, in all probability to be placed earlier: her death is said not to have occurred until 1659, and in 1662 her "Life and Death" was published. John Day, the dramatist, wrote a tract upon her "mad pranks," which was entered at Stationers' Hall in August, 1610, but it is not known to have been printed. Possibly, her "Life and Death," 1662, was only Day's tract with additions. All the known particulars regarding her have been collected by the Rev. Mr. Dyce, in his introduction to Dekker's and Middleton's comedy, "The Roaring Girl," 1611, which has a wood-cut of the heroine upon the title-page. See also Dodsley's Old Plays, last edit. vol. vi.

a coranto[2]? My very walk should be a jig: I would not so much as make water, but in a sink-a-pace[3]. What dost thou mean? is it a world to hide virtues in? I did think, by the excellent constitution of thy leg, it was formed under the star of a galliard.

Sir And. Ay, 'tis strong, and it does indifferent well in a flame-coloured stock[4]. Shall we set about some revels?

Sir To. What shall we do else? were we not born under Taurus?

Sir And. Taurus? that's sides and heart[5].

Sir To. No, sir; it is legs and thighs. Let me see thee caper. Ha! higher: ha, ha!—excellent!

[*Exeunt.*

[2] — and come home in a CORANTO ?] A "coranto" was an active species of dance, and it is also mentioned by Ben Jonson in conjunction with a *galliard*. "Coranto" is the same as *couranto*, and has the same etymology; probably from the Spanish *correr*, or from the Italian *correre*. The termination shows that it was not of French origin.

[3] — SINK-A-PACE.] *i. e. cinque-pas:* "the name of a dance," says Sir J. Hawkins, "the measures whereof are regulated by the number five." It is often spoken of by Shakespeare's contemporaries. All the dances mentioned by Shakespeare will shortly be explained by Mr. E. F. Rimbault, in his forthcoming very interesting work, to be entitled, "A Collection of Ancient Music, illustrating the Plays and Poems of Shakespeare." It will contain all that now remains of the original music to his dramas, which, if not composed for the first representation of them, was written during the life-time of the poet: we understand that the whole of the score for "The Tempest" will be included, Mr. Rimbault having discovered it in the British Museum. Another division of his work will consist of the old ballads inserted or alluded to by Shakespeare, with their tunes. The dances will form the third part. All will be taken from English MSS., and old printed books. Mr. Rimbault informs me, with respect to the *Cinque-pas*, that the only specimen of it he has yet been able to find is contained in two contemporary MSS., one in the Advocates' Library, Edinburgh, and the other in the library of Trinity College, Dublin.

[4] — FLAME-coloured STOCK.] "*Dam'd* coloured stock," or *stocking*, is the reading of the original editions. Pope altered it to "flame-coloured," which is possibly right, though we do not meet with any mention of "flame-coloured stocks" elsewhere.

[5] TAURUS? that's sides and heart.] Alluding, as Johnson remarks, to the medical astrology still preserved in almanacks, which refers the affections of particular parts of the body to the predominance of particular constellations.

SCENE IV.

A Room in the DUKE'S Palace.

Enter VALENTINE, *and* VIOLA *in man's attire.*

Val. If the duke continue these favours towards you, Cesario, you are like to be much advanced: he hath known you but three days, and already you are no stranger.

Vio. You either fear his humour, or my negligence, that you call in question the continuance of his love. Is he inconstant, sir, in his favours?

Val. No, believe me.

Enter DUKE, CURIO, *and Attendants.*

Vio. I thank you. Here comes the count.

Duke. Who saw Cesario, ho?

Vio. On your attendance, my lord; here.

Duke. Stand you awhile aloof.—Cesario,
Thou know'st no less but all: I have unclasp'd
To thee the book even of my secret soul;
Therefore, good youth, address thy gait unto her:
Be not denied access, stand at her doors,
And tell them, there thy fixed foot shall grow,
Till thou have audience.

Vio. Sure, my noble lord,
If she be so abandon'd to her sorrow,
As it is spoke, she never will admit me.

Duke. Be clamorous, and leap all civil bounds,
Rather than make unprofited return.

Vio. Say I do speak with her, my lord, what then?

Duke. O! then unfold the passion of my love;
Surprise her with discourse of my dear faith:
It shall become thee well to act my woes;

She will attend it better in thy youth,
Than in a nuncio of more grave aspect.
Vio. I think not so, my lord.
Duke. Dear lad, believe it,
For they shall yet belie thy happy years,
That say thou art a man: Diana's lip
Is not more smooth, and rubious; thy small pipe
Is as the maiden's organ, shrill, and sound,
And all is semblative a woman's part.
I know, thy constellation is right apt
For this affair.—Some four, or five, attend him;
All, if you will, for I myself am best,
When least in company.—Prosper well in this,
And thou shalt live as freely as thy lord
To call his fortunes thine.
Vio. I'll do my best,
To woo your lady: [*Aside.*] yet, a barful strife[6]!
Whoe'er I woo, myself would be his wife. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

A Room in Olivia's House.

Enter Maria, *and Clown*[7].

Mar. Nay; either tell me where thou hast been, or I will not open my lips so wide as a bristle may enter in way of thy excuse. My lady will hang thee for thy absence.

Clo. Let her hang me: he that is well hanged in this world needs to fear no colours[8].

[6] — yet, a BARFUL strife!] *i. e.* A struggle on my part full of bars, or impediments.

[7] Enter Maria, and CLOWN.] The clown in this play, as well as in "All's Well that Ends Well," is the domestic fool, or jester. In "As You Like It," he is the court-fool. All three wore "motley."

[8] — needs to fear no colours.] This expression is a common one, but not

Mar. Make that good.

Clo. He shall see none to fear.

Mar. A good lenten answer[9]. I can tell thee where that saying was born, of, I fear no colours.

Clo. Where, good mistress Mary?

Mar. In the wars; and that may you be bold to say in your foolery.

Clo. Well, God give them wisdom, that have it; and those that are fools, let them use their talents.

Mar. Yet you will be hanged for being so long absent; or, to be turned away: is not that as good as a hanging to you?

Clo. Many a good hanging prevents a bad marriage; and for turning away, let summer bear it out.

Mar. You are resolute, then?

Clo. Not so neither; but I am resolved on two points.

Mar. That, if one break, the other will hold; or, if both break, your gaskins fall[1].

Clo. Apt, in good faith; very apt. Well, go thy way: if sir Toby would leave drinking, thou wert as witty a piece of Eve's flesh as any in Illyria.

Mar. Peace, you rogue, no more o' that. Here comes my lady: make your excuse wisely; you were best. [*Exit.*

easy to be explained. It seems to be used in a double sense, but somewhat connected, with reference to complexion and deception. Maria afterwards alludes to the colours used in war.

[9] A good LENTEN answer.] *i. e.* as Steevens explains it, a *short, spare* answer, in allusion to the diet in Lent. The word "lenten" is often used in a figurative sense; but when in "Hamlet" we meet with the words "what *lenten* entertainment the players shall receive from you," the speaker adverts to the obstructions the actors in London met with during Lent, when restrictions were put upon their performances. Such, however, does not seem have been Steevens's notion of the passage. John Taylor, the water-poet, in his "Praise of Clean Linen," mentions "a lenten top," which people whipped by way of amusement during Lent.

[1] — or, if both break, your GASKINS fall.] Gaskins were large breeches or hose. Maria puns upon the word "points," which were the tags at the ends of strings, used to fasten or sustain the dress before the general introduction of buttons. See this Vol. p. 130.

Enter OLIVIA, *and* MALVOLIO.

Clo. Wit, an't be thy will, put me into good fooling! Those wits, that think they have thee, do very oft prove fools; and I, that am sure I lack thee, may pass for a wise man: for what says Quinapalus? Better a witty fool, than a foolish wit.—God bless thee, lady!

Oli. Take the fool away.

Clo. Do you not hear, fellows? Take away the lady.

Oli. Go to, you're a dry fool; I'll no more of you: besides, you grow dishonest.

Clo. Two faults, madonna, that drink and good counsel will amend: for give the dry fool drink, then is the fool not dry; bid the dishonest man mend himself; if he mend, he is no longer dishonest: if he cannot, let the botcher mend him. Any thing that's mended is but patched: virtue that transgresses is but patched with sin; and sin that amends is but patched with virtue. If that this simple syllogism will serve, so; if it will not, what remedy? As there is no true cuckold but calamity, so beauty's a flower.—The lady bade take away the fool; therefore, I say again, take her away.

Oli. Sir, I bade them take away you.

Clo. Misprision in the highest degree!—Lady, *cucullus non facit monachum:* that's as much as to say, I wear[1] not motley in my brain. Good madonna, give me leave to prove you a fool.

Oli. Can you do it?

Clo. Dexteriously, good madonna.

Oli. Make your proof.

Clo. I must catechize you for it, madonna. Good my mouse of virtue, answer me.

[1] — that's as much as to say, I wear, &c.] In the old copies it stands, "that's as much to say, as I wear," &c., "as" having been misplaced.

Oli. Well, sir, for want of other idleness I'll 'bide your proof.

Clo. Good madonna, why mourn'st thou?

Oli. Good fool, for my brother's death.

Clo. I think, his soul is in hell, madonna.

Oli. I know his soul is in heaven, fool.

Clo. The more fool, madonna, to mourn for your brother's soul being in heaven.—Take away the fool, gentlemen.

Oli. What think you of this fool, Malvolio? doth he not mend?

Mal. Yes; and shall do, till the pangs of death shake him: infirmity, that decays the wise, doth ever make the better fool.

Clo. God send you, sir, a speedy infirmity, for the better increasing your folly! Sir Toby will be sworn that I am no fox, but he will not pass his word for two-pence that you are no fool.

Oli. How say you to that, Malvolio?

Mal. I marvel your ladyship takes delight in such a barren rascal: I saw him put down the other day with an ordinary fool, that has no more brain than a stone. Look you now, he's out of his guard already: unless you laugh and minister occasion to him, he is gagged. I protest, I take these wise men, that crow so at these set kind of fools, no better than the fools' zanies[2].

Oli. O! you are sick of self-love, Malvolio, and taste with a distempered appetite. To be generous, guiltless, and of free disposition, is to take those things for bird-bolts, that you deem cannon-bullets. There is no slander in an allowed fool, though he do nothing but rail; nor no railing in a known discreet man, though he do nothing but reprove.

[2] — no better than the fools' zanies.] We have had "zany" before, in "Love's Labour's Lost," Vol. ii. p. 367. Douce says, that "fools' zanies" in the text means "fools' baubles, which had upon the top of them the head of a fool."

Clo. Now, Mercury endue thee with leasing, for thou speakest well of fools[3]!

Re-enter MARIA.

Mar. Madam, there is at the gate a young gentleman much desires to speak with you.

Oli. From the count Orsino, is it?

Mar. I know not, madam: 'tis a fair young man, and well attended.

Oli. Who of my people hold him in delay?

Mar. Sir Toby, madam, your kinsman.

Oli. Fetch him off, I pray you: he speaks nothing but madman. Fie on him! [*Exit* MARIA.] Go you, Malvolio: if it be a suit from the count, I am sick, or not at home; what you will, to dismiss it. [*Exit* MALVOLIO.] Now you see, sir, how your fooling grows old, and people dislike it.

Clo. Thou hast spoke for us, madonna, as if thy eldest son should be a fool, whose skull Jove cram with brains; for here he comes, one of thy kin, has a most weak *pia mater*.

Enter Sir TOBY BELCH.

Oli. By mine honour, half drunk.—What is he at the gate, cousin?

Sir To. A gentleman.

Oli. A gentleman? What gentleman?

Sir To. 'Tis a gentleman here.—A plague o' these pickle-herrings!—How now, sot?

Clo. Good sir Toby,—

Oli. Cousin, cousin, how have you come so early by this lethargy?

[3] Now, Mercury endue thee with LEASING, for thou speakest well of fools!] The sense is not very clear. Johnson says that it is, "May Mercury teach thee to *lie*, since thou liest in favour of fools." Warburton would read *pleasing*; and Hanmer substitutes *learning*; but the old copies are correct, and Johnson's interpretation seems to be the true one. The clown means to say, that unless Olivia lied she could not "speak well of fools;" consequently, he prays Mercury to endue her with "leasing," or *lying*.

Sir To. Lechery! I defy lechery. There's one at the gate.

Oli. Ay, marry; what is he?

Sir To. Let him be the devil, an he will, I care not: give me faith, say I. Well, it's all one. [*Exit.*

Oli. What's a drunken man like, fool?

Clo. Like a drown'd man, a fool, and a madman: one draught above heat[4] makes him a fool, the second mads him, and a third drowns him.

Oli. Go thou and seek the coroner, and let him sit o' my coz, for he's in the third degree of drink; he's drown'd: go, look after him.

Clo. He is but mad yet, madonna; and the fool shall look to the madman. [*Exit Clown.*

Re-enter MALVOLIO.

Mal. Madam, yond' young fellow swears he will speak with you. I told him you were sick: he takes on him to understand so much, and therefore comes to speak with you. I told him you were asleep: he seems to have a fore-knowledge of that too, and therefore comes to speak with you. What is to be said to him, lady? he's fortified against any denial.

Oli. Tell him, he shall not speak with me.

Mal. He has been told so; and he says, he'll stand at your door like a sheriff's post[5], and be the supporter to a bench, but he'll speak with you.

Oli. What kind of man is he?

Mal. Why, of man kind.

Oli. What manner of man?

Mal. Of very ill manner: he'll speak with you, will you, or no.

Oli. Of what personage, and years is he?

[4] — one draught ABOVE HEAT—] *i. e.* Above the proper degree of warmth, as Steevens explains it.

[5] — like a SHERIFF'S POST,] The posts at the doors of sheriffs, on which originally proclamations and placards were exhibited, are very often mentioned in writers of the time. Modern editions, without warrant, read "supporter *of* a bench," just afterwards.

Mal. Not yet old enough for a man, nor young enough for a boy; as a squash is before 'tis a peascod[6], or a codling when 'tis almost an apple: 'tis with him e'en standing water, between boy and man. He is very well-favoured, and he speaks very shrewishly: one would think, his mother's milk were scarce out of him.

Oli. Let him approach. Call in my gentlewoman.

Mal. Gentlewoman, my lady calls. [*Exit.*

Re-enter MARIA.

Oli. Give me my veil: come, throw it o'er my face.
We'll once more hear Orsino's embassy.

Enter VIOLA.

Vio. The honourable lady of the house, which is she?

Oli. Speak to me; I shall answer for her. Your will?

Vio. Most radiant, exquisite, and unmatchable beauty.—I pray you, tell me, if this be the lady of the house, for I never saw her: I would be loath to cast away my speech; for, besides that it is excellently well penned, I have taken great pains to con it. Good beauties, let me sustain no scorn; I am very comptible[7] even to the least sinister usage.

Oli. Whence came you, sir?

Vio. I can say little more than I have studied, and that question's out of my part. Good gentle one, give me modest assurance if you be the lady of the house, that I may proceed in my speech.

[6] — as a SQUASH is before 'tis a peascod,] See "Midsummer-Night's Dream," Vol. ii. p. 425. Farther on, "e'en standing water," is printed in the old copies "*in* standing water." This error is not unfrequent.

[7] — I am very COMITIBLE,] "Comptible" is *accountable*; and here seems to mean *subject to*, or sensitive of, "the least sinister usage."

Oli. Are you a comedian?

Vio. No, my profound heart; and yet, by the very fangs of malice I swear, I am not that I play. Are you the lady of the house?

Oli. If I do not usurp myself, I am.

Vio. Most certain, if you are she, you do usurp yourself; for what is yours to bestow, is not yours to reserve. But this is from my commission. I will on with my speech in your praise, and then show you the heart of my message.

Oli. Come to what is important in't: I forgive you the praise.

Vio. Alas! I took great pains to study it, and 'tis poetical.

Oli. It is the more like to be feigned: I pray you, keep it in. I heard, you were saucy at my gates, and allowed your approach, rather to wonder at you than to hear you. If you be not mad, be gone[8]; if you have reason, be brief: 'tis not that time of moon with me to make one in so skipping a dialogue.

Mar. Will you hoist sail, sir? here lies your way.

Vio. No, good swabber; I am to hull here a little longer[9]. — Some mollification for your giant, sweet lady. Tell me your mind: I am a messenger[10].

Oli. Sure, you have some hideous matter to deliver, when the courtesy of it is so fearful. Speak your office.

[8] If you be NOT mad, be gone;] Monck Mason would omit the negative, but surely the old reading is very intelligible.

[9] — I am to HULL here a little longer.] Viola follows up Maria's sea-phrase, and tells her that she is to lie there a little longer. To *hull* is to remain, "driven to and fro by the waves," as it is expressed in a passage, quoted by Steevens, from Philemon Holland's Translation of Pliny, fo. 1601. Other instances are unnecessary.

[10] Tell me your mind: I am a messenger.] Since the time of Warburton, "Tell me your mind" has been given to Olivia, and "I am a messenger" made a very inconsequential observation by Viola. All the old copies have the passage as it stands in our text, Viola asking Olivia to tell her her mind, because she is a messenger, and wishes to take back an answer. Olivia could hardly say to Viola, "Tell me *your* mind," when she knew that Viola only brought a message from the duke.

Vio. It alone concerns your ear. I bring no overture of war, no taxation of homage. I hold the olive in my hand: my words are as full of peace as matter.

Oli. Yet you began rudely. What are you? what would you?

Vio. The rudeness that hath appear'd in me, have I learn'd from my entertainment. What I am, and what I would, are as secret as maidenhead: to your ears, divinity; to any other's, profanation.

Oli. Give us the place alone. We will hear this divinity. [*Exit* MARIA.] Now, sir; what is your text?

Vio. Most sweet lady,—

Oli. A comfortable doctrine, and much may be said of it. Where lies your text?

Vio. In Orsino's bosom.

Oli. In his bosom! In what chapter of his bosom?

Vio. To answer by the method, in the first of his heart.

Oli. O! I have read it: it is heresy. Have you no more to say?

Vio. Good madam, let me see your face.

Oli. Have you any commission from your lord to negociate with my face? you are now out of your text: but we will draw the curtain, and show you the picture. Look you, sir; such a one I was this present: is't not well done[1]? [*Unveiling.*

Vio. Excellently done, if God did all.

Oli. 'Tis in grain, sir: 'twill endure wind and weather.

[1] Look you, sir; such a one I was this present: is't not well done?] This is the old and true reading; but some modern editors have inserted *as* before "I was this present," and thus confused the plain meaning. The notes of the commentators, including Warburton, Steevens, Monck Mason, and Malone, are curious specimens of reasoning upon false premises: the foundation of their argument is not in the old text. Olivia removes her veil, as if it were the curtain before a picture, and telling Viola "such a one I was this present," asks, in addition, if the picture were not well painted? Viola follows up the notion of painting, and hints that Olivia's colour might be artificial.

Vio. 'Tis beauty truly blent[2], whose red and white
Nature's own sweet and cunning hand laid on.
Lady, you are the cruell'st she alive,
If you will lead these graces to the grave,
And leave the world no copy[3].

Oli. O! sir, I will not be so hard-hearted. I will give out divers schedules of my beauty: it shall be inventoried, and every particle, and utensil, labelled to my will; as, item, two lips indifferent red; item, two grey eyes with lids to them; item, one neck, one chin, and so forth. Were you sent hither to praise me[4]?

Vio. I see you what you are: you are too proud;
But, if you were the devil, you are fair.
My lord and master loves you: O! such love
Could be but recompens'd, though you were crown'd
The nonpareil of beauty!

Oli. How does he love me?

Vio. With adorations, fertile tears,
With groans that thunder love, with sighs of fire.

Oli. Your lord does know my mind; I cannot love him:
Yet I suppose him virtuous, know him noble,
Of great estate, of fresh and stainless youth;

[2] 'Tis beauty truly BLENT,] *i. e.* blended. So in "The Merchant of Venice," Vol. ii. p. 525, we have had,

"Where every something, being *blent* together,
Turns to a wild of nothing"—

[3] And leave the world no copy.] Shakespeare has expressed the same thought in his 9th, 11th, and 13th Sonnets.

[4] Were you sent hither to PRAISE me?] Malone would read *'praise*, or *appraise;* but the old word was *apprise*, as in Bishop Hall's "Specialties of Life," p. 57, as quoted by Todd in his edition of Johnson's Dictionary:—"The sequestrators sent certain men, appointed by them to *apprise* all the goods that were in the house." Again, "They would have *apprised* our very wearing clothes," &c. Monck Mason's objection, that the inventory had been drawn up by Olivia herself, seems to deserve little weight, because, though Olivia prepared it, Viola might be called upon to put a price on the various "items." There is no apostrophe before "praise" in the old copies, and as the speech is only prose, the word (if Shakespeare had intended to use it and had it been the word in use) might have been printed at length. Olivia refers to the manner in which Viola had extolled her beauty in the preceding speech.

In voices well divulg'd, free, learn'd, and valiant,
And in dimension, and the shape of nature,
A gracious person; but yet I cannot love him.
He might have took his answer long ago.

Vio. If I did love you in my master's flame,
With such a suffering, such a deadly life,
In your denial I would find no sense:
I would not understand it.

Oli. Why, what would you?

Vio. Make me a willow cabin at your gate,
And call upon my soul within the house;
Write loyal cantons of contemned love[5],
And sing them loud even in the dead of night;
Halloo your name to the reverberate hills,
And make the babbling gossip of the air
Cry out, Olivia! O! you should not rest
Between the elements of air and earth,
But you should pity me.

Oli. You might do much. What is your parentage?

Vio. Above my fortunes, yet my state is well:
I am a gentleman.

Oli. Get you to your lord:
I cannot love him. Let him send no more,
Unless, perchance, you come to me again,
To tell me how he takes it. Fare you well:
I thank you for your pains. Spend this for me.

Vio. I am no fee'd post, lady; keep your purse:
My master, not myself, lacks recompense.
Love make his heart of flint that you shall love,
And let your fervour, like my master's, be
Plac'd in contempt! Farewell, fair cruelty. [*Exit.*

Oli. What is your parentage?

[5] Write loyal CANTONS of contemned love,] "Cantons" was the old English word for canto. Heywood, in his "Great Britain's Troy," 1609, calls the seventeen divisions of his poem "cantons;" but on the other hand, Spenser divides his "books" of the "Faerie Queene," 1590, into cantos, in imitation of the Italian poets. Sir John Harrington, in his translation of the *Orlando Furioso*, 1591, called the *cantos* of Ariosto "books."

"Above my fortunes, yet my state is well:
I am a gentleman."—I'll be sworn thou art:
Thy tongue, thy face, thy limbs, actions, and spirit,
Do give thee five-fold blazon.—Not too fast:—soft!
soft!
Unless the master were the man.—How now?
Even so quickly may one catch the plague.
Methinks, I feel this youth's perfections,
With an invisible and subtle stealth,
To creep in at mine eyes. Well, let it be.—
What, ho! Malvolio.—

Re-enter MALVOLIO.

Mal. Here, madam, at your service.
Oli. Run after that same peevish messenger[6],
The county's man: he left this ring behind him,
Would I, or not: tell him, I'll none of it.
Desire him not to flatter with his lord,
Nor hold him up with hopes: I am not for him.
If that the youth will come this way to-morrow,
I'll give him reasons for't. Hie thee, Malvolio.
Mal. Madam, I will. [*Exit.*
Oli. I do I know not what, and fear to find
Mine eye too great a flatterer for my mind.
Fate, show thy force: ourselves we do not owe[7];
What is decreed must be, and be this so! [*Exit.*

[6] Run after that same PEEVISH messenger,] Another instance, out of many, to prove that in the time of Shakespeare, and earlier, "peevish" did not mean *petulant* or *testy*, but *silly* or *foolish*. See vol. ii. p. 150, note 8, and p. 162, note 4. In this place Olivia may wish Malvolio not to perceive that she takes any interest about so insignificant a person as "the county's man."

[7] — ourselves we do not OWE:] *i. e. own*, as in Vol. ii. p. 45, and many other places. The meaning, as Malone remarks, is "we are not our own masters."

ACT II. SCENE I.

The Sea-coast.

Enter ANTONIO *and* SEBASTIAN.

Ant. Will you stay no longer? nor will you not, that I go with you?

Seb. By your patience, no. My stars shine darkly over me: the malignancy of my fate might, perhaps, distemper yours; therefore, I shall crave of you your leave, that I may bear my evils alone. It were a bad recompense for your love, to lay any of them on you.

Ant. Let me yet know of you, whither you are bound.

Seb. No, 'sooth, sir. My determinate voyage is mere extravagancy; but I perceive in you so excellent a touch of modesty, that you will not extort from me what I am willing to keep in: therefore, it charges me in manners the rather to express myself. You must know of me then, Antonio, my name is Sebastian, which I called Roderigo. My father was that Sebastian of Messaline, whom, I know, you have heard of: he left behind him, myself, and a sister, both born in an hour. If the heavens had been pleased, would we had so ended! but, you, sir, altered that; for some hour before you took me from the breach of the sea was my sister drowned.

Ant. Alas, the day!

Seb. A lady, sir, though it was said she much resembled me, was yet of many accounted beautiful: but, though I could not with such estimable wonder overfar believe that[7], yet thus far I will boldly publish her—

[7] — but, though I could not with such estimable wonder overfar believe that,] "The meaning is," says Johnson, "that he could not venture to think so highly as others of his sister." Warburton would read merely, "but though I could not overfar believe that," omitting "with such estimable wonder," as an interpolation by the players: "estimable wonder" is esteeming wonder.

she bore a mind that envy could not but call fair. She is drowned already, sir, with salt water, though I seem to drown her remembrance again with more.

Ant. Pardon me, sir, your bad entertainment.

Seb. O, good Antonio! forgive me your trouble.

Ant. If you will not murder me for my love, let me be your servant.

Seb. If you will not undo what you have done, that is, kill him whom you have recovered, desire it not. Fare ye well at once: my bosom is full of kindness; and I am yet so near the manners of my mother, that upon the least occasion more, mine eyes will tell tales of me. I am bound to the count Orsino's court: farewell. [*Exit.*

Ant. The gentleness of all the gods go with thee!
I have many enemies in Orsino's court,
Else would I very shortly see thee there;
But, come what may, I do adore thee so,
That danger shall seem sport, and I will go. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

A Street.

Enter VIOLA; MALVOLIO *following*[8].

Mal. Were not you even now with the countess Olivia?

Vio. Even now, sir: on a moderate pace I have since arrived but hither.

Mal. She returns this ring to you, sir: you might have saved me my pains, to have taken it away yourself. She adds, moreover, that you should put your lord into a desperate assurance she will none of him. And one thing more; that you be never so hardy to

[8] Enter Viola; Malvolio following.] The old stage-direction is, "Enter Viola and Malvolio at several doors." Malvolio may be supposed to be coming out of Olivia's house, but Viola must necessarily be in the street, having lately quitted Olivia.

come again in his affairs, unless it be to report your lord's taking of this: receive it so[9].

Vio. She took the ring of me!—I'll none of it.

Mal. Come, sir; you peevishly threw it to her, and her will is, it should be so returned: if it be worth stooping for, there it lies in your eye; if not, be it his that finds it. [*Exit.*

Vio. I left no ring with her: what means this lady?
Fortune forbid my outside have not charm'd her!
She made good view of me; indeed, so much,
That, methought[9], her eyes had lost her tongue,
For she did speak in starts distractedly.
She loves me, sure: the cunning of her passion
Invites me in this churlish messenger.
None of my lord's ring? why, he sent her none.
I am the man:—if it be so, as 'tis,
Poor lady, she were better love a dream.
Disguise, I see, thou art a wickedness,
Wherein the pregnant enemy does much.
How easy is it, for the proper false
In women's waxen hearts to set their forms!
Alas! our frailty is the cause, not we,
For such as we are made, if such we be[1].

[9] — receive it so.] *i. e. understand* or *take* it so, without reference to the ring. Viola follows it up by expressing surprise at what Malvolio had said about the ring, which she had never seen till then.

[10] That, methought,] The second folio inserts *sure* before "methought," to amend the measure; but if the measure be defective, which may admit of doubt, *sure* could hardly be the word omitted, as it occurs in the next line but one. "She loves me, *sure*," &c.

[1] Alas! OUR frailty is the cause, not we,
For such as we are made, if such we be,] The first folio has *O*, for which the second folio substitutes "our;" and it was probably a misprint, "our" having been written, in the MS. used by the old printer, with a contraction, as was frequently done. Malone and Steevens give the second line thus:—

"For, such as we are made *of*, such we be;"

but this seems a decided error. The meaning of the four lines, beginning at "How easy is it," appears not so difficult as some of the commentators imagined: "proper," as Steevens suggests, is to be understood *handsome*, a sense it will bear. "How easy is it (says Viola) for handsome false men to set their forms in the waxen hearts of women! for which, alas! our frailty is the cause, not ourselves, inasmuch as we are made such as we are, if indeed we be such."

How will this fadge[2]? My master loves her dearly;
And I, poor monster, fond as much on him;
And she, mistaken, seems to dote on me.
What will become of this? As I am man,
My state is desperate for my master's love;
As I am woman, now alas the day!
What thriftless sighs shall poor Olivia breathe.
O time! thou must untangle this, not I;
It is too hard a knot for me t' untie. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

A Room in Olivia's House.

Enter Sir Toby Belch, *and Sir* Andrew Aguecheek.

Sir To. Approach, sir Andrew: not to be a-bed after midnight is to be up betimes; and *diluculo surgere*, thou know'st,—

Sir And. Nay, by my troth, I know not; but I know, to be up late, is to be up late.

Sir To. A false conclusion: I hate it as an unfilled can. To be up after midnight, and to go to bed then, is early; so that, to go to bed after midnight, is to go to bed betimes. Do not our lives consist of the four elements?

Sir And. 'Faith, so they say; but, I think, it rather consists of eating and drinking.

Sir To. Thou art a scholar; let us therefore eat and drink.—Marian, I say!—a stoop of wine[3]!

Enter Clown.

Sir And. Here comes the fool, i' faith.

Clo. How now, my hearts! Did you never see the picture of we three?

[2] How will this fadge?] To "fadge" is to *suit*, to *answer the purpose*—a word of common occurrence in our old writers. We have had it before in "Love's Labour's Lost," Vol. ii. p. 349.

[3] A stoop of wine!] The word "stoop," says Reed, is derived from the Belgic, and is equivalent to a measure of two quarts.

Sir To. Welcome, ass. Now let's have a catch.

Sir And. By my troth, the fool has an excellent breast[4]. I had rather than forty shillings I had such a leg, and so sweet a breath to sing, as the fool has. In sooth, thou wast in very gracious fooling last night, when thou spokest of Pigrogromitus, of the Vapians passing the equinoctial of Queubus: 'twas very good, i' faith. I sent thee sixpence for thy lemon[5]: hadst it?

Clo. I did impeticos thy gratillity; for Malvolio's nose is no whipstock: my lady has a white hand, and the Myrmidons are no bottle-ale houses[6].

Sir And. Excellent! Why, this is the best fooling, when all is done. Now, a song.

Sir To. Come on: there is sixpence for you; let's have a song.

Sir And. There's a testril of me, too: if one knight give a—

Clo. Would you have a love-song, or a song of good life[7]?

Sir To. A love-song, a love-song.

Sir And. Ay, ay; I care not for good life.

[4] —an excellent breast.] "Breast" and *voice* were of old synonymous, and it is therefore not necessary to substitute "breath," as some have recommended.

[5] I sent thee sixpence for thy LEMON:] The word is spelt "lemon" in the old copies, and the meaning may only be, that Sir Andrew sent the Clown sixpence in return for, or to buy a lemon. On the other hand, Sir Andrew may have sent the sixpence to the Clown's mistress or sweet-heart. *Leman* has been differently derived, from *l'aimant*, Fr., or more probably from the Saxon *leof*, *dear*, and *man*. Tyrwhitt, in his Glossary to Chaucer, gives the Saxon etymology, and spells it *lemman*. The word occurs in this sense in "Henry IV.," pt. 2. A. v. sc. 3, and in "The Merry Wives of Windsor," A. iv. sc. 2. In the drama of "The Contention between Liberality and Prodigality," 1602, we find the double meaning played upon by one of the characters:—

> "He shall have a *lemman* to moysten his mouth;
> A *lymon*, I mean, no lemman, I trow:
> Take heede, my faire maides, you take me not so." Sign. C. 4.

[6] — and the Myrmidons are no bottle ale-houses.] This seems only given as specimen of the sort of "fooling" which Sir Andrew considered "gracious." It is to be observed, that Sir Toby says nothing in favour of such nonsense: it is only Sir Andrew who exclaims "Excellent!"

[7] — or a song of GOOD LIFE?] *i. e.* a "civil and virtuous song," as it is called in "The Mad Pranks, &c. of Robin Good-fellow," (4to, 1628, reprinted for the Percy Society) in opposition to "a love song."

SONG.

Clo. *O, mistress mine! where are you roaming?*
O! stay and hear; your true love's coming,
That can sing both high and low.
Trip no farther, pretty sweeting;
Journeys end in lovers' meeting,
Every wise man's son doth know.

Sir And. Excellent good, i' faith.
Sir To. Good, good.

Clo. *What is love? 'tis not hereafter;*
Present mirth hath present laughter;
What's to come is still unsure:
In delay there lies no plenty;
Then come kiss me, sweet and twenty,
Youth's a stuff will not endure.

Sir And. A mellifluous voice, as I am true knight.
Sir To. A contagious breath.
Sir And. Very sweet and contagious, i' faith.
Sir To. To hear by the nose, it is dulcet in contagion. But shall we make the welkin dance indeed? Shall we rouse the night-owl in a catch, that will draw three souls out of one weaver? shall we do that?
Sir And. An you love me, let's do't: I am dog at a catch.
Clo. By'r lady, sir, and some dogs will catch well.
Sir And. Most certain. Let our catch be, "Thou Knave."
Clo. "Hold thy peace, thou knave," knight? I shall be constrain'd in't to call thee knave, knight.
Sir And. 'Tis not the first time I have constrain'd one to call me knave. Begin, fool: it begins, "Hold thy peace."

Clo. I shall never begin, if I hold my peace.

Sir And. Good, i'faith. Come, begin.

[*They sing a catch*[8].

Enter MARIA.

Mar. What a catterwauling do you keep here! If my lady have not called up her steward, Malvolio, and bid him turn you out of doors, never trust me.

Sir To. My lady's a Cataian[9]; we are politicians; Malvolio's a Peg-a-Ramsey[1], and "Three merry men be we[2]." Am not I consanguineous? am I not of her blood? Tilly-valley, lady! "There dwelt a man in Babylon, lady, lady[3]!" [*Singing.*

Clo. Beshrew me, the knight's in admirable fooling.

Sir And. Ay, he does well enough, if he be disposed, and so do I too: he does it with a better grace, but I do it more natural.

[8] They sing a catch.] This catch is contained in Ravenscroft's "Deuteromelia," 1609, where the air is given to the following words:—

"Hold thy peace, and I pr'ythee hold thy peace,
Thou knave, thou knave! hold thy peace, thou knave."

"It appears to be so contrived," says Sir John Hawkins, "that each of the singers calls the other knave in turn."

[9] My lady's a CATAIAN;] It is not easy to explain this term of reproach, nor is it perhaps of much consequence. Warburton contends, in a note to "The Merry Wives of Windsor," A. ii. sc. 1, that "Cataian" was equivalent to *liar;* and Steevens supposes it to mean a cheat, or a thief. Cataian is found in Davenant's "Love and Honour," in the sense of *sharper.* Cathay was the old name of China.

[1] — Malvolio's a PEG-A-RAMSEY,] Peg-a-Ramsey, or Peggy-Ramsey, was an old popular tune. "There are two tunes under this name as old as Shakespeare's time, and several ballads to each." Chappell's National English Airs, Vol. ii. p. 131. A tune called "Little Pegge of Ramsie," as we find on the same authority, was composed by Dr. Bull. "Peg-a-Ramsay," and "Watton Townsend," are the identical tune, and it was also known by the latter name in the time of Shakespeare.

[2] "Three merry men be we."] This seems to have been the burden of various old songs, and it was parodied, as "Three merry boys," "Three merry wives," &c.

[3] "There dwelt a man in Babylon, lady, lady!"] A line from the ballad of "The Goodly and Constant Wyfe Susanna," licensed for the press in 1562. See Percy's Reliques, Vol. i. p. 224, edit. 1812. Malone says that the oldest song with the burden of "Lady, lady!" he had met with is in "The Trial of Treasure," an interlude, 1567; but in the volume of Old Ballads, printed for the Percy Society, 1840, is one by Elderton to the same tune, printed by R. Lant as early as 1559. It is entitled, "The Panges of Love, and Lovers' Fittes."

Sir To. "O! the twelfth day of December[4],"—

[*Singing.*

Mar. For the love o' God, peace!

Enter MALVOLIO.

Mal. My masters, are you mad? or what are you? Have you no wit, manners, nor honesty, but to gabble like tinkers at this time of night? Do ye make an alehouse of my lady's house, that ye squeak out your coziers' catches[5] without any mitigation or remorse of voice? Is there no respect of place, persons, nor time, in you?

Sir To. We did keep time, sir, in our catches. Snick up[6]!

Mal. Sir Toby, I must be round with you[7]. My lady bade me tell you, that, though she harbours you as her kinsman, she's nothing allied to your disorders. If you can separate yourself and your misdemeanours, you are welcome to the house; if not, an it would please you to take leave of her, she is very willing to bid you farewell.

Sir To. "Farewell, dear heart, since I must needs be gone[8]."

Mar. Nay, good sir Toby.

[4] "O! the twelfth day of December,"] A fragment of some ballad, of which no other trace seems to remain.

[5] — COZIERS' catches—] *i. e. Botchers'* catches: a *cozier* meant either a tailor or a cobbler. Minsheu says that it is a cobbler; but it is, in fact, any person engaged in *sewing*, from the Fr. *coudre*.

[6] Snick up!] A term of contempt, of which the precise meaning seems to have been lost. Steevens would derive it from "sneak-up," applied to the Prince ("Henry the Fourth," pt. i.) by Falstaff, and such may possibly have been its origin; but it became afterwards equivalent to the phrase, "Go and hang yourself," or "Go and be hanged." See the Rev. A. Dyce's Beaumont and Fletcher, "Knight of the Burning Pestle," Vol. ii. p. 156.

[7] — I must be ROUND with you.] *i. e. Plain* with you. The same phrase occurs in "The Comedy of Errors," Vol. ii. p. 125.

[8] "Farewell, dear heart, since I must needs be gone."] In Percy's Reliques, Vol. i. p. 224, edit. 1812, the ballad from which this line is taken is inserted at length, from "The Golden Garland of Princely Delight." What is subsequently sung by Sir Toby and the clown is a modification, for their purpose, of parts of the first two stanzas of the ballad.

Clo. "His eyes do show his days are almost done."

Mal. Is't even so?

Sir To. "But I will never die."

Clo. Sir Toby, there you lie.

Mal. This is much credit to you.

Sir To. "Shall I bid him go?"

Clo. "What an if you do?"

Sir To. "Shall I bid him go, and spare not?"

Clo. "O! no, no, no, no, you dare not."

Sir To. Out o' tune[9]!—Sir, ye lie. Art any more than a steward? Dost thou think, because thou art virtuous, there shall be no more cakes and ale?

Clo. Yes, by Saint Anne; and ginger shall be hot i' the mouth too.

Sir To. Thou'rt i' the right.—Go, sir: rub your chain with crumbs[1].—A stoop of wine, Maria!

Mal. Mistress Mary, if you prized my lady's favour at any thing more than contempt, you would not give means for this uncivil rule: she shall know of it, by this hand. [*Exit.*

Mar. Go shake your ears.

Sir And. 'Twere as good a deed as to drink when a man's a-hungry, to challenge him to the field, and then to break promise with him, and make a fool of him.

Sir To. Do't, knight: I'll write thee a challenge, or I'll deliver thy indignation to him by word of mouth.

[9] Out o' TUNE!] So all the old copies; but modern editors read "Out of time?" as if it were a question put by Sir Toby to Malvolio, in reference to what he had said very soon after his entrance. All that Sir Toby means is, that the clown had sung out of tune. "Sir, ye lie!" is addressed to Malvolio with the purpose of affronting him.

[1] Go, sir: rub your chain with crumbs.] Stewards formerly wore gold chains, as a mark of distinction, and these chains were cleaned with crumbs. Upon this passage Steevens made the following apposite quotations:—"Nash, in his 'Have With You to Saffron Walden,' 1596, (not 1595, as Steevens has it,) charges Gabriel Harvey with having 'stolen a nobleman's *steward's chain*;' and in Webster's 'Dutchess of Malfy,' 1623, occurs this passage, 'Yea, and the chippings of the buttery fly after him, to *scower his gold chain*.'"

Mar. Sweet sir Toby, be patient for to-night. Since the youth of the count's was to-day with my lady, she is much out of quiet. For monsieur Malvolio, let me alone with him: if I do not gull him into a nayword[2], and make him a common recreation, do not think I have wit enough to lie straight in my bed. I know, I can do it.

Sir To. Possess us, possess us: tell us something of him.

Mar. Marry, sir, sometimes he is a kind of Puritan.

Sir And. O! if I thought that, I'd beat him like a dog.

Sir To. What, for being a Puritan! thy exquisite reason, dear knight!

Sir And. I have no exquisite reason for't, but I have reason good enough.

Mar. The devil a Puritan that he is, or any thing constantly, but a time pleaser; an affectioned ass[3], that cons state without book, and utters it by great swaths[4]: the best persuaded of himself; so crammed, as he thinks, with excellences, that it is his ground of faith, that all that look on him love him; and on that vice in him will my revenge find notable cause to work.

Sir To. What wilt thou do?

Mar. I will drop in his way some obscure epistles of love; wherein, by the colour of his beard, the shape of his leg, the manner of his gait, the expressure of his

[2] — a NAYWORD,] *i. e.* a *byeword*, says Steevens. Lexicographers quote no other instances of its use, but from Shakespeare. In the old copies it is printed "an *ayword*," and perhaps that is the true reading, the meaning being "an *everlasting* word:" "ay" is *ever*. In "The Merry Wives of Windsor," however, it stands "nayword" in the folios.

[3] — an AFFECTIONED ass,] *i. e.* An *affected* ass. In "Love's Labour's Lost," Vol. ii. p. 345 & 365, we have "affection" used for *affectation;* and the sense was common at the time.

[4] — and utters it by great SWATHS:] The word *swath* occurs again in the same sense in "Troilus and Cressida," A. v. sc. 5; but there, in the old copies, it is spelt *swath;* here, "swarth." In the "Promptorium Parvulorum," as quoted by Todd, a *swath* is "a line of grass or corn cut down by the mowers." It is as much as a mower can cut down by the sweep of his scythe.

eye, forehead, and complexion, he shall find himself most feelingly personated. I can write very like my lady, your niece; on a forgotten matter we can hardly make distinction of our hands.

Sir To. Excellent! I smell a device.

Sir And. I have't in my nose too.

Sir To. He shall think, by the letters that thou wilt drop, that they come from my niece, and that she is in love with him.

Mar. My purpose is, indeed, a horse of that colour.

Sir And. And your horse, now, would make him an ass.

Mar. Ass I doubt not.

Sir And. O! 'twill be admirable.

Mar. Sport royal, I warrant you: I know, my physic will work with him. I will plant you two, and let the fool make a third, where he shall find the letter: observe his construction of it. For this night, to bed, and dream on the event. Farewell. [*Exit.*

Sir To. Good night, Penthesilea.

Sir And. Before me, she's a good wench.

Sir To. She's a beagle, true-bred, and one that adores me: what o' that?

Sir And. I was adored once too.

Sir To. Let's to bed, knight.—Thou hadst need send for more money.

Sir And. If I cannot recover your niece, I am a foul way out.

Sir To. Send for money, knight: if thou hast her not i' the end, call me cut[5].

[5] — call me CUT.] "Cut" was a common term of contempt, and seems equivalent to Falstaff's "call me horse," in "Henry the Fourth," pt. i.; for *cut* and *horse* were synonymous. We meet with the phrase "eall me cut" in H. Medwell's Interlude of "Nature," written before 1500:—

"Yf thou se him not take his own way,
Call me cut, when thou metest me another day."

"Cut" (as Steevens suggests) was probably abbreviated from *curtal*, a horse whose tail has been docked; and henee the frequent opposition, in old comic writers, of *cut* and *longtail*.

Sir And. If I do not, never trust me; take it how you will.

Sir To. Come, come: I'll go burn some sack, 'tis too late to go to bed now. Come, knight; come, knight.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

A Room in the DUKE's Palace.

Enter DUKE, VIOLA, CURIO, *and others.*

Duke. Give me some music.—Now, good morrow, friends.—
Now, good Cesario, but that piece of song,
That old and antique song, we heard last night;
Methought, it did relieve my passion much,
More than light airs, and recollected terms,
Of these most brisk and giddy-paced times:
Come; but one verse.

Cur. He is not here, so please your lordship, that should sing it.

Duke. Who was it?

Cur. Feste, the jester, my lord; a fool, that the lady Olivia's father took much delight in. He is about the house.

Duke. Seek him out, and play the tune the while.

[*Exit* CURIO.—*Music.*

Come hither, boy: if ever thou shalt love,
In the sweet pangs of it remember me;
For such as I am all true lovers are:
Unstaid and skittish in all motions else,
Save in the constant image of the creature
That is belov'd.—How dost thou like this tune?

Vio. It gives a very echo to the seat
Where Love is thron'd.

Duke. Thou dost speak masterly.

My life upon't, young though thou art, thine eye
Hath stay'd upon some favour[6] that it loves;
Hath it not, boy?

Vio. A little, by your favour.

Duke. What kind of woman is't?

Vio. Of your complexion.

Duke. She is not worth thee, then. What years, i' faith?

Vio. About your years, my lord.

Duke. Too old, by heaven. Let still the woman take
An elder than herself; so wears she to him,
So sways she level in her husband's heart:
For, boy, however we do praise ourselves,
Our fancies are more giddy and unfirm,
More longing, wavering, sooner lost and worn[7],
Than women's are.

Vio. I think it well, my lord.

Duke. Then, let thy love be younger than thyself,
Or thy affection cannot hold the bent;
For women are as roses, whose fair flower,
Being once display'd, doth fall that very hour.

Vio. And so they are: alas! that they are so;
To die, even when they to perfection grow!

Re-enter CURIO, *and Clown.*

Duke. O, fellow! come, the song we had last night.—
Mark it, Cesario; it is old, and plain:
The spinsters and the knitters in the sun,

[6] — upon some FAVOUR that it loves;] Favour is often used for *feature* or *countenance*. In her reply, Viola plays upon the double meaning of the word, "a little, by your *favour*."

[7] — sooner lost and WORN,] Johnson would read *won* for "worn," adopting the alteration of Hanmer. It is "worne" in the old copies; and although an easy misprint for *wonne*, which would probably have been so spelt in the first folio, we are not warranted in introducing it into the text when "worn" affords a clear sense: "lost and worn" means lost and *worn out*; and Malone needlessly cites various passages to show that "worn" had this sense.

And the free maids, that weave their thread with bones,
Do use to chaunt it: it is silly sooth,
And dallies with the innocence of love,
Like the old age[8].

Clo. Are you ready, sir?

Duke. Ay; pr'ythee, sing. [*Music.*

THE SONG.

Clo. *Come away, come away, death,*
And in sad cypress let me be laid;
Fly away, fly away, breath[9];
I am slain by a fair cruel maid.
My shroud of white, stuck all with yew,
O! prepare it:
My part of death no one so true
Did share it.

Not a flower, not a flower sweet,
On my black coffin let there be strown;
Not a friend, not a friend greet
My poor corpse, where my bones shall be thrown:
A thousand thousand sighs to save,
Lay me, O! where
Sad true lover never find my grave,
To weep there.

Duke. There's for thy pains.

Clo. No pains, sir: I take pleasure in singing, sir.

Duke. I'll pay thy pleasure then.

Clo. Truly, sir, and pleasure will be paid, one time or another.

[8] Like the OLD AGE.] "The 'old age,'" says Johnson, "is the *ages past*, the times of simplicity."

[9] FLY away, FLY away, breath;] The old reading is, literatim,

"Fye away, fie away breath;"

which may possibly be strained into a meaning, but it is much more likely to be a mere misprint.

Duke. Give me now leave to leave thee.

Clo. Now, the melancholy god protect thee, and the tailor make thy doublet of changeable taffata, for thy mind is a very opal[1]!—I would have men of such constancy put to sea, that their business might be every thing, and their intent every where; for that's it, that always makes a good voyage of nothing.—Farewell.

[*Exit Clown.*

Duke. Let all the rest give place.—

[*Exeunt* CURIO *and Attendants.*

Once more, Cesario,
Get thee to yond' same sovereign cruelty:
Tell her, my love, more noble than the world,
Prizes not quantity of dirty lands:
The parts that fortune hath bestow'd upon her,
Tell her, I hold as giddily as fortune;
But 'tis that miracle, and queen of gems,
That nature pranks her in, attracts my soul.

Vio. But, if she cannot love you, sir?

Duke. It cannot be so answer'd[2].

Vio. Sooth, but you must.
Say, that some lady, as perhaps there is,
Hath for your love as great a pang of heart
As you have for Olivia: you cannot love her;
You tell her so; must she not then be answer'd?

Duke. There is no woman's sides
Can bide the beating of so strong a passion
As love doth give my heart; no woman's heart
So big to hold so much: they lack retention.
Alas! their love may be call'd appetite,

[1] — for thy mind is a very OPAL!] An opal is a stone of various colours, according to the light in which it is seen. The clown wishes the duke to have his dress made to correspond with his mind.

[2] IT cannot be so answer'd.] *i. e.* My love to her cannot be so answered. The modern editors read, "*I* cannot be so answered," in opposition to the folios. When Viola replies, "Sooth, but you must," she means, that if your love cannot be so answered, you must be content with the answer. Malone adopted the correction of *I* for "It," (which was made by Sir T. Hanmer) but expressing doubts whether he ought to do so.

No motion of the liver, but the palate,
That suffers surfeit, cloyment, and revolt;
But mine is all as hungry as the sea,
And can digest as much. Make no compare
Between that love a woman can bear me,
And that I owe Olivia.

Vio. Ay, but I know,—

Duke. What dost thou know?

Vio. Too well what love women to men may owe:
In faith, they are as true of heart as we.
My father had a daughter lov'd a man,
As it might be, perhaps, were I a woman,
I should your lordship.

Duke. And what's her history?

Vio. A blank, my lord. She never told her love[3],—
But let concealment, like a worm i' the bud,
Feed on her damask cheek: she pin'd in thought:
And, with a green and yellow melancholy,
She sat like patience on a monument,
Smiling at grief. Was not this love, indeed?
We men may say more, swear more; but, indeed,
Our shows are more than will, for still we prove
Much in our vows, but little in our love.

Duke. But died thy sister of her love, my boy?

Vio. I am all the daughters of my father's house,
And all the brothers too; and yet I know not.—
Sir, shall I to this lady?

Duke. Ay, that's the theme.
To her in haste: give her this jewel; say,
My love can give no place, bide no denay[4]. [*Exeunt.*

[3] A blank, my lord. She never told her love,—] Coleridge says, "After the first line the actress ought to make a pause, and then start afresh, from the activity of thought, born of suppressed feelings, and which thought had accumulated during the brief interval, as vital heat under the skin during a dip in cold water." Lit. Remains, ii. 118.

[4] — bide no DENAY.] *i. e. denial.* "Denay" is sometimes used as a verb, but I recollect no other instance in which it is converted into a substantive.

SCENE V.

Olivia's Garden.

Enter Sir Toby Belch, *Sir* Andrew Ague-cheek, *and* Fabian.

Sir To. Come thy ways, signior Fabian.

Fab. Nay, I'll come: if I lose a scruple of this sport, let me be boiled to death with melancholy.

Sir To. Would'st thou not be glad to have the niggardly, rascally sheep-biter come by some notable shame?

Fab. I would exult, man: you know, he brought me out o' favour with my lady about a bear-baiting here.

Sir To. To anger him we'll have the bear again, and we will fool him black and blue;—shall we not, sir Andrew?

Sir And. An we do not, it is pity of our lives.

Enter Maria.

Sir To. Here comes the little villain.—How now, my metal of India?

Mar. Get ye all three into the box-tree. Malvolio's coming down this walk: he has been yonder i' the sun, practising behaviour to his own shadow, this half hour. Observe him, for the love of mockery; for, I know, this letter will make a contemplative idiot of him. Close, in the name of jesting! [*The men hide themselves.*] Lie thou there; [*throws down a letter*] for here comes the trout that must be caught with tickling.

[*Exit* Maria.

Enter Malvolio.

Mal. 'Tis but fortune; all is fortune. Maria once told me, she did affect me; and I have heard herself come thus near, that, should she fancy, it should be one

of my complexion. Besides, she uses me with a more exalted respect than any one else that follows her. What should I think on't?

Sir To. Here's an over-weening rogue!

Fab. O, peace! Contemplation makes a rare turkey-cock of him: how he jets under his advanced plumes[5]!

Sir And. 'Slight, I could so beat the rogue.—

Sir To. Peace! I say.

Mal. To be count Malvolio.—

Sir To. Ah, rogue!

Sir And. Pistol him, pistol him.

Sir To. Peace! peace!

Mal. There is example for't: the lady of the Strachy married the yeoman of the wardrobe[6].

Sir And. Fie on him, Jezebel!

Fab. O, peace! now he's deeply in: look, how imagination blows him.

Mal. Having been three months married to her, sitting in my state,—

Sir To. O, for a stone-bow[7], to hit him in the eye!

Mal. Calling my officers about me, in my branched velvet gown, having come from a day-bed, where I have left[8] Olivia sleeping:—

[5] — how he JETS under his advanced plumes!] To "jet" is to *strut*, or *swagger*, one of the commonest words in writers of the time, as well as long before and afterwards.

[6] — the lady of the STRACHY married the yeoman of the wardrobe.] There is, doubtless, an allusion here to some popular story not now known, "Strachy" (printed, or misprinted, in italic in the original edition) being the name of some noble family of which one of the female branches had condescended to marry a menial. Possibly that family was the Strozzi of Florence; and the copyist of Shakespeare's MS. for the theatre, not being able to read the word, wrote "Strachy" for *Strozzi*, or *Strozzy*. On the other hand, Mr. R. P. Knight suggested that "Strachy" was the strategus or governor of some province, whose widow had married below her rank. Warburton's conjecture of *Trachy*, from Thrace, and Steevens's notion about the *starchy*, connected with the laundry, are equally untenable. The meaning of Malvolio merely is, that a great lady had married a servant; and whether Strachy be a corruption, or the real name given in the old story to which Shakespeare referred, is a matter of little consequence.

[7] O, for a STONE-BOW,] A bow used for the purpose of discharging stones.

[8] — where I HAVE left—] Malone omits "have."

Sir To. Fire and brimstone!

Fab. O, peace! peace!

Mal. And then to have the humour of state; and after a demure travel of regard,—telling them, I know my place, as I would they should do theirs,—to ask for my kinsman Toby—

Sir To. Bolts and shackles!

Fab. O, peace, peace, peace! now, now.

Mal. Seven of my people, with an obedient start, make out for him. I frown the while; and, perchance, wind up my watch, or play with my—some rich jewel[9]. Toby approaches; court'sies there to me.

Sir To. Shall this fellow live?

Fab. Though our silence be drawn from us with cars[10], yet peace!

Mal. I extend my hand to him thus, quenching my familiar smile with an austere regard of control.

Sir To. And does not Toby take you a blow o' the lips then?

Mal. Saying, "Cousin Toby, my fortunes, having cast me on your niece, give me this prerogative of speech."—

Sir To. What, what?

Mal. "You must amend your drunkenness."

Sir To. Out, scab!

Fab. Nay, patience, or we break the sinews of our plot.

Mal. "Besides, you waste the treasure of your time with a foolish knight."

Sir And. That's me, I warrant you.

[9] — or play with my—some rich jewel.] So the old copy, but omitting the dash. Steevens understands "my some rich jewel" to mean, "some rich jewel of my own;" but it is more natural to suppose that Malvolio, having mentioned his watch, then a rarity, wishes to enumerate some other valuable in his possession, and pauses after "or play with my," following it up with the words "some rich jewel," not being able on the sudden to name any one in particular.

[10] Though our silence be drawn from us with CARS,] Thus the old copies, but some corruption may be suspected. Tyrwhitt would substitute *cables* for "cars;" but Steevens and Johnson consider the expression to allude to the force necessary to draw a *car* or *cart*. Sometimes "cars" has been misprinted *ears*.

Mal. "One Sir Andrew."

Sir And. I knew 'twas I; for many do call me fool.

Mal. [*Seeing the letter.*] What employment have we here?

Fab. Now is the woodcock near the gin.

Sir To. O, peace! and the spirit of humours intimate reading aloud to him!

Mal. [*Taking up the letter.*] By my life, this is my lady's hand! these be her very *C's*, her *U's*, and her *T's;* and thus makes she her great *P's.* It is, in contempt of question, her hand.

Sir And. Her *C's*, her *U's*, and her *T's:* Why that?

Mal. [*Reads.*] "To the unknown beloved, this, and my good wishes:" her very phrases!—By your leave, wax.—Soft[11]!—and the impressure her Lucrece, with which she uses to seal: 'tis my lady. To whom should this be?

Fab. This wins him, liver and all.

Mal. [*Reads.*] "Jove knows, I love;
But who?
Lips do not move:
No man must know."

"No man must know."—What follows? the number's altered.—"No man must know:"—if this should be thee, Malvolio?

Sir To. Marry, hang thee, brock[1]!

[11] By your leave, wax.—Soft!] Malone contends that the word "Soft" applies to the wax, and is not an exclamation; but Steevens shows that the wax used for letters at this period was not commonly "soft." There can be no doubt that "soft!" here is to be taken exactly in the same sense as "softly!" and "soft!" used by Malvolio afterwards.

[1] — brock!] *i. e.* badger. Malone says very truly that "brock" was used in the same way by other authors in Shakespeare's time, and quotes the following from Peele's "Merry Conceited Jests:"—"This *self-conceited brock* had George invited," &c. Malone gives the date of 1657 to this production, but the Rev. Mr. Dyce printed the "Jests" in his excellent edition of Peele's Works, ii. 263, from a copy dated 1627. There can be no doubt that they first appeared soon after Peele's death, which occurred before Meres published his *Palladis Tamia* in 1598, where he is spoken of as dead: the earliest known copy of Peel's "Jests" is dated 1607.

Mal. [*Reads.*] "I may command, where I adore;
But silence, like a Lucrece knife,
With bloodless stroke my heart doth gore:
M, O, A, I, doth sway my life."

Fab. A fustian riddle.

Sir To. Excellent wench, say I.

Mal. "M, O, A, I, doth sway my life."—Nay, but first, let me see,—let me see,—let me see.

Fab. What a dish of poison has she dressed him!

Sir To. And with what wing the stannyel checks at it[2]!

Mal. "I may command where I adore." Why, she may command me: I serve her; she is my lady. Why, this is evident to any formal capacity[3]. There is no obstruction in this.—And the end,—what should that alphabetical position portend? if I could make that resemble something in me,—Softly!—M, O, A, I.—

Sir To. O! ay, make up that. He is now at a cold scent.

Fab. Sowter[4] will cry upon't, for all this, though it be as rank as a fox.

Mal. M,—Malvolio:—M,—why, that begins my name.

Fab. Did not I say, he would work it out? the cur is excellent at faults.

Mal. M.—But then there is no consonancy in the sequel, that suffers under probation: A should follow, but O does.

Fab. And O! shall end, I hope.

[2] And with what wing the STANNYEL checks at it!] In the old copies *stallion* is misprinted for "stannyel," which signifies a species of hawk. The judicious change was made by Sir T. Hanmer.

[3] — to any FORMAL capacity.] *i. e.* To any one in his senses—not deranged. See "Measure for Measure," Vol. ii. p. 96, note 8; and "Comedy of Errors," in the same vol. p. 168, note 2.

[4] SOWTER will cry upon't,] Sowter is used for the name of a dog, which having found the scent gives tongue. Fabian afterwards carries on the allusion: "the cur is excellent at faults."

Sir To. Ay, or I'll cudgel him, and make him cry, O!

Mal. And then I comes behind.

Fab. Ay, an you had any eye behind you, you might see more detraction at your heels, than fortunes before you.

Mal. M, O, A, I:—this simulation is not as the former;—and yet, to crush this a little, it would bow to me, for every one of these letters are in my name. Soft! here follows prose.—[*Reads.*] "If this fall into thy hand, revolve. In my stars I am above thee; but be not afraid of greatness: some are born great[5], some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon them. Thy fates open their hands; let thy blood and spirit embrace them. And, to inure thyself to what thou art like to be, cast thy humble slough, and appear fresh. Be opposite with a kinsman, surly with servants: let thy tongue tang arguments of state: put thyself into the trick of singularity. She thus advises thee, that sighs for thee. Remember who commended thy yellow stockings[6], and wished to see thee ever cross-gartered[7]: I say, remember. Go to, thou art made, if thou desirest to be so; if not, let me see thee a steward still, the fellow of servants, and not worthy to touch fortune's fingers. Farewell. She that would alter services with thee,

The fortunate-unhappy[8]."

[5] — some are BORN great,] "Some are *become* great," is the reading of the old folios; but no doubt it is an error, and Rowe corrected it from the subsequent repetition of the words by Malvolio and the Clown.

[6] Remember who commended thy yellow stockings,] By various passages quoted by Steevens, (which it would be easy to multiply) it appears that yellow stockings were more or less worn from about the middle of the reign of Elizabeth to the breaking out of the civil wars.

[7] — cross-gartered:] It seems also to have been the fashion to wear garters crossed, but no authority for it has been produced quite as old as this comedy. The earliest I have met with is in "The Woman Hater," 1607.

[8] The fortunate-unhappy.] This letter is most confusedly printed in the old folios, those of later date making no improvement upon the older impressions. As a proof of the confusion, the end of it, where it is mixed up with what Malvolio says, may be quoted literatim:—"Farewell, Shee that would alter

Day-light and champaign discovers not more[9]: this is open. I will be proud, I will read politic authors, I will baffle Sir Toby, I will wash off gross acquaintance, I will be point-device[1] the very man. I do not now fool myself, to let imagination jade me, for every reason excites to this, that my lady loves me. She did commend my yellow stockings of late; she did praise my leg being cross-gartered; and in this she manifests herself to my love, and with a kind of injunction drives me to these habits of her liking. I thank my stars I am happy. I will be strange, stout, in yellow stockings, and cross-gartered, even with the swiftness of putting on. Jove, and my stars be praised! —Here is yet a postscript. [*Reads.*] "Thou canst not choose but know who I am. If thou entertainest my love, let it appear in thy smiling: thy smiles become thee well; therefore in my presence still smile, dear my sweet, I pr'ythee."—Jove, I thank thee.—I will smile: I will do every thing that thou wilt have me.

[*Exit.*

Fab. I will not give my part of this sport for a pension of thousands to be paid from the Sophy.

Sir To. I could marry this wench for this device.

Sir And. So could I too.

Sir To. And ask no other dowry with her, but such another jest.

Sir And. Nor I neither.

Enter MARIA.

Fab. Here comes my noble gull-catcher.

Sir To. Wilt thou set thy foot o' my neck?

services with thee, the fortunate unhappy daylight and champian discovers not more."

[9] Day-light and CHAMPAIGN discovers not more,] That is, day-light and *open country* do not discover more. Champaign (spelt *champian* in the old editions) was not an uncommon word for a wide expanse of country.

[1] — I will be POINT-DEVICE,] A frequent expression, meaning *exactly*, and *with great nicety*. See p. 59, note 4.

Sir And. Or o' mine either?

Sir To. Shall I play my freedom at tray-trip[2], and become thy bond-slave?

Sir And. I'faith, or I either.

Sir To. Why, thou hast put him in such a dream, that when the image of it leaves him he must run mad.

Mar. Nay, but say true: does it work upon him?

Sir To. Like aqua-vitæ with a midwife.

Mar. If you will then see the fruits of the sport, mark his first approach before my lady: he will come to her in yellow stockings, and 'tis a colour she abhors; and cross-gartered, a fashion she detests; and he will smile upon her, which will now be so unsuitable to her disposition, being addicted to a melancholy as she is, that it cannot but turn him into a notable contempt. If you will see it, follow me.

Sir To. To the gates of Tartar, thou most excellent devil of wit!

Sir And. I'll make one too. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

Olivia's Garden.

Enter Viola, *and Clown.*

Vio. Save thee, friend, and thy music. Dost thou live by thy tabor[3]?

Clo. No, sir; I live by the church.

[2] — at TRAY-TRIP,] Tray-trip, or trey-trip, seems, by various quotations, to have been a game at which dice were employed. By "*play* my freedom," Sir Toby means, *stake* his freedom.

[3] Dost thou live by thy tabor?] Theatrical fools often appeared with a tabor, and in the representation of "Tarlton" (see the Bridgewater Catalogue, p. 300) he is furnished with one. The clown's reply, "No, sir; I live by the church," is not intelligible, if we do not suppose him to have wilfully misunderstood Viola to ask whether he lived near the sign of the tabor, which might either be a music-shop or a tavern.

Vio. Art thou a churchman?

Clo. No such matter, sir: I do live by the church; for I do live at my house, and my house doth stand by the church.

Vio. So thou may'st say, the king lies by a beggar[4], if a beggar dwell near him; or, the church stands by thy tabor, if thy tabor stand by the church.

Clo. You have said, sir.—To see this age!—A sentence is but a cheveril glove[5] to a good wit: how quickly the wrong side may be turned outward!

Vio. Nay, that's certain: they, that dally nicely with words, may quickly make them wanton.

Clo. I would therefore, my sister had had no name, sir.

Vio. Why, man?

Clo. Why, sir, her name's a word; and to dally with that word, might make my sister wanton. But, indeed, words are very rascals, since bonds disgraced them.

Vio. Thy reason, man?

Clo. Troth, sir, I can yield you none without words; and words are grown so false, I am loath to prove reason with them.

Vio. I warrant thou art a merry fellow, and carest for nothing.

Clo. Not so, sir, I do care for something; but in my conscience, sir, I do not care for you: if that be to care for nothing, sir, I would it would make you invisible.

Vio. Art not thou the lady Olivia's fool?

Clo. No, indeed, sir; the lady Olivia has no folly: she will keep no fool, sir, till she be married; and fools

[4] — the king LIES by a beggar,] Ought we not to read *lives*, the letter *v* having dropped out in the press.

[5] — but a CHEVERIL glove—] *i. e.* a *kid* glove, from the French *chevreau*. It is a word of ancient use in our language, and occurs in the Coventry Plays, p. 241, edit. Halliwell. We meet with it also in the old interlude of "Jacob and Esau," which was printed in 1568,

"O! ye rent my *chevrell*: let me be past my paine."

are as like husbands, as pilchards are to herrings, the husband's the bigger. I am, indeed, not her fool, but her corrupter of words.

Vio. I saw thee late at the count Orsino's.

Clo. Foolery, sir, does walk about the orb, like the sun: it shines every where. I would be sorry, sir, but the fool should be as oft with your master, as with my mistress: I think I saw your wisdom there.

Vio. Nay, an thou pass upon me, I'll no more with thee. Hold; there's expenses for thee.

Clo. Now Jove, in his next commodity of hair, send thee a beard.

Vio. By my troth, I'll tell thee: I am almost sick for one, though I would not have it grow on my chin. Is thy lady within?

Clo. Would not a pair of these have bred, sir[6]?

Vio. Yes, being kept together, and put to use.

Clo. I would play lord Pandarus of Phrygia, sir, to bring a Cressida to this Troilus.

Vio. I understand you, sir: 'tis well begg'd.

Clo. The matter, I hope, is not great, sir, begging but a beggar: Cressida was a beggar[7]. My lady is within, sir. I will construe to them whence you come; who you are, and what you would, are out of my welkin: I might say element, but the word is over-worn[8]. [*Exit.*

Vio. This fellow's wise enough to play the fool,
And to do that well craves a kind of wit:
He must observe their mood on whom he jests,
The quality of persons, and the time,

[6] Would not a pair of these have bred, sir?] Meaning a couple of pieces of money, instead of one only, which Viola had given him.

[7] — Cressida was a beggar.] Malone appositely quotes the following passage, from Chaucer's "Testament of Creseyde,"

——— "great penurye
Thou suffer shalt, and as a *beggar* dye."

The poet is speaking of Cressida.

[8] — but the word is over-worn.] By the affected use of it; in the same way that Armado, in "Love's Labour's Lost," Vol. ii. p. 312, uses "welkin."

And, like the haggard[9], check at every feather
That comes before his eye. This is a practice
As full of labour as a wise man's art;
For folly, that he wisely shows, is fit,
But wise men's folly fall'n quite taints their wit[10].

Enter Sir TOBY BELCH *and Sir* ANDREW AGUE-CHEEK.

Sir To. Save you, gentleman.

Vio. And you, sir.

Sir And. Dieu vous garde, monsieur.

Vio. Et vous aussi : votre serviteur.

Sir And. I hope, sir, you are; and I am yours.

Sir To. Will you encounter the house? my niece is desirous you should enter, if your trade be to her.

Vio. I am bound to your niece, sir: I mean, she is the list of my voyage[11].

Sir To. Taste your legs, sir: put them to motion.

Vio. My legs do better understand me, sir, than I understand what you mean by bidding me taste my legs.

Sir To. I mean, to go, sir, to enter.

Vio. I will answer you with gait and entrance. But we are prevented.

Enter OLIVIA *and* MARIA.

Most excellent accomplished lady, the heavens rain odours on you!

Sir And. That youth's a rare courtier. "Rain odours!" well.

[9] — like the HAGGARD,] A haggard is a wild or untrained hawk, which flies at all birds without distinction. See Vol. ii. p. 224, note 1.

[10] But wise men's folly fall'n quite taints their wit.] This is the old and correct reading, which Heath thus explains:—"But wise men's folly, when once it is fallen into extravagance, overpowers their discretion." Malone reads,

"But wise men, folly-fallen, quite taint their wit."

[11] — she is the LIST of my voyage.] Viola follows up Sir Toby's figure of a trading voyage, and says that she is bound to Olivia, who is the limit (or list) of her expedition. We have "lists" in the sense of *bounds* or *limits* in the opening of "Measure for Measure," Vol. ii. p. 7, note 2.

Vio. My matter hath no voice, lady, but to your own most pregnant and vouchsafed ear[1].

Sir And. "Odours," "pregnant," and "vouchsafed:" —I'll get 'em all three all ready[2].

Oli. Let the garden door be shut, and leave me to my hearing.

[*Exeunt Sir* TOBY, *Sir* ANDREW, *and* MARIA.

Give me your hand, sir.

Vio. My duty, madam, and most humble service.

Oli. What is your name?

Vio. Cesario is your servant's name, fair princess.

Oli. My servant, sir? 'Twas never merry world,
Since lowly feigning was call'd compliment.
You're servant to the count Orsino, youth.

Vio. And he is yours, and his must needs be yours:
Your servant's servant is your servant, madam.

Oli. For him, I think not on him: for his thoughts,
'Would they were blanks, rather than fill'd with me!

Vio. Madam, I come to whet your gentle thoughts
On his behalf.—

Oli. O! by your leave, I pray you:
I bade you never speak again of him;
But, would you undertake another suit,
I had rather hear you to solicit that,
Than music from the spheres.

Vio. Dear lady,—

Oli. Give me leave, 'beseech you. I did send,
After the last enchantment you did here,
A ring in chase of you: so did I abuse
Myself, my servant, and, I fear me, you.

[1] — to your own most PREGNANT and vouchsafed ear.] *i. e.* Ready or prepared ear: as in "Measure for Measure" we have "pregnant," p. 7, and "unpregnant," p. 85, for *ready* and *unready*.

[2] —I'll get 'em all three all ready.] This is Malone's reading, or rather Malone's construction of the old reading, where it stands, "I'll get them all three *already*." Possibly Sir Andrew pulled out his table-book, or memorandum-book, and wrote down the words, meaning that he would "get them all three all ready" for use on some future occasion.

Under your hard construction must I sit,
To force that on you, in a shameful cunning,
Which you knew none of yours: what might you think?
Have you not set mine honour at the stake,
And baited it with all th' unmuzzled thoughts
That tyrannous heart can think? To one of your receiving
Enough is shown; a cyprus, not a bosom,
Hides my heart[3]. So, let me hear you speak.

Vio. I pity you.

Oli. That's a degree to love.

Vio. No, not a grise[4]; for 'tis a vulgar proof,
That very oft we pity enemies.

Oli. Why then, methinks, 'tis time to smile again.
O world, how apt the poor are to be proud!
If one should be a prey, how much the better
To fall before the lion, than the wolf? [*Clock strikes.*
The clock upbraids me with the waste of time.—
Be not afraid, good youth, I will not have you;
And yet, when wit and youth is come to harvest,
Your wife is like to reap a proper man.
There lies your way, due west.

Vio. Then westward ho[5]!
Grace, and good disposition 'tend your ladyship.
You'll nothing, madam, to my lord by me?

[3] ——— a cyprus, not a bosom,
Hides my heart:] Meaning, that her heart may be as easily seen as if it were covered only with a cyprus veil, and not with flesh and blood.

[4] — not a GRISE;] *i. e.* not a *step:* from the Fr. *grez.* The word occurs again in "Timon of Athens," A. iv. sc. 3 :—

——— "for every *grise* of fortune
Is smooth'd by that below."

We also meet with it in "Othello."

[5] Then westward ho!] This was one of the exclamations of the watermen on the Thames; and, used in this way, it is met with as a stage-direction in Peele's "Famous Chronicle of Edward I.," printed in 1593 and 1599 :—"*Make a noise,* Westward Ho!" when the Queen is about to embark on the river at "Potter's Hive." Webster and Dekker wrote two plays, under the titles of "Westward ho" and "Northward ho." See Dyce's Webster's Works, Vol. iii. Jonson, Marston, and Chapman, wrote a comedy called "Eastward ho."

Oli. Stay:
I pr'ythee, tell me, what thou think'st of me.
Vio. That you do think you are not what you are.
Oli. If I think so, I think the same of you.
Vio. Then think you right: I am not what I am.
Oli. I would, you were as I would have you be!
Vio. Would it be better, madam, than I am?
I wish it might; for now I am your fool.
Oli. O! what a deal of scorn looks beautiful
In the contempt and anger of his lip!
A murderous guilt shows not itself more soon
Than love that would seem hid: love's night is noon.
Cesario, by the roses of the spring,
By maidhood, honour, truth, and every thing,
I love thee so, that, maugre[6] all thy pride,
Nor wit, nor reason, can my passion hide.
Do not extort thy reasons from this clause,
For, that I woo, thou therefore hast no cause;
But rather, reason thus with reason fetter:
Love sought is good, but given unsought is better.
Vio. By innocence I swear, and by my youth,
I have one heart, one bosom, and one truth,
And that no woman has[7]; nor never none
Shall mistress be of it, save I alone.
And so adieu, good madam: never more
Will I my master's tears to you deplore.
Oli. Yet come again; for thou, perhaps, may'st move
That heart, which now abhors, to like his love. [*Exeunt.*

[6] — maugre—] *i. e.* in spite of. From *malgré*, Fr. The word is common in old writers.

[7] And that no woman has;] *i. e.* I have given my "heart," "bosom," and "truth," to no woman.

SCENE II.

A Room in Olivia's House.

Enter Sir Toby Belch, *Sir* Andrew Ague-Cheek, *and* Fabian.

Sir And. No, faith, I'll not stay a jot longer.

Sir To. Thy reason, dear venom: give thy reason.

Fab. You must needs yield your reason, sir Andrew.

Sir And. Marry, I saw your niece do more favours to the count's serving man, than ever she bestowed upon me: I saw't i' the orchard.

Sir To. Did she see thee the while[8], old boy? tell me that.

Sir And. As plain as I see you now.

Fab. This was a great argument of love in her toward you.

Sir And. 'Slight! will you make an ass o' me?

Fab. I will prove it legitimate, sir, upon the oaths of judgment and reason.

Sir To. And they have been grand jury-men since before Noah was a sailor.

Fab. She did show favour to the youth in your sight only to exasperate you, to awake your dormouse valour, to put fire in your heart, and brimstone in your liver. You should then have accosted her, and with some excellent jests, fire-new from the mint, you should have banged the youth into dumbness. This was looked for at your hand, and this was baulked: the double gilt of this opportunity you let time wash off, and you are now sailed into the north of my lady's opinion; where you will hang like an icicle on a Dutchman's beard,

[8] Did she see THEE the while,] *Thee* was added by Rowe, and is not in the old copies: the compositor was, perhaps, misled by the definite article, which he fancied ought not to be repeated: "thee" in old MSS. is often written *the*, and "the" is sometimes written *thee*.

unless you do redeem it by some laudable attempt, either of valour, or policy.

Sir And. An't be any way, it must be with valour, for policy I hate: I had as lief be a Brownist[9] as a politician.

Sir To. Why then, build me thy fortunes upon the basis of valour: challenge me the count's youth to fight with him; hurt him in eleven places: my niece shall take note of it; and assure thyself, there is no love-broker in the world can more prevail in man's commendation with woman, than report of valour.

Fab. There is no way but this, sir Andrew.

Sir And. Will either of you bear me a challenge to him?

Sir To. Go, write it in a martial hand; be curst and brief; it is no matter how witty, so it be eloquent, and full of invention: taunt him with the licence of ink: if thou *thou'st* him some thrice[1], it shall not be amiss; and as many lies as will lie in thy sheet of paper, although the sheet were big enough for the bed of Ware in England, set 'em down. Go, about it. Let there be gall enough in thy ink; though thou write with a goose-pen, no matter. About it.

Sir And. Where shall I find you?

[9] — I had as lief be a BROWNIST, as a politician.] The sect of the Brownists arose in the middle of the reign of Elizabeth, and was so called from Robert Brown, its founder; who, after separating himself from the Church, and causing much confusion in it for about ten years, returned to it in the year 1589 or 1590, and died in 1630. The sect was ridiculed during a long period, and to laugh at a Brownist did not go out of fashion until after the Restoration.

[1] — if thou THOU'ST him some thrice,] Theobald and others would make out an allusion here to Coke's conduct to Sir Walter Raleigh on his trial, which took place at Winchester in November, 1603, more than eighteen months after, we now know, "Twelfth Night" had been acted at the Temple. With respect to the practice of superiors *thouing* their inferiors, we may copy the following Rule of St. Bridget from Aungier's "History of Syon," p. 297. "When the sustres in convenient tymes and places speke any to other, they schall have ther handes withe in ther cowle sleves, or els, honestly and religiously joyned togyder, holde hem before them: none of hyghenesse schal *thou* another in spekynge, but eche schal speke reverently to other, the yonger namely to the elder." I have to thank Mr. Bruce for drawing my attention to this quotation, so much in point.

Sir To. We'll call thee at the *cubiculo*. Go.

[*Exit Sir* ANDREW.

Fab. This is a dear manakin to you, sir Toby.

Sir To. I have been dear to him, lad; some two thousand strong, or so.

Fab. We shall have a rare letter from him; but you'll not deliver it.

Sir To. Never trust me then; and by all means stir on the youth to an answer. I think, oxen and wain-ropes cannot hale them together. For Andrew, if he were opened, and you find so much blood in his liver as will clog the foot of a flea, I'll eat the rest of the anatomy.

Fab. And his opposite[2], the youth, bears in his visage no great presage of cruelty.

Enter MARIA.

Sir To. Look, where the youngest wren of nine comes[3].

Mar. If you desire the spleen, and will laugh yourselves into stitches, follow me. Yond' gull Malvolio is turned heathen, a very renegado; for there is no Christian, that means to be saved by believing rightly, can ever believe such impossible passages of grossness. He's in yellow stockings.

Sir To. And cross-gartered?

Mar. Most villainously; like a pedant that keeps a school i' the church.—I have dogged him like his murderer. He does obey every point of the letter that I dropped to betray him: he does smile his face into

[2] And his OPPOSITE,] *i. e.* his adversary or antagonist. The use of "opposite" in this sense is very usual in Shakespeare and other dramatists. It occurs in "Measure for Measure," Vol. ii. p. 63. See also p. 392 and 393.

[3] Look where THE YOUNGEST WREN OF NINE comes.] The old reading is "wren of *mine*," but the expression, as it stands in the text, seems to have been proverbial. Theobald was the first to adopt the change. The allusion is to the small stature of Maria, who has before been called "the little villain," and who was ironically termed "giant" by Viola, A. i. sc. 5. Some little boy must have played the part, and Shakespeare, perhaps, intended it for him when he wrote the comedy.

more lines, than are in the new map, with the augmentation of the Indies[4]. You have not seen such a thing as 'tis; I can hardly forbear hurling things at him. I know, my lady will strike him: if she do, he'll smile, and take't for a great favour.

Sir To. Come, bring us, bring us where he is.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

A Street.

Enter SEBASTIAN *and* ANTONIO.

Seb. I would not, by my will, have troubled you;
But, since you make your pleasure of your pains,
I will no farther chide you.

Ant. I could not stay behind you: my desire,
More sharp than filed steel, did spur me forth;
And not all love to see you, (though so much,
As might have drawn one to a longer voyage)
But jealousy what might befall your travel,
Being skilless in these parts; which to a stranger,
Unguided, and unfriended, often prove
Rough and unhospitable: my willing love,
The rather by these arguments of fear,
Set forth in your pursuit.

Seb. My kind Antonio,
I can no other answer make, but, thanks,
And thanks, and ever: oft good turns[5]

[4] He does smile his face into MORE LINES, than are in the NEW MAP, WITH THE AUGMENTATION OF THE INDIES.] "A clear allusion," says Steevens, "to a map engraved for Linschoten's Voyages, an English translation of which was published in 1598. This map is *multilineal* in the extreme, and is the first in which the *Eastern Islands* are included." See the Introduction.

[5] And thanks, and ever: oft good turns —] This is the reading, though not the punctuation of the folio, 1623, where the colon is mistakingly inserted after thanks. The line is certainly syllabically defective, but the sense is complete; and we have no right to presume that Shakespeare meant it necessarily to consist of ten syllables. Malone and Steevens read, "And thanks and ever

Are shuffled off with such uncurrent pay;
But, were my worth, as is my conscience, firm,
You should find better dealing. What's to do?
Shall we go see the reliques of this town?

Ant. To-morrow, sir: best first go see your lodging.

Seb. I am not weary, and 'tis long to night.
I pray you, let us satisfy our eyes
With the memorials, and the things of fame,
That do renown this city.

Ant. 'Would, you'd pardon me:
I do not without danger walk these streets.
Once, in a sea-fight 'gainst the Count his galleys[6]
I did some service; of such note, indeed,
That, were I ta'en here, it would scarce be answer'd.

Seb. Belike, you slew great number of his people.

Ant. The offence is not of such a bloody nature,
Albeit the quality of the time, and quarrel,
Might well have given us bloody argument.
It might have since been answer'd in repaying
What we took from them; which, for traffic's sake,
Most of our city did: only myself stood out;
For which, if I be lapsed in this place,
I shall pay dear.

Seb. Do not, then, walk too open.

Ant. It doth not fit me. Hold, sir; here's my purse.
In the south suburbs, at the Elephant,
Is best to lodge: I will bespeak our diet,
Whiles you beguile the time, and feed your knowledge,
With viewing of the town: there shall you have me.

Seb. Why I your purse?

thanks: often good turns," &c. Sebastian means that he has nothing to give in return but "thanks and thanks" *interminably*. None of the editors seem to have remarked upon the fact, that the folio, 1632, omits not only "And thanks, and ever: oft good turns," but the line which immediately follows, the intelligibility of which could not be disputed.

[6] — 'gainst the Count his galleys—] This is the old form of printing the Saxon genitive. Malone "suspected" that Shakespeare wrote "County's galleys:" he certainly often used *count* and *county* indifferently, as it was convenient to adopt or drop a syllable.

Ant. Haply your eye shall light upon some toy
You have desire to purchase; and your store,
I think, is not for idle markets, sir.

Seb. I'll be your purse-bearer, and leave you for an hour.

Ant. To the Elephant.—

Seb. I do remember. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Olivia's Garden.

Enter Olivia *and* Maria.

Oli. I have sent after him: he says, he'll come.
How shall I feast him? what bestow of him[7]?
For youth is bought more oft, than begg'd, or borrow'd.
I speak too loud.—
Where is Malvolio?—he is sad, and civil[8],
And suits well for a servant with my fortunes.—
Where is Malvolio?

Mar. He's coming, madam; but in very strange manner. He is sure possess'd, madam.

Oli. Why, what's the matter? does he rave?

Mar. No, madam; he does nothing but smile: your ladyship were best to have some guard about you, if he come, for sure the man is tainted in's wits.

Oli. Go call him hither.—I am as mad as he,
If sad and merry madness equal be.—

Enter Malvolio.

How now, Malvolio?

[7] — what bestow OF him?] This was the language of the time, though Steevens calls it a "vulgar corruption" for "*on* him." It was the form of expression among the highest classes. *On* and *of* were used differently in Shakespeare's day; and on p. 350, "fond as much *on* him," is a phrase employed.

[8] — he is sad, and civil,] *i. e. grave* and *decorous*. See Vol. ii. p. 221, note 10, and p. 499, note 9.

Mal. Sweet lady, ho, ho. [*Smiles ridiculously.*

Oli. Smil'st thou?
I sent for thee upon a sad occasion.

Mal. Sad, lady? I could be sad. This does make some obstruction in the blood, this cross-gartering; but what of that? if it please the eye of one, it is with me as the very true sonnet is, "Please one, and please all[9]."

Oli. Why, how dost thou, man? what is the matter with thee[10]?

Mal. Not black in my mind, though yellow in my legs[1]. It did come to his hands, and commands shall be executed: I think we do know the sweet Roman hand.

Oli. Wilt thou go to bed, Malvolio?

Mal. To bed? ay, sweet-heart, and I'll come to thee.

Oli. God comfort thee! Why dost thou smile so, and kiss thy hand so oft?

Mar. How do you, Malvolio?

Mal. At your request! Yes; nightingales answer daws.

Mar. Why appear you with this ridiculous boldness before my lady?

Mal. "Be not afraid of greatness:"—'Twas well writ.

Oli. What meanest thou by that, Malvolio?

Mal. "Some are born great,"—

Oli. Ha?

Mal. "Some achieve greatness,"—

Oli. What say'st thou?

Mal. "And some have greatness thrust upon them."

Oli. Heaven restore thee!

[9] "Please one and please all."] We have no other memorial of this "very true sonnet."

[10] — what is the matter with thee?] In the folio, 1623, this speech is given to "*Mal*," or Malvolio: the folio, 1632, assigns it to Olivia, which is perhaps right; but it may in fact belong to Maria, *Mal* having been printed as the prefix instead of *Mar.* The form of expression, "Why, how dost thou, man?" seems rather more fit for Maria than for Olivia.

[1] Not BLACK in my mind, though YELLOW in my legs.] There was an old ballad-tune called "Black and Yellow," and to this Malvolio seems to allude.

Mal. "Remember, who commended thy yellow stockings;"—

Oli. Thy yellow stockings?

Mal. "And wished to see thee cross-gartered."

Oli. Cross-gartered?

Mal. "Go to: thou art made, if thou desirest to be so:"—

Oli. Am I made?

Mal. "If not, let me see thee a servant still."

Oli. Why, this is very midsummer madness.

Enter Servant.

Ser. Madam, the young gentleman of the count Orsino's is returned. I could hardly entreat him back: he attends your ladyship's pleasure.

Oli. I'll come to him. [*Exit Servant.*] Good Maria, let this fellow be looked to. Where's my cousin Toby? Let some of my people have a special care of him. I would not have him miscarry for the half of my dowry.

[*Exeunt* OLIVIA *and* MARIA.

Mal. Oh, ho! do you come near me now? no worse man than sir Toby to look to me? This concurs directly with the letter: she sends him on purpose, that I may appear stubborn to him; for she incites me to that in the letter. "Cast thy humble slough," says she;—"be opposite with a kinsman, surly with servants, —let thy tongue tang with arguments of state[2],—put thyself into the trick of singularity;"—and consequently sets down the manner how; as, a sad face, a reverend carriage, a slow tongue, in the habit of some sir of note, and so forth. I have limed her; but it is Jove's doing, and Jove make me thankful! And when she went away now, "Let this fellow be looked to:"

[2] — let thy tongue TANG WITH arguments of state,] The folio of 1623 reads "langer" for "tang," and follows it by the preposition *with*. The second folio corrects *langer* into *tang*, but retains *with*, which is not in the letter as read by Malvolio, A. ii. sc. 5. The variation is of little consequence.

fellow[3]! not Malvolio, nor after my degree, but fellow. Why, every thing adheres together, that no drachm of a scruple, no scruple of a scruple, no obstacle, no incredulous or unsafe circumstance—What can be said? Nothing that can be can come between me, and the full prospect of my hopes. Well, Jove, not I, is the doer of this, and he is to be thanked.

Re-enter Maria, *with Sir* Toby Belch, *and* Fabian.

Sir To. Which way is he, in the name of sanctity? If all the devils in hell be drawn in little, and Legion himself possessed him, yet I'll speak to him.

Fab. Here he is, here he is.—How is't with you, sir? how is't with you, man?

Mal. Go off; I discard you: let me enjoy my private: go off.

Mar. Lo, how hollow the fiend speaks within him! did not I tell you?—Sir Toby, my lady prays you to have a care of him.

Mal. Ah, ha! does she so?

Sir To. Go to, go to: peace! peace! we must deal gently with him; let me alone.—How do you, Malvolio? how is't with you? What, man! defy the devil: consider, he's an enemy to mankind.

Mal. Do you know what you say?

Mar. La you! an you speak ill of the devil, how he takes it at heart. Pray God, he be not bewitched!

Fab. Carry his water to the wise woman.

Mar. Marry, and it shall be done to-morrow morning, if I live. My lady would not lose him for more than I'll say.

Mal. How now, mistress?

Mar. O lord!

Sir To. Pr'ythee, hold thy peace: this is not the

[3] Fellow!] "Fellow" at this period was used for *companion*, as well as in its derogatory sense. The actors constantly called each other "fellows." In "The Winter's Tale," A. ii. sc. 3, Antigonus speaks of the lords present as his "noble fellows."

way. Do you not see you move him? let me alone with him.

Fab. No way but gentleness; gently, gently: the fiend is rough, and will not be roughly used.

Sir To. Why, how now, my bawcock? how dost thou, chuck?

Mal. Sir!

Sir To. Ay, Biddy, come with me[4]. What, man! 'tis not for gravity to play at cherry-pit[5] with Satan. Hang him, foul collier[6]!

Mar. Get him to say his prayers: good sir Toby, get him to pray.

Mal. My prayers, minx!

Mar. No, I warrant you; he will not hear of godliness.

Mal. Go, hang yourselves all! you are idle shallow things: I am not of your element. You shall know more hereafter. [*Exit.*

Sir To. Is't possible?

Fab. If this were played upon a stage now, I could condemn it as an improbable fiction.

Sir To. His very genius hath taken the infection of the device, man.

Mar. Nay, pursue him now, lest the device take air, and taint.

Fab. Why, we shall make him mad, indeed.

Mar. The house will be the quieter.

Sir To. Come, we'll have him in a dark room, and bound. My niece is already in the belief that he's

[4] Ay, Biddy, come with me.] It is printed in the old copies, "I biddy come with me," which may be only a corruption of "I bid ye come with me," or "biddy" may be meant for a term of familiarity. It is most likely a quotation, though no original of it has come to light.

[5] — to play at CHERRY-PIT —] The game of cherry-pit was played by pitching cherry-stones into a hole.

[6] Hang him, foul COLLIER!] The Devil is called *collier*, on account of his blackness, and on account of its being at that date a term of abuse. "Like will to like, quoth the Devil to the Collier," is the proverbial title of a piece of dramatic drollery by Ulpian Fulwell, printed in 1568, 4to.

mad: we may carry it thus, for our pleasure, and his penance, till our very pastime, tired out of breath, prompt us to have mercy on him; at which time, we will bring the device to the bar, and crown thee for a finder of madmen. But see, but see.

Enter Sir ANDREW AGUE-CHEEK.

Fab. More matter for a May morning.

Sir And. Here's the challenge; read it: I warrant, there's vinegar and pepper in't.

Fab. Is't so saucy?

Sir And. Ay, is't, I warrant him: do but read.

Sir To. Give me. [*Reads.*] "Youth; whatsoever thou art, thou art but a scurvy fellow."

Fab. Good, and valiant.

Sir To. "Wonder not, nor admire not in thy mind, why I do call thee so, for I will show thee no reason for't."

Fab. A good note, that keeps you from the blow of the law.

Sir To. "Thou comest to the lady Olivia, and in my sight she uses thee kindly: but thou liest in thy throat; that is not the matter I challenge thee for."

Fab. Very brief, and to exceeding good sense-less[7].

Sir To. "I will way-lay thee going home; where, if it be thy chance to kill me,"—

Fab. Good.

Sir To. "Thou killest me like a rogue and a villain."

Fab. Still you keep o' the windy side of the law: good.

Sir To. "Fare thee well; and God have mercy upon one of our souls! He may have mercy upon mine; but my hope is better, and so look to thyself. Thy friend, as thou usest him, and thy sworn enemy,

[7] Very brief, and to exceeding good sense-less.] Modern editors omit "to;" but the meaning is evident either way. A pause must be made, before "less" is added to "sense."

ANDREW AGUE-CHEEK." If this letter move him not, his legs cannot. I'll give't him[8].

Mar. You may have very fit occasion for't: he is now in some commerce with my lady, and will by and by depart.

Sir To. Go, sir Andrew; scout me for him at the corner of the orchard, like a bum-bailie[9]. So soon as ever thou seest him, draw, and, as thou drawest, swear horrible; for it comes to pass oft, that a terrible oath, with a swaggering accent, sharply twanged off, gives manhood more approbation than ever proof itself would have earned him. Away!

Sir And. Nay, let me alone for swearing. [*Exit.*

Sir To. Now, will not I deliver his letter; for the behaviour of the young gentleman gives him out to be of good capacity and breeding: his employment between his lord and my niece confirms no less; therefore this letter, being so excellently ignorant, will breed no terror in the youth: he will find it comes from a clodpole. But, sir, I will deliver his challenge by word of mouth; set upon Ague-cheek a notable report of valour, and drive the gentleman, (as, I know, his youth will aptly receive it,) into a most hideous opinion of his rage, skill, fury, and impetuosity. This will so fright them both, that they will kill one another by the look, like cockatrices.

Fab. Here he comes with your niece. Give them way, till he take leave, and presently after him.

Sir To. I will meditate the while upon some horrid message for a challenge.

[*Exeunt Sir* TOBY, FABIAN, *and* MARIA.

[8] If this letter move him not, his legs cannot. I'll give't him.] In nearly all editions these words are made a new speech by sir Toby; but they are merely an observation by him, after he has read the letter.

[9] — like a bum-bailie:] This was the old jocose pronunciation, as it is printed in the old copies, and is so still. There is no reason for altering it to *bum-bailiff*, as has been done by Malone, Steevens, and others. It would be just as reasonable to reduce the first part of the word to its etymology, *bound*, as the last.

Re-enter OLIVIA, *with* VIOLA.

Oli. I have said too much unto a heart of stone,
And laid mine honour too unchary on't[10].
There's something in me that reproves my fault,
But such a headstrong potent fault it is,
That it but mocks reproof.

Vio. With the same 'haviour that your passion bears,
Go on my master's griefs.

Oli. Here; wear this jewel for me: 'tis my picture.
Refuse it not, it hath no tongue to vex you;
And, I beseech you, come again to-morrow.
What shall you ask of me, that I'll deny,
That, honour sav'd, may upon asking give?

Vio. Nothing but this; your true love for my master.

Oli. How with mine honour may I give him that,
Which I have given to you?

Vio. I will acquit you.

Oli. Well, come again to-morrow. Fare thee well:
A fiend like thee might bear my soul to hell. [*Exit.*

Re-enter Sir TOBY BELCH, *and* FABIAN.

Sir To. Gentleman, God save thee.

Vio. And you, sir.

Sir To. That defence thou hast, betake thee to't: of what nature the wrongs are thou hast done him, I know not; but thy intercepter, full of despight, bloody as the hunter, attends thee at the orchard end. Dismount thy tuck; be yare in thy preparation[1], for thy assailant is quick, skilful, and deadly.

Vio. You mistake, sir: I am sure, no man hath any quarrel to me. My remembrance is very free

[9] And laid mine honour too unchary ON'T.] *i. e.* On the heart of stone: "bestowed my honour too incautiously on a heart of stone." Theobald changed "on't" (the reading of all the old copies) to *out*, but without reason.

[1] — dismount thy TUCK, be YARE in thy preparation,] "Tuck" is *rapier*, and "yare," *nimble*. See Vol. ii. p. 72, note 2.

and clear from any image of offence done to any man.

Sir To. You'll find it otherwise, I assure you: therefore, if you hold your life at any price, betake you to your guard; for your opposite hath in him what youth, strength, skill, and wrath, can furnish man withal.

Vio. I pray you, sir, what is he?

Sir To. He is knight, dubbed with unhatch'd rapier, and on carpet consideration[2], but he is a devil in private brawl: souls and bodies hath he divorced three, and his incensement at this moment is so implacable, that satisfaction can be none but by pangs of death and sepulchre. Hob, nob, is his word[3]; give't, or take't.

Vio. I will return again into the house, and desire some conduct of the lady: I am no fighter. I have heard of some kind of men, that put quarrels purposely on others to taste their valour; belike, this is a man of that quirk.

Sir To. Sir, no; his indignation derives itself out of a very competent injury: therefore, get you on, and give him his desire. Back you shall not to the house, unless you undertake that with me, which with as much safety you might answer him: therefore, on, or strip your sword stark naked; for meddle you must, that's certain, or forswear to wear iron about you.

Vio. This is as uncivil, as strange. I beseech you, do me this courteous office, as to know of the knight what my offence to him is: it is something of my negligence, nothing of my purpose.

[2] — dubbed with UNHATCH'D rapier, and on CARPET consideration;] An "unhatched rapier" is an *unhacked* rapier, from the Fr. *hacher*. The words "carpet consideration" have reference to the dubbing of what were called *carpet-knights*, as distinguished from knights who had had the honour conferred upon them on the field of battle. Such knights were over and over again made the objects of ridicule by authors of the time.

[3] Hob, nob, is his word;] "Hob nob" is a corruption of *hap or ne hap; i. e.* "let it happen or not happen," and is equivalent to "come what may."

Sir To. I will do so. Signior Fabian, stay you by this gentleman till my return. [*Exit Sir* TOBY.

Vio. Pray you, sir, do you know of this matter?

Fab. I know, the knight is incensed against you, even to a mortal arbitrement, but nothing of the circumstance more.

Vio. I beseech you, what manner of man is he?

Fab. Nothing of that wonderful promise, to read him by his form, as you are like to find him in the proof of his valour. He is, indeed, sir, the most skilful, bloody, and fatal opposite that you could possibly have found in any part of Illyria. Will you walk towards him? I will make your peace with him, if I can.

Vio. I shall be much bound to you for't: I am one, that would rather go with sir priest, than sir knight[4]: I care not who knows so much of my mettle.

[*Exeunt.*

Re-enter Sir TOBY, *with Sir* ANDREW.

Sir To. Why, man, he's a very devil, I have not seen such a firago[5]. I had a pass with him, rapier, scabbard, and all, and he gives me the stuck in, with such a mortal motion, that it is inevitable; and on the answer, he pays you as surely as your feet hit the ground they step on. They say, he has been fencer to the Sophy.

Sir And. Pox on't, I'll not meddle with him.

Sir To. Ay, but he will not now be pacified: Fabian can scarce hold him yonder.

Sir And. Plague on't; an I thought he had been

[4] — sir priest, than sir knight :] This expression was probably proverbial, and arose out of the habit in old time of calling a priest "sir" as well as a knight. In A. iv. sc. 2, Topas, "the curate," is called "Sir Topas."

[5] Why, man, he's a very devil; I have not seen such a FIRAGO.] No doubt, as Johnson observes, Sir Toby means to indicate by "firago," that though Viola looked like a woman, she possessed manly prowess. *Virago* is often used for a female warrior, but it is spelt *firago* in the old editions, perhaps with allusion to the word "devil" in the preceding part of the sentence.

valiant, and so cunning in fence, I'd have seen him damned ere I'd have challenged him. Let him let the matter slip, and I'll give him my horse, grey Capilet.

Sir To. I'll make the motion. Stand here; make a good show on't. This shall end without the perdition of souls. [*Aside.*] Marry, I'll ride your horse as well as I ride you.

Re-enter FABIAN *and* VIOLA.

I have his horse [*To* FAB.] to take up the quarrel. I have persuaded him, the youth's a devil.

Fab. He is as horribly conceited of him; [*To Sir* TOBY] and pants, and looks pale, as if a bear were at his heels.

Sir To. There's no remedy, sir: [*To* VIOLA] he will fight with you for's oath sake. Marry, he hath better bethought him of his quarrel, and he finds that now scarce to be worth talking of: therefore, draw for the supportance of his vow: he protests, he will not hurt you.

Vio. [*Aside.*] Pray God defend me! A little thing would make me tell them how much I lack of a man.

Fab. Give ground, if you see him furious.

Sir To. Come, sir Andrew, there's no remedy: the gentleman will, for his honour's sake, have one bout with you: he cannot by the duello avoid it; but he has promised me, as he is a gentleman and a soldier, he will not hurt you. Come on; to't.

Sir And. Pray God, he keep his oath! [*Draws.*

Vio. I do assure you, 'tis against my will. [*Draws.*

Enter ANTONIO.

Ant. Put up your sword.—If this young gentleman
Have done offence, I take the fault on me:
If you offend him, I for him defy you. [*Drawing.*

Sir To. You, sir? why, what are you?

Ant. One, sir, that for his love dares yet do more,
Than you have heard him brag to you he will.

Sir To. Nay, if you be an undertaker, I am for you[6].
[*Draws.*

Enter Officers.

Fab. O, good sir Toby, hold! here come the officers.

Sir To. I'll be with you anon.

Vio. Pray, sir; put your sword up, if you please[7].

Sir And. Marry, will I, sir:—and, for that I promised you, I'll be as good as my word. He will bear you easily, and reins well.

1 *Off.* This is the man: do thy office.

2 *Off.* Antonio, I arrest thee at the suit
Of count Orsino.

Ant. You do mistake me, sir.

1 *Off.* No, sir, no jot: I know your favour well,
Though now you have no sea-cap on your head.—
Take him away: he knows, I know him well.

Ant. I must obey.—[*To* VIOLA.] This comes with seeking you;
But there's no remedy: I shall answer it.
What will you do? Now my necessity
Makes me to ask you for my purse. It grieves me
Much more for what I cannot do for you,
Than what befalls myself. You stand amaz'd,
But be of comfort.

2 *Off.* Come, sir, away.

[6] Nay, if you be an UNDERTAKER, I am for you.] An undertaker here merely means a person who "undertakes" or takes upon himself the quarrels of others. From the use of this word, Tyrwhitt argued that "Twelfth-Night" was not written until "undertakers" (or "persons who had undertaken, through their influence, to carry things according to the king's wishes in the House of Commons") had made themselves odious, about the year 1614. How futile such reasoning must be, we know from the fact, that this play was actually in being in February, 1601-2. Besides, Tyrwhitt understands the word "undertaker" in a sense very different to that in which Shakespeare employs it.

[7] — put your sword UP, if you please.] Malone reads "put up your sword, if you please."

Ant. I must entreat of you some of that money.

Vio. What money, sir?

For the fair kindness you have show'd me here,
And part, being prompted by your present trouble,
Out of my lean and low ability
I'll lend you something. My having is not much:
I'll make division of my present with you.
Hold, there's half my coffer.

Ant. Will you deny me now?
Is't possible, that my deserts to you
Can lack persuasion? Do not tempt my misery,
Lest that it make me so unsound a man,
As to upbraid you with those kindnesses
That I have done for you.

Vio. I know of none;
Nor know I you by voice, or any feature.
I hate ingratitude more in a man,
Than lying vainness, babbling drunkenness[8],
Or any taint of vice whose strong corruption
Inhabits our frail blood.

Ant. O, heavens themselves!

2 *Off.* Come, sir: I pray you, go.

Ant. Let me speak a little. This youth, that you see here,
I snatch'd one half out of the jaws of death;
Reliev'd him with such sanctity of love,
And to his image, which, methought, did promise
Most venerable worth, did I devotion.

1 *Off.* What's that to us? The time goes by: away!

Ant. But, O, how vile an idol proves this god!—
Thou hast, Sebastian, done good feature shame.
In nature there's no blemish, but the mind;
None can be call'd deform'd, but the unkind:
Virtue is beauty; but the beauteous evil

[8] Than lying vainness, babbling drunkenness,] The usual punctuation of this line is, "Than lying, vainness, babbling, drunkenness;" but "lying" and "babbling" are not to be taken as substantives, but as participial adjectives.

Are empty trunks, o'erflourish'd by the devil[9].

1 *Off.* The man grows mad: away with him! Come, come, sir.

Ant. Lead me on. [*Exeunt Officers, with* ANTONIO.

Vio. Methinks, his words do from such passion fly, That he believes himself; so do not I[10]. Prove true, imagination, O! prove true, That I, dear brother, be now ta'en for you!

Sir To. Come hither, knight; come hither, Fabian: we'll whisper o'er a couplet or two of most sage saws.

Vio. He nam'd Sebastian: I my brother know Yet living in my glass; even such, and so, In favour was my brother; and he went Still in this fashion, colour, ornament, For him I imitate. O! if it prove, Tempests are kind, and salt waves fresh in love!

[*Exit.*

Sir To. A very dishonest paltry boy, and more a coward than a hare. His dishonesty appears, in leaving his friend here in necessity, and denying him; and for his cowardship, ask Fabian.

Fab. A coward, a most devout coward, religious in it.

Sir And. 'Slid, I'll after him again, and beat him.

Sir To. Do; cuff him soundly, but never draw thy sword.

Sir And. An I do not,— [*Exit.*

Fab. Come, let's see the event.

Sir To. I dare lay any money 'twill be nothing yet.

[*Exeunt.*

[9] ——— but the beauteous evil
Are empty trunks, o'erflourish'd by the devil.] Steevens thinks that Shakespeare here has an allusion to old trunks ornamented by carving; but it seems very doubtful whether Shakespeare meant more than to refer to human trunks, with a fair outside, but within deficient in all virtuous qualities.

[10] — so do not I.] *i. e.* I do not believe myself, because I dare not hope that my brother is still living.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

The Street before Olivia's House.

Enter Sebastian *and Clown.*

Clo. Will you make me believe that I am not sent for you?

Seb. Go to, go to; thou art a foolish fellow:
Let me be clear of thee.

Clo. Well held out, i' faith! No, I do not know you; nor I am not sent to you by my lady to bid you come speak with her; nor your name is not master Cesario; nor this is not my nose neither.—Nothing, that is so, is so.

Seb. I pr'ythee, vent thy folly somewhere else:
Thou know'st not me.

Clo. Vent my folly! He has heard that word of some great man, and now applies it to a fool. Vent my folly! I am afraid this great lubber, the world, will prove a cockney[11]. I pr'ythee now, ungird thy strangeness, and tell me what I shall vent to my lady. Shall I vent to her that thou art coming?

Seb. I pr'ythee, foolish Greek[12], depart from me.
There's money for thee: if you tarry longer,
I shall give worse payment.

Clo. By my troth, thou hast an open hand.—These

[11] I am afraid this great lubber, the world, will prove a cockney.] The sense of this passage seems extremely evident. The clown is struck by the affected word "vent;" and hearing it from Sebastian, expresses his fear lest the whole world, "this great lubber, the world," should "prove a cockney;" *i. e.* use such ridiculous terms as were employed by cockneys. Dekker, in his "Knight's Conjuring," 1607, derives "cockney" from *cockering;* and in this sense it seems used in "The Contention between Liberality and Prodigality," 1602. "I was at first like a *cockney* dandled." Sign. D. 3. There is no pretence for supposing that the clown means to call Sebastian, whom he mistakes for Viola, a "great lubber."

[12] — foolish Greek,] Sebastian calls the clown "foolish Greek," in reference to his jocularity. "Merry Greek" was a well understood expression. Matthew Merrygreek is a character in "Ralph Roister Doister," a play written by N. Udall, as early as the reign of Edward VI.

wise men, that give fools money, get themselves a good report after fourteen years' purchase[1].

Enter Sir ANDREW, *Sir* TOBY, *and* FABIAN.

Sir And. Now, sir, have I met you again? there's for you. [*Striking* SEBASTIAN.

Seb. Why, there's for thee, and there, and there. Are all the people mad? [*Beating Sir* ANDREW.

Sir To. Hold, sir, or I'll throw your dagger o'er the house.

Clo. This will I tell my lady straight. I would not be in some of your coats for two-pence. [*Exit Clown.*

Sir To. Come on, sir: hold! [*Holding* SEBASTIAN.

Sir And. Nay, let him alone; I'll go another way to work with him: I'll have an action of battery against him, if there be any law in Illyria. Though I struck him first, yet it's no matter for that.

Seb. Let go thy hand.

Sir To. Come, sir, I will not let you go. Come, my young soldier, put up your iron: you are well fleshed. Come on.

Seb. I will be free from thee. What would'st thou now?
If thou dar'st tempt me farther, draw thy sword[2].

Sir To. What, what! Nay then, I must have an ounce or two of this malapert blood from you. [*Draws.*

Enter OLIVIA.

Oli. Hold, Toby! on thy life, I charge thee, hold!

[1] — after fourteen years' purchase.] The meaning may be, that they do not obtain a good report by such means until after the lapse of much time, and longer experience of their liberality than the clown had had. On the other hand, Tollet plausibly argues that fourteen years' purchase being in Shakespeare's time the highest price for land, the clown means, that wise men pay the utmost value for "a good report."

[2] — draw thy sword.] Here the modern editors insert "Draws" as a stage-direction; but it is very clear from what Sir Toby last says, "Come my young soldier, put up your iron," &c. that Sebastian had already drawn his sword. It was drawn at the time when Sir Toby had threatened to throw Sebastian's "dagger o'er the house."

Sir To. Madam—

Oli. Will it be ever thus? Ungracious wretch!
Fit for the mountains, and the barbarous caves,
Where manners ne'er were preach'd. Out of my sight!—
Be not offended, dear Cesario.—
Rudesby, be gone!—I pry'thee, gentle friend,
[*Exeunt Sir* TOBY, *Sir* ANDREW, *and* FABIAN.
Let thy fair wisdom, not thy passion, sway
In this uncivil, and unjust extent
Against thy peace. Go with me to my house;
And hear thou there how many fruitless pranks
This ruffian hath botch'd up, that thou thereby
May'st smile at this. Thou shalt not choose but go:
Do not deny. Beshrew his soul for me,
He started one poor heart of mine in thee.

Seb. What relish is in this? how runs the stream?
Or I am mad, or else this is a dream.
Let fancy still my sense in Lethe steep;
If it be thus to dream, still let me sleep.

Oli. Nay, come, I pr'ythee. Would thou'dst be rul'd by me!

Seb. Madam, I will.

Oli. O! say so, and so be. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A Room in OLIVIA'S House.

Enter MARIA *and Clown.*

Mar. Nay, I pr'ythee, put on this gown, and this beard: make him believe thou art sir Topas, the curate: do it quickly; I'll call sir Toby the whilst.

[*Exit* MARIA.

Clo. Well, I'll put it on, and I will dissemble myself in't; and I would I were the first that ever dissembled

in such a gown. I am not tall enough to become the function well[3], nor lean enough to be thought a good student; but to be said an honest man, and a good housekeeper, goes as fairly as to say a careful man, and a great scholar. The competitors enter[4].

Enter Sir TOBY BELCH *and* MARIA.

Sir To. Jove bless thee, master parson.

Clo. Bonos dies, sir Toby: for as the old hermit of Prague, that never saw pen and ink, very wittily said to a niece of king Gorboduc, "That, that is, is;" so I, being master parson, am master parson, for what is that, but that? and is, but is?

Sir To. To him, sir Topas.

Clo. What, ho! I say.—Peace in this prison.

Sir To. The knave counterfeits well; a good knave.

Mal. [*Within.*] Who calls there?

Clo. Sir Topas, the curate, who comes to visit Malvolio the lunatic.

Mal. Sir Topas, sir Topas, good sir Topas, go to my lady.

Clo. Out, hyperbolical fiend! how vexest thou this man. Talkest thou nothing but of ladies?

Sir To. Well said, master parson.

Mal. Sir Topas, never was man thus wronged. Good sir Topas, do not think I am mad: they have laid me here in hideous darkness.

Clo. Fie, thou dishonest Sathan! I call thee by the most modest terms; for I am one of those gentle ones,

[3] I am not TALL enough to become the function well:] "Tall," in the time of Shakespeare, meant *lusty*, as well as *bold*; (see p. 330, note 10;) and is a sufficient antithesis to "lean," which occurs immediately afterwards, if any were intended. Malone and Steevens read *fat* instead of "tall," at the recommendation of Farmer, deviating from the old copies.

[4] The COMPETITORS enter.] Shakespeare not unfrequently uses the word "competitor" synonymously with *confederate:* we have it so in "The Two Gentlemen of Verona," A. ii. sc. 6, "Myself in counsel his competitor;" and in "Love's Labour's Lost," "And he and his competitors in oath," Vol. ii. p. 303. It would be easy to add other instances.

that will use the devil himself with courtesy. Say'st thou that house is dark?

Mal. As hell, sir Topas.

Clo. Why, it hath bay-windows[5] transparent as barricadoes, and the clear stories[6] towards the south-north are as lustrous as ebony; and yet complainest thou of obstruction?

Mal. I am not mad, sir Topas. I say to you, this house is dark.

Clo. Madman, thou errest: I say, there is no darkness but ignorance, in which thou art more puzzled than the Egyptians in their fog.

Mal. I say, this house is as dark as ignorance, though ignorance were as dark as hell; and I say, there was never man thus abused. I am no more mad than you are: make the trial of it in any constant question.

Clo. What is the opinion of Pythagoras concerning wild-fowl?

Mal. That the soul of our grandam might haply inhabit a bird.

Clo. What thinkest thou of his opinion?

Mal. I think nobly of the soul, and no way approve his opinion.

Clo. Fare thee well: remain thou still in darkness. Thou shalt hold the opinion of Pythagoras, ere I will allow of thy wits, and fear to kill a woodcock, lest thou dispossess the soul of thy grandam. Fare thee well.

Mal. Sir Topas! sir Topas!—

Sir To. My most exquisite sir Topas.

Clo. Nay, I am for all waters[7].

[5] — it hath BAY-WINDOWS—] A *bay-window* is the same as what is commonly called a *bow-window*; a window *in a recess*, or *bay*.

[6] — and the CLEAR STORIES—] The first folio has "clear *stores*," and the second "clear *stones*;" but there can be no doubt that it is an error, one letter having been omitted. "Clear story," as Blakeway states, is a technical term in gothic architecture, very well understood to mean a row of windows running along the upper part of the wall of an apartment.

[7] Nay, I am for all waters.] Monck Mason thought that a play upon words

Mar. Thou might'st have done this without thy beard, and gown: he sees thee not.

Sir To. To him in thine own voice, and bring me word how thou findest him: I would, we were well rid of this knavery. If he may be conveniently delivered, I would he were; for I am now so far in offence with my niece, that I cannot pursue with any safety this sport to the upshot. Come by and by to my chamber.

[*Exeunt Sir* TOBY *and* MARIA.

Clo. "Hey Robin, jolly Robin[8],
Tell me how thy lady does." [*Singing.*

Mal. Fool,—

Clo. "My lady is unkind, perdy."

Mal. Fool,—

Clo. "Alas, why is she so?"

Mal. Fool, I say;—

Clo. "She loves another"—Who calls, ha?

Mal. Good fool, as ever thou wilt deserve well at my hand, help me to a candle, and pen, ink, and paper. As I am a gentleman, I will live to be thankful to thee for't.

Clo. Master Malvolio!

Mal. Ay, good fool.

Clo. Alas, sir, how fell you besides your five wits?

Mal. Fool, there was never man so notoriously abused: I am as well in my wits, fool, as thou art.

Clo. But as well? then you are mad, indeed, if you be no better in your wits than a fool.

Mal. They have here propertied me[9]; keep me in

was here intended, and that when the clown says he is "for all waters," he alludes to his name, Topas, as a precious stone. Smith's interpretation is much more natural and probable, when he says the phrase means a cloak for all kinds of knavery, and derives it from the Italian *mantillo di ogni acqua*.

[8] "Hey Robin, jolly Robin,"] This ballad (with some imperfections) may be seen at length in Percy's "Reliques," Vol. i. p. 198, edit. 1812. The air to which it was sung has been recently recovered by Mr. E. F. Rimbault, in "The Citthern Schoole," by Anth. Holborne, published in 1597.

[9] They have here PROPERTIED me;] "They have taken possession of me, as of a man unable to look to himself." This is Johnson's explanation; but it may be

darkness, send ministers to me, asses! and do all they can to face me out of my wits.

Clo. Advise you what you say: the minister is here. —Malvolio, Malvolio, thy wits the heavens restore! endeavour thyself to sleep, and leave thy vain bibble babble[10].

Mal. Sir Topas,—

Clo. Maintain no words with him, good fellow.—Who, I, sir? not I, sir. God b' wi' you, good sir Topas. —Marry, amen.—I will, sir, I will.

Mal. Fool, fool, fool, I say.

Clo. Alas, sir, be patient. What say you, sir? I am shent[1] for speaking to you.

Mal. Good fool, help me to some light, and some paper: I tell thee, I am as well in my wits, as any man in Illyria.

Clo. Well-a-day, that you were, sir!

Mal. By this hand, I am. Good fool, some ink, paper, and light, and convey what I will set down to my lady: it shall advantage thee more than ever the bearing of letter did.

Clo. I will help you to't. But tell me true, are you not mad indeed? or do you but counterfeit?

Mal. Believe me, I am not: I tell thee true.

Clo. Nay, I'll ne'er believe a madman, till I see his brains. I will fetch you light, and paper, and ink.

Mal. Fool, I'll requite it in the highest degree: I pr'ythee, be gone.

doubted, whether Shakespeare had not some allusion to the "properties" (as they were then, and are still called) of a theatre, which when out of use were thrust into some dark loft or lumber-room.

[10] — leave thy vain bibble babble.] This, of course, is spoken to Malvolio by the clown, in the supposed voice of Sir Topas. The clown's next speech is of the same kind, first as Sir Topas, and then in his own person answering him.

[1] I am SHENT, &c.] *i. e. rebuked, reproved.* The word is common in Shakespeare, and in many other writers. We meet with it in "Hamlet," A. iii. sc. 2; in "Coriolanus," A. v. sc. 2; and in "Troilus and Cressida," A. ii. sc. 3. It is uniform in its signification.

Clo. *I am gone, sir,*
And anon, sir,
I'll be with you again,
In a trice,
Like to the old vice,
Your need to sustain;

Who with dagger of lath,
In his rage and his wrath,
Cries, Ah, ha! to the devil:
Like a mad lad,
Pare thy nails, dad,
Adieu, goodman devil[2]. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

Olivia's Garden.

Enter Sebastian.

Seb. This is the air; that is the glorious sun;
This pearl she gave me, I do feel't, and see't;
And though 'tis wonder that enwraps me thus,
Yet 'tis not madness. Where's Antonio then?
I could not find him at the Elephant;
Yet there he was, and there I found this credit[3],

[2] Adieu, goodman devil.] This is unquestionably a part of some well-known old comic song, alluding to the business of the Vice in old interludes to beat the devil with his wooden dagger. See Hist. of Engl. Dram. Poet. and the Stage, vol. ii. p. 265. Johnson, instead of "goodman devil," would read "goodman *mean-evil*," as if the clown were translating Malvolio's name, and Monck Mason concurred in this notion. Farmer and Steevens incline to think we ought to read "goodman drivil;" but they do not seem to have adverted sufficiently to the general import of the song, which has relation rather to the character of the clown, as derived from the old Moralities, than to the situation of Malvolio. Nothing can well be clearer than the text as it stands in the old editions, and it was very usual, even in serious poems, to make the same word rhyme with itself.

[3] Yet there he was, and there I found this credit,] Theobald, Warburton, Monck Mason, Steevens, and Malone, controverted the point, whether we ought to read "credit," with the old authorities, or *credent*, without any authority. The meaning of Sebastian merely is, that he had not been able to find Antonio at the Elephant, where, however, he had been, and where he (Sebastian) found this "credit," or *belief*, that Antonio had gone to seek Sebastian. The passage seems to want no explanation.

That he did range the town to seek me out.
His counsel now might do me golden service:
For though my soul disputes well with my sense,
That this may be some error, but no madness,
Yet doth this accident and flood of fortune
So far exceed all instance, all discourse,
That I am ready to distrust mine eyes,
And wrangle with my reason, that persuades me
To any other trust but that I am mad,
Or else the lady's mad: yet, if 'twere so,
She could not sway her house, command her followers,
Take, and give back affairs, and their despatch,
With such a smooth, discreet, and stable bearing,
As, I perceive, she does. There's something in't,
That is deceivable[4]. But here the lady comes.

Enter OLIVIA *and a Priest.*

Oli. Blame not this haste of mine. If you mean well,
Now go with me, and with this holy man,
Into the chantry by; there, before him,
And underneath that consecrated roof,
Plight me the full assurance of your faith;
That my most jealous and too doubtful soul
May live at peace: he shall conceal it,
Whiles you are willing it shall come to note,
What time we will our celebration keep
According to my birth.—What do you say?

Seb. I'll follow this good man, and go with you,
And, having sworn truth, ever will be true.

Oli. Then lead the way, good father; and heavens so shine,
That they may fairly note this act of mine! [*Exeunt.*

[4] That is DECEIVABLE.] *i. e. Deceitful,* or *deceptive;* able to deceive.

ACT V. SCENE I.

The Street before Olivia's House.

Enter Clown and Fabian.

Fab. Now, as thou lov'st me, let me see his letter.

Clo. Good master Fabian, grant me another request.

Fab. Any thing.

Clo. Do not desire to see this letter.

Fab. This is, to give a dog[5], and in recompense desire my dog again.

Enter Duke, Viola, *and Attendants.*

Duke. Belong you to the lady Olivia, friends?

Clo. Ay, sir; we are some of her trappings.

Duke. I know thee well: how dost thou, my good fellow?

Clo. Truly, sir, the better for my foes, and the worse for my friends.

Duke. Just the contrary; the better for thy friends.

Clo. No, sir, the worse.

Duke. How can that be?

Clo. Marry, sir, they praise me, and make an ass of me: now, my foes tell me plainly I am an ass; so that by my foes, sir, I profit in the knowledge of myself, and by my friends I am abused; so that, conclusions to be as kisses, if your four negatives make your two affirmatives, why then, the worse for my friends, and the better for my foes.

Duke. Why, this is excellent.

Clo. By my troth, sir, no; though it please you to be one of my friends.

Duke. Thou shalt not be the worse for me: there's gold.

[5] This is, to give a dog,] Malone and Steevens read, *That* is, &c.

Clo. But that it would be double-dealing, sir, I would you could make it another.

Duke. O! you give me ill counsel.

Clo. Put your grace in your pocket, sir, for this once, and let your flesh and blood obey it.

Duke. Well, I will be so much a sinner to be a double dealer: there's another.

Clo. Primo, secundo, tertio, is a good play; and the old saying is, the third pays for all: the *triplex*, sir, is a good tripping measure; or the bells of St. Bennet, sir, may put you in mind—One, two, three.

Duke. You can fool no more money out of me at this throw[6]: if you will let your lady know, I am here to speak with her, and bring her along with you, it may awake my bounty further.

Clo. Marry, sir, lullaby to your bounty, till I come again. I go, sir; but I would not have you to think, that my desire of having is the sin of covetousness; but, as you say, sir, let your bounty take a nap, I will awake it anon. [*Exit Clown.*

Enter ANTONIO *and Officers.*

Vio. Here comes the man, sir, that did rescue me.

Duke. That face of his I do remember well;
Yet, when I saw it last, it was besmear'd,
As black as Vulcan, in the smoke of war.
A bawbling vessel was he captain of,
For shallow draught and bulk unprizable,
With which such scathful grapple did he make
With the most noble bottom of our fleet,
That very envy, and the tongue of loss,
Cried fame and honour on him.—What's the matter?

1 *Off.* Orsino, this is that Antonio,
That took the Phœnix, and her fraught, from Candy;
And this is he, that did the Tiger board,

[6] — at this THROW :] *i. e.* at this *time*, a word in use with our poets from Chaucer downwards, but not very common in our old dramatists.

When your young nephew Titus lost his leg.
Here in the streets, desperate of shame and state,
In private brabble did we apprehend him.

Vio. He did me kindness, sir, drew on my side,
But, in conclusion, put strange speech upon me;
I know not what 'twas, but distraction.

Duke. Notable pirate, thou salt-water thief,
What foolish boldness brought thee to their mercies,
Whom thou, in terms so bloody, and so dear[7],
Hast made thine enemies?

Ant. Orsino, noble sir,
Be pleas'd that I shake off these names you give me:
Antonio never yet was thief, or pirate,
Though, I confess, on base and ground enough,
Orsino's enemy. A witchcraft drew me hither:
That most ingrateful boy there, by your side,
From the rude sea's enrag'd and foamy mouth
Did I redeem: a wreck past hope he was.
His life I gave him, and did thereto add
My love, without retention, or restraint,
All his in dedication: for his sake,
Did I expose myself, pure for his love,
Into the danger of this adverse town;
Drew to defend him, when he was beset:
Where being apprehended, his false cunning
(Not meaning to partake with me in danger)
Taught him to face me out of his acquaintance,
And grew a twenty-years-removed thing,
While one would wink; denied me mine own purse,
Which I had recommended to his use
Not half an hour before.

[7] Whom thou, in terms so bloody, and so DEAR,] Steevens says that "dear" means *immediate, consequential*; but he mistakes the sense. "Dear" here is not from the Saxon *deor*, beloved; but from the Saxon *dere*, hurt. "Deare," to injure, occurs in Sir F. Madden's Glossary to "Syr Gawayne." In this place, and in another quoted by Steevens from "Hamlet" in support of his erroneous notion, "dearest" is to be taken as most hateful, or grievous :—

"Would I had met my *dearest* foe in heaven!"

does not mean my *immediate* foe, but rather my *direst* foe.

Vio. How can this be?

Duke. When came he to this town?

Ant. To-day, my lord; and for three months before,
No interim, not a minute's vacancy,
Both day and night did we keep company.

Enter OLIVIA *and Attendants.*

Duke. Here comes the countess: now heaven walks on earth!—
But for thee, fellow; fellow, thy words are madness:
Three months this youth hath tended upon me;
But more of that anon.—Take him aside.

Oli. What would my lord, but that he may not have,
Wherein Olivia may seem serviceable?—
Cesario, you do not keep promise with me.

Vio. Madam?

Duke. Gracious Olivia,—

Oli. What do you say, Cesario?—Good my lord,—

Vio. My lord would speak, my duty hushes me.

Oli. If it be aught to the old tune, my lord,
It is as fat and fulsome to mine ear,
As howling after music.

Duke. Still so cruel?

Oli. Still so constant, lord.

Duke. What, to perverseness? you uncivil lady,
To whose ingrate and unauspicious altars
My soul the faithfull'st offerings hath breath'd out,
That e'er devotion tender'd. What shall I do?

Oli. Even what it please my lord, that shall become him.

Duke. Why should I not, had I the heart to do it,
Like to the Egyptian thief at point of death,
Kill what I love[8]? a savage jealousy,

[8] Like to the Egyptian thief at point of death,
Kill what I love?] The allusion is, as Theobald pointed out, to the story of Thyamis, in the Ethiopian History of Heliodorus, which had been translated by Thomas Underdowne: the date of the first edition is not known, but it was reprinted in 1587, and again in 1605.

That sometime savours nobly.—But hear me this:
Since you to non-regardance cast my faith,
And that I partly know the instrument
That screws me from my true place in your favour,
Live you the marble-breasted tyrant still;
But this your minion, whom, I know, you love,
And whom, by heaven I swear, I tender dearly,
Him will I tear out of that cruel eye,
Where he sits crowned in his master's spite.—
Come boy, with me: my thoughts are ripe in mischief:
I'll sacrifice the lamb that I do love,
To spite a raven's heart within a dove. [*Going.*

Vio. And I, most jocund, apt, and willingly,
To do you rest a thousand deaths would die.
[*Following.*

Oli. Where goes Cesario?

Vio. After him I love,
More than I love these eyes, more than my life,
More, by all mores, than e'er I shall love wife.
If I do feign, you witnesses above
Punish my life for tainting of my love!

Oli. Ah me! detested? how am I beguil'd!

Vio. Who does beguile you? who does do you wrong?

Oli. Hast thou forgot thyself? Is it so long?—
Call forth the holy father? [*Exit an Attendant.*

Duke. Come away. [*To* VIOLA.

Oli. Whither, my lord?—Cesario, husband, stay.

Duke. Husband?

Oli. Ay, husband: can he that deny?

Duke. Her husband, sirrah?

Vio. No, my lord, not I.

Oli. Alas! it is the baseness of thy fear,
That makes thee strangle thy propriety.
Fear not, Cesario: take thy fortunes up;
Be that thou know'st thou art, and then thou art
As great as that thou fear'st.—O, welcome, father!

Re-enter Attendant with the Priest.

Father, I charge thee, by thy reverence,
Here to unfold (though lately we intended
To keep in darkness, what occasion now
Reveals before 'tis ripe) what thou dost know,
Hath newly past between this youth and me.

Priest. A contract of eternal bond of love,
Confirm'd by mutual joinder of your hands,
Attested by the holy close of lips,
Strengthen'd by interchangement of your rings[9];
And all the ceremony of this compact
Seal'd in my function, by my testimony:
Since when, my watch hath told me, toward my grave
I have travelled but two hours.

Duke. O, thou dissembling cub! what wilt thou be,
When time hath sow'd a grizzle on thy case[10]?
Or will not else thy craft so quickly grow,
That thine own trip shall be thine overthrow?
Farewell, and take her; but direct thy feet,
Where thou and I henceforth may never meet.

Vio. My lord, I do protest,—

Oli. O! do not swear:
Hold little faith, though thou hast too much fear.

Enter Sir ANDREW AGUE-CHEEK, *with his head broken.*

Sir And. For the love of God, a surgeon! send one presently to sir Toby.

Oli. What's the matter?

Sir And. He has broke my head across, and has given sir Toby a bloody coxcomb too. For the love of God, your help! I had rather than forty pound I were at home.

[9] Strengthen'd by interchangement of your rings;] "In our ancient marriage ceremony," says Steevens, "the man received, as well as gave, a ring."

[10] When time hath sow'd a grizzle on thy CASE?] *i. e.* On thy *exterior*. The skin of a fox, or of a rabbit, is called its *case*.

Oli. Who has done this, sir Andrew?

Sir And. The count's gentleman, one Cesario. We took him for a coward, but he's the very devil incardinate.

Duke. My gentleman, Cesario?

Sir And. Od's lifelings! here he is.—You broke my head for nothing; and that that I did, I was set on to do't by sir Toby.

Vio. Why do you speak to me? I never hurt you:
You drew your sword upon me, without cause;
But I bespake you fair, and hurt you not.

Sir And. If a bloody coxcomb be a hurt, you have hurt me: I think you set nothing by a bloody coxcomb.

Enter Sir Toby Belch, *drunk, led by the Clown.*

Here comes sir Toby halting, you shall hear more: but if he had not been in drink, he would have tickled you othergates than he did.

Duke. How now, gentleman! how is't with you?

Sir To. That's all one: he has hurt me, and there's the end on't.—Sot, did'st see Dick surgeon, sot?

Clo. O! he's drunk, sir Toby, an hour agone: his eyes were set at eight i' the morning.

Sir To. Then he's a rogue, and a passy-measures pavin[11]. I hate a drunken rogue.

Oli. Away with him! Who hath made this havoc with them?

[11] Then he's a rogue, and a PASSY-MEASURES PAVIN.] There is a slight error in the original text of this passage, where "pavyn" is printed *panyn*, the *u*, for *v*, having been turned; but otherwise, with a little explanation, it is sufficiently intelligible. The pavin, or peacock dance, was a slow heavy movement, such as a drunken man, like "Dick surgeon," might be supposed to execute in his intoxication: "passy measures" is a corruption of *passamezzo*, which signified, in Italian, a mode of dancing not much differing from walking, (Sir J. Hawkins' Hist. of Music, iv. 386,) so that "Dick surgeon" in his drunkenness, went through this species of slow half-walking dance, and hence, probably, the humour of Sir Toby's allusion to "a passy-measures pavin." The misprint in the folio, 1623, of *panyn* for "pavyn," or "pavin," led some editors to suppose that *paynim*, or *panym*, was intended.

Sir And. I'll help you, sir Toby, because we'll be dressed together.

Sir To. Will you help? An ass-head, and a coxcomb, and a knave! a thin-faced knave, a gull!

Oli. Get him to bed, and let his hurt be look'd to.

[*Exeunt Clown, Sir* TOBY, *and Sir* ANDREW.

Enter SEBASTIAN.

Seb. I am sorry, madam, I have hurt your kinsman;
But had it been the brother of my blood,
I must have done no less with wit and safety.
You throw a strange regard upon me, and by that
I do perceive it hath offended you[1]:
Pardon me, sweet one, even for the vows
We made each other but so late ago.

Duke. One face, one voice, one habit, and two persons;
A natural perspective[2], that is, and is not!

Seb. Antonio! O, my dear Antonio!
How have the hours rack'd and tortur'd me,
Since I have lost thee!

Ant. Sebastian are you?

Seb. Fear'st thou that, Antonio?

Ant. How have you made division of yourself?—
An apple cleft in two is not more twin
Than these two creatures. Which is Sebastian?

Oli. Most wonderful!

Seb. Do I stand there? I never had a brother;
Nor can there be that deity in my nature,
Of here and every where. I had a sister,
Whom the blind waves and surges have devour'd.—
[*To* VIOLA.] Of charity, what kin are you to me?
What countryman? what name? what parentage?

[1] You throw a strange regard upon me, and by that
I do perceive it hath offended you:] This is the regulation of the folios, which Malone altered by placing "by that" at the beginning of the second line.

[2] A natural perspective,] *i. e.* a natural illusion, as if seen through a *perspective* glass, representing the same figure twice over.

Vio. Of Messaline: Sebastian was my father;
Such a Sebastian was my brother too,
So went he suited to his watery tomb.
If spirits can assume both form and suit,
You come to fright us.
Seb. A spirit I am indeed;
But am in that dimension grossly clad,
Which from the womb I did participate.
Were you a woman, as the rest goes even,
I should my tears let fall upon your cheek,
And say—thrice welcome, drowned Viola!
Vio. My father had a mole upon his brow.
Seb. And so had mine.
Vio. And died that day, when Viola from her birth
Had number'd thirteen years.
Seb. O! that record is lively in my soul.
He finished, indeed, his mortal act
That day that made my sister thirteen years.
Vio. If nothing lets to make us happy both,
But this my masculine usurp'd attire,
Do not embrace me, till each circumstance
Of place, time, fortune, do cohere, and jump,
That I am Viola: which to confirm,
I'll bring you to a captain in this town,
Where lie my maiden weeds; by whose gentle help
I was preserv'd to serve this noble count.
All the occurrence of my fortune since
Hath been between this lady, and this lord.
Seb. So comes it, lady, [*To* OLIVIA.] you have been mistook;
But nature to her bias drew in that.
You would have been contracted to a maid,
Nor are you therein, by my life, deceiv'd:
You are betroth'd both to a maid and man.
Duke. Be not amaz'd; right noble is his blood.—
If this be so, as yet the glass seems true,
I shall have share in this most happy wreck.

Boy, [*To* VIOLA.] thou hast said to me a thousand times,
Thou never should'st love woman like to me.

Vio. And all those sayings will I over-swear,
And all those swearings keep as true in soul,
As doth that orbed continent, the fire
That severs day from night.

Duke. Give me thy hand;
And let me see thee in thy woman's weeds.

Vio. The captain, that did bring me first on shore,
Hath my maid's garments: he, upon some action,
Is now in durance at Malvolio's suit,
A gentleman, and follower of my lady's.

Oli. He shall enlarge him. — Fetch Malvolio hither:—
And yet, alas, now I remember me,
They say, poor gentleman, he's much distract.
A most extracting frenzy of mine own
From my remembrance clearly banish'd his.—

Re-enter Clown, with a letter.

How does he, sirrah?

Clo. Truly, madam, he holds Belzebub at the stave's end, as well as a man in his case may do. He has here writ a letter to you: I should have given it you to-day morning; but as a madman's epistles are no gospels, so it skills not much[3] when they are delivered.

Oli. Open it, and read it.

Clo. Look then to be well edified, when the fool delivers the madman:—[*Reads.*] "By the Lord, madam,"—

Oli. How now! art thou mad?

Clo. No, madam, I do but read madness: an your ladyship will have it as it ought to be, you must allow *vox*[4].

[3] — it SKILLS not much—] *i. e.* it *signifies* not much, a very common idiomatic expression. See also "Henry VI." pt. 2, A. iii. sc. 1.

[4] — you must allow *vox.*] The Clown begins to read the letter as a madman; and for this violence of voice Olivia reproves him, and he justifies himself. An explanation would hardly seem necessary, if the passage had not been disputed.

Oli. Pr'ythee, read i' thy right wits.

Clo. So I do, madonna; but to read his right wits, is to read thus: therefore perpend, my princess, and give ear.

Oli. Read it you, sirrah. [*To* FABIAN.

Fab. [*Reads.*] "By the Lord, madam, you wrong me, and the world shall know it: though you have put me into darkness, and given your drunken cousin rule over me, yet have I the benefit of my senses as well as your ladyship. I have your own letter that induced me to the semblance I put on; with the which I doubt not but to do myself much right, or you much shame. Think of me as you please. I leave my duty a little unthought of, and speak out of my injury.

"The madly-used MALVOLIO."

Oli. Did he write this?

Clo. Ay, madam.

Duke. This savours not much of distraction.

Oli. See him deliver'd, Fabian: bring him hither.

[*Exit* FABIAN.

My lord, so please you, these things further thought on,
To think me as well a sister as a wife,
One day shall crown the alliance on't, so please you,
Here at my house, and at my proper cost.

Duke. Madam, I am most apt t' embrace your offer.—

[*To* VIOLA] Your master quits you; and, for your service done him,
So much against the mettle of your sex,
So far beneath your soft and tender breeding,
And since you call'd me master for so long,
Here is my hand: you shall from this time be
Your master's mistress.

Oli. A sister:—you are she.

Re-enter FABIAN, *with* MALVOLIO.

Duke. Is this the madman?

Oli. Ay, my lord, this same.
How now, Malvolio?

Mal. Madam, you have done me wrong,
Notorious wrong.

Oli. Have I, Malvolio? no.

Mal. Lady, you have. Pray you, peruse that letter:
You must not now deny it is your hand,
Write from it, if you can, in hand, or phrase;
Or say, 'tis not your seal, nor your invention:
You can say none of this. Well, grant it then,
And tell me, in the modesty of honour,
Why you have given me such clear lights of favour,
Bade me come smiling, and cross-garter'd to you,
To put on yellow stockings, and to frown
Upon sir Toby, and the lighter people?
And, acting this in an obedient hope,
Why have you suffer'd me to be imprison'd,
Kept in a dark house, visited by the priest,
And made the most notorious geck[4], and gull,
That e'er invention play'd on? tell me why.

Oli. Alas! Malvolio, this is not my writing,
Though, I confess, much like the character;
But, out of question, 'tis Maria's hand:
And now I do bethink me, it was she
First told me thou wast mad; then cam'st in smiling,
And in such forms which here were presuppos'd
Upon thee in the letter. Pr'ythee, be content:
This practice hath most shrewdly pass'd upon thee;
But when we know the grounds and authors of it,
Thou shalt be both the plaintiff and the judge
Of thine own cause.

Fab. Good madam, hear me speak;
And let no quarrel, nor no brawl to come,

[4] — geck,] A *fool;* from the Saxon *geac*, a cuckoo, and figuratively a fool. The word occurs again in the same sense in "Cymbeline," A. v. sc. 4.

Taint the condition of this present hour,
Which I have wonder'd at. In hope it shall not,
Most freely I confess, myself, and Toby,
Set this device against Malvolio here,
Upon some stubborn and uncourteous parts
We had conceiv'd against him. Maria writ
The letter at sir Toby's great importance[5];
In recompense whereof, he hath married her.
How with a sportful malice it was follow'd,
May rather pluck on laughter than revenge,
If that the injuries be justly weigh'd,
That have on both sides past.

Oli. Alas, poor fool, how have they baffled thee!

Clo. Why, "some are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrown upon them[6]." I was one, sir, in this interlude; one sir Topas, sir; but that's all one.—"By the Lord, fool, I am not mad;"—But do you remember? "Madam, why laugh you at such a barren rascal? an you smile not, he's gagg'd:" And thus the whirligig of time brings in his revenges.

Mal. I'll be reveng'd on the whole pack of you. [*Exit.*

Oli. He hath been most notoriously abus'd.

Duke. Pursue him, and entreat him to a peace.
He hath not told us of the captain yet;
When that is known and golden time convents,
A solemn combination shall be made
Of our dear souls:—mean time, sweet sister,
We will not part from hence.—Cesario, come;
For so you shall be, while you are a man,
But when in other habits you are seen,
Orsino's mistress, and his fancy's queen. [*Exeunt.*

[5] — at sir Toby's great IMPORTANCE;] *i.e. importunity*, in the same way that in Vol. ii. p. 169. 203. and 348, "important" means *importunate*.

[6] — greatness THROWN upon them.] The words in the letter are, "greatness *thrust* upon them," according to Malvolio's repetition. See p. 370.

CLOWN SINGS.

When that I was and a little tiny boy,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
A foolish thing was but a toy,
For the rain it raineth every day.

But when I came to man's estate,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
'Gainst knaves and thieves men shut their gate,
For the rain it raineth every day.

But when I came, alas! to wive,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
By swaggering could I never thrive,
For the rain it raineth every day.

But when I came unto my bed[7],
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
With toss-pots still had drunken head,
For the rain it raineth every day.

A great while ago the world begun,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
But that's all one, our play is done,
And we'll strive to please you every day.

[7] But when I came unto my bed,] The folios read "beds," and in the corresponding line "heads."

THE WINTER'S TALE.

" The Winters Tale " was first printed in the folio of 1623, where it occupies twenty-seven pages, viz. from p. 277 to 303, and is the last in the division of " Comedies." The back of p. 303 is left blank and unpaged. The later folios adopt the same arrangement.

INTRODUCTION.

LITTLE doubt can be entertained, that "The Winter's Tale" was produced at the Globe, very soon after that theatre had been opened for what might be called the summer season in 1611. In the winter, as has been well ascertained, the king's players performed at "the private house in the Black-friars," and they usually removed to the Globe, which was open to the sky, late in the spring.

Three pieces of evidence tend to the conclusion, that "The Winter's Tale" was brought out early in 1611: the first of these has never until now been adduced, and it consists of the following entry in the account of the Master of the Revels, Sir George Buc, from the 31st of October, 1611, to the same day, 1612:—

> "The 5th of November: A play called the winters nightes Tayle."

No author's name is mentioned, but the piece was represented at Whitehall, by "the king's players," as we find stated in the margin, and there can be no hesitation in deciding that "The Winter's Night's Tayle" was Shakespeare's "Winter's Tale." The fact of its performance has been established by Mr. Peter Cunningham, in his valuable work, entitled, "Extracts from the Accounts of the Revels at Court," 8vo, 1842, printed for the Shakespeare Society[1]. "The Winter's Tale" was probably selected on account of its novelty and popularity[2].

[1] From the Introduction to the same work, we find that "The Winter's Tale" was also represented at court on Easter Tuesday, 1618.

[2] The expenses of eleven other plays are included in the same account, viz. "The Tempest," "King and no King," "The City Gallant," "The Almanack," "The Twins' Tragedy," "Cupid's Revenge," "The Silver Age," "Lucretia," "The Nobleman," "Hymen's Holiday," and "The Maid's Tragedy." At most, only one of these had been printed before they were thus acted, and some of them never came from the press. "The Nobleman," by Cyril Tourneur, was entered at Stationers' Hall for publication on 15th February, 1611. "Lucretia" may have been a different play from Heywood's "Rape of Lucrece," which bears date in 1608: if so, there is no exception, and all that came from the press at any period were printed subsequently to 1611-12, the earliest in 1613, and the latest in 1655. Hence a strong inference may be drawn, that they were all dramas which had been recommended for court-performance by their novelty and popularity.

The second piece of evidence on this point has also recently come to light. It is contained in a MS. Diary, or Note-book, kept by Dr. Simon Forman, (MSS. Ashm. 208.) in which, under date of the 15th May, 1611, he states that he saw "The Winter's Tale" at the Globe Theatre: this was the May preceding the representation of it at Court on the 5th November. He gives the following brief account of the plot, which ingeniously includes all the main incidents:—

"Observe there how Leontes, king of Sicilia, was overcome with jealousy of his wife with the king of Bohemia, his friend that came to see him; and how he contrived his death, and would have had his cup-bearer to have poisoned [him], who gave the King of Bohemia warning thereof, and fled with him to Bohemia. Remember, also, how he sent to the oracle of Apollo, and the answer of Apollo that she was guiltless, and that the king was jealous, &c.; and how, except the child was found again that was lost, the king should die without issue; for the child was carried into Bohemia, and there laid in a forest, and brought up by a shepherd; and the king of Bohemia's son married that wench, and how they fled into Sicilia to Leontes; and the shepherd having showed the letter of the nobleman whom Leontes sent, it was that child, and [by] the jewels found about her, she was known to be Leontes' daughter, and was then sixteen years old. Remember, also, the rogue that came in all tattered, like Coll Pipci, and how he feigned him sick, and to have been robbed of all he had; and how he cozened the poor man of all his money, and after came to the sheep-sheer with a pedlar's packe, and there cozened them again of all their money. And how he changed apparel with the king of Bohemia's son, and then how he turned courtier, &c. Beware of trusting feigned beggars or fawning fellows."

We have reason to think that "The Winter's Tale" was in its first run on the 15th May, 1611, and that the Globe Theatre had not then been long opened for the season.

The opinion that the play was then a novelty, is strongly confirmed by the third piece of evidence, which Malone discovered late in life, and which induced him to relinquish his earlier opinion, that "The Winter's Tale" was written in 1604. He found a memorandum in the office-book of Sir Henry Herbert, Master of the Revels, dated the 19th August, 1623, in which it was stated that "The Winter's Tale" was "an old play formerly allowed of by Sir George Buc." Sir George Buc was Master of the Revels from October, 1610, until May, 1622. Sir George Buc must, therefore, have licensed "The Winter's Tale" between October, 1610, when he was appointed to his office, and May, 1611, when Forman saw it at the Globe.

It might have been composed by Shakespeare in the autumn and winter of 1610-11, with a view to its production on the Bank-side, as soon as the usual performances by the King's players commenced there. Sir Henry Herbert informs us, that when he gave permission to revive "The Winter's Tale" in August, 1623, "the allowed book" (that to which Sir George Buc had appended his signature) "was missing." It had no doubt been destroyed when the Globe Theatre was consumed by fire on 29th June, 1613.

We have seen that "The Tempest" and "The Winter's Tale" were both acted at Whitehall, and included in Sir George Buc's account of the expenses of the Revels from October, 1611, to October, 1612[3]. How much older "The Tempest" might be than "The Winter's Tale," we have no means of determining; but there is a circumstance which shows that the composition of "The Tempest" was anterior to that of "The Winter's Tale;" and this brings us to speak of the novel upon which the latter is founded.

As early as the year 1588, Robert Greene printed a tract called "Pandosto: The Triumph of Time," better known as "The History of Dorastus and Fawnia," the title it bore in some of the later copies. As far as we now know, it was not reprinted until 1607, and a third impression appeared in 1609: it afterwards went through many editions[4]; but it seems not unlikely that Shakespeare was directed to it, as a proper subject for dramatic representation, by the third impression which came out the year before we suppose him to have commenced writing his "Winter's Tale[5]." In many respects our great dramatist follows Greene's story very closely, as may be seen by some of the notes in the course of the play, and by the recent republication of "Pandosto" from the

[3] The circumstance that "The Tempest" and "The Winter's Tale" were both acted at court at this period, and that they might belong to nearly the same date of composition, seems to give great additional probability to the opinion, that Ben Jonson alluded to them in the following passage in the Induction to his "Bartholomew Fair," which was acted in 1614, while Shakespeare's two plays were still high in popular favour:—"If there be never a *Servant-monster* i' the *Fair*, who can help it, he says? nor a nest of *Antics*? He is loth to make nature afraid in his *Playes*, like those that beget *Tales*, *Tempests*, and such like *Drolleries*." The Italic type and the capitals are as they stand in the original edition in folio, 1631. Gifford (Ben Jonson's Works, Vol. iv. p. 370) could not be brought to acknowledge that the words "Servant-monster," "Antics," "Tales," and "Tempests," applied to Shakespeare, but with our present information the fact seems hardly disputable.

[4] How long it continued popular, may be judged from the fact that it was printed as a chap-book as recently as the year 1735, when it was called "The Fortunate Lovers; or the History of Dorastus, Prince of Sicily, and of Fawnia, only daughter and heir to the King of Bohemia," 12mo.

[5] In a note upon a passage in Act iii. sc. 2, a reason is assigned for thinking that Shakespeare did not employ the first edition of Greene's novel, but in all probability that of 1609.

unique copy of 1588, in "Shakespeare's Library." There is, however, one remarkable variation, which it is necessary to point out. Greene says :—

"The guard left her" (the Queen) "in this perplexitie, and carried the child to the king, who, quite devoide of pity, commanded that without delay it should be put in the boat, having neither sail nor rudder to guide it, and so to be carried into the midst of the sea, and there left to the wind and wave, as the destinies please to appoint."

The child thus "left to the wind and wave" is the Perdita of Shakespeare, who describes the way in which the infant was exposed very differently, and probably for this reason :—that in "The Tempest" he had previously (perhaps not long before) represented Prospero and Miranda turned adrift at sea in the same manner as Greene had stated his heroine to have been disposed of. When, therefore, Shakespeare came to write "The Winter's Tale," instead of following Greene, as he had usually done in other minor circumstances, he varied from the original narrative, in order to avoid an objectionable similarity of incident in his two dramas. It is true, that in the conclusion Shakespeare has also made important and most judicious changes in the story; since nothing could well be more revolting than for Pandosto (who answers to Leontes) first to fall dotingly in love with his own daughter, and afterwards to commit suicide. The termination to which our great dramatist brings the incidents is at once striking, natural, and beautiful, and is an equal triumph of judgment and power.

It is, perhaps, singular that Malone, who observed upon the "involved parenthetical sentences" prevailing in "The Winter's Tale," did not in that very peculiarity find a proof that it must have been one of Shakespeare's later productions. In the Stationers' Registers there is no earlier entry of it than that of Nov. 8, 1623, when the publication of the first folio was contemplated by Blount and Jaggard: it originally appeared in that volume, where it is regularly divided into Acts and Scenes: the "Wynter's Nighte's Pastime," noticed in the registers under date of May 22, 1594, must have been a different work. If any proof of the kind were wanted, we learn from two lines in "Dido, Queen of Carthage," by Marlowe and Nash, 1594, 4to, that "a winter's tale" was a then current phrase :—

> "Who would not undergoe all kind of toyle
> To be well stor'd with such *a winter's tale?*" Sign. D 3 b.

In representing Bohemia to be a maritime country, Shakespeare adopted the popular notion, as it had been encouraged since 1588 by Greene's "Pandosto." With regard to the prevailing ignorance

of geography, the subsequent passage from John Taylor's "Travels to Prague in Bohemia," a journey performed by him in 1620, shows that the satirical writer did not consider it strange that an alderman of London was not aware that a fleet of ships could not arrive at a port of Bohemia:—"I am no sooner eased of him, but Gregory Gandergoose, an Alderman of Gotham, catches me by the goll, demanding if Bohemia be a great town, and whether there be any meat in it, and whether the last fleet of ships be arrived there." It is to be observed, that Shakespeare reverses the scene of "Pandosto," and represents, as passing in Sicily, what Greene had made to occur in Bohemia. In several places he more verbally followed Greene in this play than he did even Lodge in "As You Like It;" but the general variations are greater from "Pandosto" than from "Rosalynde." Shakespeare does not adopt one of the appellations given by Greene; and it may be noticed that, just anterior to the time of our poet, the name he assigns to the Queen of Leontes had been employed as that of a male character: in "The rare Triumphs of Love and Fortune," acted at court in 1581-2, and printed in 1589, Hermione is the lover of the heroine.

"The idea of this delightful drama" (says Coleridge in his Lit. Rem. vol. ii. p. 250) is a genuine jealousy of disposition, and it should be immediately followed by the perusal of 'Othello,' which is the direct contrast of it in every particular. For jealousy is a vice of the mind, a culpable tendency of temper, having certain well known and well defined effects and concomitants, all of which are visible in Leontes, and, I boldly say, not one of which marks its presence in Othello:—such as, first, an excitability by the most inadequate causes, and an eagerness to snatch at proofs; secondly, a grossness of conception, and a disposition to degrade the object of the passion by sensual fancies and images; thirdly, a sense of shame of his own feelings exhibited in a solitary moodiness of humour, and yet from the violence of the passion forced to utter itself, and therefore catching occasions to ease the mind by ambiguities, equivoques, by talking to those who cannot, and who are known not to be able to understand what is said to them; in short, by soliloquy in the form of dialogue, and hence a confused, broken, and fragmentary manner; fourthly, a dread of vulgar ridicule, as distinct from a high sense of honour, or a mistaken sense of duty; and lastly, and immediately consequent on this, a spirit of selfish vindictiveness."

In his lectures in 1815, Coleridge dwelt on the "not easily jealous" frame of Othello's mind, and on the art of the great poet in working upon his generous and unsuspecting nature: he contrasted the characters of Othello and Leontes in this respect, the latter from predisposition requiring no such malignant instigator as Iago.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ[1].

LEONTES, King of Sicilia.
MAMILLIUS, young Prince of Sicilia.
CAMILLO,
ANTIGONUS,
CLEOMENES,
DION,
} Lords of Sicilia.
ROGERO, a Gentleman of Sicilia.
Officers of a Court of Judicature.
POLIXENES, King of Bohemia.
FLORIZEL, Prince of Bohemia.
ARCHIDAMUS, a Lord of Bohemia.
A Mariner.
Gaoler.
An old Shepherd, reputed Father of Perdita.
Clown, his Son.
Servant to the old Shepherd.
AUTOLYCUS, a Rogue.
Time, the Chorus.

HERMIONE, Queen to Leontes.
PERDITA, Daughter to Leontes and Hermione.
PAULINA, Wife to Antigonus.
EMILIA, a Lady attending the Queen.
MOPSA,
DORCAS,
} Shepherdesses.

Lords, Ladies, and Attendants; Satyrs, Shepherds, Shepherdesses, Guards, &c.

SCENE, sometimes in Sicilia, sometimes in Bohemia.

[1] An incomplete list of characters is appended to the play in the old copies, under the title of "The Names of the Actors."

THE WINTER'S TALE.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Sicilia. An Antechamber in Leontes' Palace.

Enter Camillo *and* Archidamus.

Arch. If you shall chance, Camillo, to visit Bohemia, on the like occasion whereon my services are now on foot, you shall see, as I have said, great difference betwixt our Bohemia and your Sicilia.

Cam. I think, this coming summer, the king of Sicilia means to pay Bohemia the visitation which he justly owes him.

Arch. Wherein our entertainment shall shame us, we will be justified in our loves: for, indeed,—

Cam. Beseech you,—

Arch. Verily, I speak it in the freedom of my knowledge: we cannot with such magnificence—in so rare —I know not what to say.—We will give you sleepy drinks, that your senses, unintelligent of our insufficience[1], may, though they cannot praise us, as little accuse us.

[1] — unintelligent of our INSUFFICIENCE,] Here we have an authority, if any were wanted, for *sufficience*, instead of "sufficiency," in "Measure for Measure," Vol. ii. p. 7, for the purpose of curing the defective metre. Were we warranted in taking any such liberty with the text, we might there read, with improvement both to the sense and verse,

——— "then, no more remains,
But your sufficience, as your worth is able,
And let them work."

Cam. You pay a great deal too dear for what's given freely.

Arch. Believe me, I speak as my understanding instructs me, and as mine honesty puts it to utterance.

Cam. Sicilia cannot show himself over-kind to Bohemia. They were trained together in their childhoods; and there rooted betwixt them then such an affection, which cannot choose but branch now. Since their more mature dignities, and royal necessities, made separation of their society, their encounters, though not personal, have been royally attorney'd, with interchange of gifts, letters, loving embassies, that they have seemed to be together, though absent, shook hands, as over a vast[2], and embraced, as it were, from the ends of opposed winds. The heavens continue their loves!

Arch. I think, there is not in the world either malice, or matter, to alter it. You have an unspeakable comfort of your young prince Mamillius: it is a gentleman of the greatest promise that ever came into my note.

Cam. I very well agree with you in the hopes of him. It is a gallant child; one that, indeed, physics the subject[3], makes old hearts fresh: they, that went on crutches ere he was born, desire yet their life to see him a man.

Arch. Would they else be content to die?

— [2] shook hands, as over a VAST,] This is the reading of the first folio: the second has it, "shook hands, as over a vast *sea*," which, being an unnecessary addition, is here rejected. "Vast" is used substantively, and, as Steevens observed, Shakespeare uses it for the *sea* in the following line from "Pericles,"

"Thou God of this great *vast*, rebuke these surges."

In "The Tempest" also we have the expression of the "*vast* of night." This opportunity may be taken to mention, that the line in "Hamlet," A. i. sc. 2, which is printed in the folio, 1623,

"In the dead *waste* and middle of the night,"

is given in the earliest 4to, of 1603, in the possession of the Duke of Devonshire,

"In the dead *vast* and middle of the night."

[3] — one that, indeed, PHYSICS the SUBJECT,] Here, as in "Measure for Measure," A. iii. sc. 2, (and perhaps A. ii. sc. 4,) the word "subject" is used in a plural sense for "subjects." The expression "physics the subject" means, gives the subjects of the king, or the state generally, health and vigour.

Cam. Yes; if there were no other excuse why they should desire to live.

Arch. If the king had no son they would desire to live on crutches till he had one. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The Same. A Room of State in the Palace.

Enter LEONTES, POLIXENES, HERMIONE, MAMILLIUS, CAMILLO, *and Attendants.*

Pol. Nine changes of the watery star have been
The shepherd's note, since we have left our throne
Without a burden: time as long again
Would be fill'd up, my brother, with our thanks;
And yet we should for perpetuity
Go hence in debt: and therefore, like a cipher,
Yet standing in rich place, I multiply
With one we-thank-you many thousands more
That go before it.

Leon. Stay your thanks awhile,
And pay them when you part.

Pol. Sir, that's to-morrow.
I am question'd by my fears, of what may chance,
Or breed upon our absence; that may blow
No sneaping winds at home, to make us say,
"This is put forth too truly[4]." Besides, I have stay'd

[4] ——————— that may blow
No SNEAPING winds at home, to make us say,
"This is put forth too truly."] "Sneaping" is *snipping* or *nipping*, as in "Love's Labour's Lost," Vol. ii. p. 286. The meaning seems to be, that Polixenes hopes that no sharp winds may blow at home, to induce him to say that he too truly prognosticated the consequences of his absence. Farmer would take "that may blow," &c. as an exclamation, "O, that may blow;" &c. and he is correct in saying that *that* is not unfrequently put for "O, that," but this construction of the passage adds little to its intelligibility. Warburton calls it "nonsense," and some corruption is pretty evident.

To tire your royalty.

Leon. We are tougher, brother,
Than you can put us to't.

Pol. No longer stay.

Leon. One seven-night longer.

Pol. Very sooth, to-morrow.

Leon. We'll part the time between's then; and in that
I'll no gain-saying.

Pol. Press me not, beseech you, so.
There is no tongue that moves, none, none i' the world,
So soon as yours, could win me: so it should now,
Were there necessity in your request, although
'Twere needful I denied it. My affairs
Do even drag me homeward; which to hinder,
Were in your love a whip to me, my stay
To you a charge, and trouble: to save both,
Farewell, our brother.

Leon. Tongue-tied, our queen? speak you.

Her. I had thought, sir, to have held my peace, until
You had drawn oaths from him, not to stay. You, sir,
Charge him too coldly: tell him, you are sure
All in Bohemia's well: this satisfaction
The by-gone day proclaim'd. Say this to him,
He's beat from his best ward.

Leon. Well said, Hermione.

Her. To tell he longs to see his son were strong:
But let him say so then, and let him go;
But let him swear so, and he shall not stay,
We'll thwack him hence with distaffs.—
Yet of your royal presence [*To* POLIXENES.] I'll adventure
The borrow of a week. When at Bohemia
You take my lord, I'll give him my commission,
To let him there a month behind the gest

Prefix'd for's parting[5]: yet, good deed[6], Leontes,
I love thee not a jar o' the clock behind
What lady should her lord[7]. You'll stay?
Pol. No, madam.
Her. Nay, but you will?
Pol. I may not, verily.
Her. Verily!
You put me off with limber vows; but I,
Though you would seek t' unsphere the stars with oaths,
Should yet say, "Sir, no going." Verily,
You shall not go: a lady's verily is
As potent as a lord's. Will you go yet?
Force me to keep you as a prisoner,
Not like a guest, so you shall pay your fees,
When you depart, and save your thanks. How say you?

[5] To LET him there a month, behind the GEST

Prefix'd for's parting:] *i. e.* I will give him leave to *detain* himself there a month beyond the time prefixed for his departure. "Gest" was a term employed with reference to the royal progresses, and meant the place of abiding for a certain period. Malone properly derives it from the French *giste*. It has been suggested to me by Mr. Lemon, of the State Paper Office, that the line in "Midsummer-Night's Dream," Vol. ii. p. 432,

"My heart to her but as *guest*-wise sojourn'd,"

ought to be printed "*gest*-wise," in reference to the *gests*, or resting places, in royal and other progresses. He refers to a letter printed by Mr. Tytler in his "Edward VI. and Mary," Vol. ii. p. 494, where Sir P. Hoby says to Sir W. Cecil, under date of Nov. 1557, "I have perceived by my brother that you will not be here at Bysham this Christmas but as *guest-wise*." It is "*gest*-wise" in the original MS., and Mr. Lemon apprehends, that both there and in "Midsummer-Night's Dream" it ought to have been printed with that orthography. He is probably right as regards Sir P. Hoby's letter, but "*guest*-wise," or like a guest, seems to be the natural reading in Shakespeare, and to express exactly what was meant. Common audiences might not have understood "*gest*-wise."

[6] — yet, good DEED,] The second folio has it "good *heed*," which is not less forced than to take "good deed" in the sense of *indeed*. In the old copies the two words are in parenthesis.

[7] I love thee not A JAR O' THE CLOCK behind

What lady SHOULD her lord.] "A jar o' the clock" is a *tick* of the clock; "jar" being used for *tick* by many writers of the time. The words "what lady *should* her lord" have hitherto stood rather unintelligibly, "what lady she her lord." The emendation is made on the authority of the old MS. corrector of the first folio belonging to Lord Francis Egerton. "Should" was perhaps written, in the MS., from which the printer composed the first folio, with an abbreviation, which he misread *she*.

My prisoner, or my guest? by your dread verily,
One of them you shall be.
Pol. Your guest then, madam:
To be your prisoner should import offending;
Which is for me less easy to commit,
Than you to punish.
Her. Not your jailor then,
But your kind hostess. Come, I'll question you
Of my lord's tricks, and yours, when you were boys;
You were pretty lordings then.
Pol. We were, fair queen,
Two lads, that thought there was no more behind,
But such a day to-morrow as to-day,
And to be boy eternal.
Her. Was not my lord the verier wag o' the two?
Pol. We were as twinn'd lambs, that did frisk i' the sun,
And bleat the one at th' other: what we chang'd,
Was innocence for innocence; we knew not
The doctrine of ill-doing, nor dream'd[8]
That any did. Had we pursued that life,
And our weak spirits ne'er been higher rear'd
With stronger blood, we should have answer'd heaven
Boldly, "not guilty;" the imposition clear'd,
Hereditary ours.
Her. By this we gather,
You have tripp'd since.
Pol. O! my most sacred lady,
Temptations have since then been born to's[9]; for
In those unfledg'd days was my wife a girl:
Your precious self had then not cross'd the eyes
Of my young play-fellow.

[8] The doctrine of ill-doing, nor dream'd] So the first folio: the second inserts *no* before "nor dream'd," probably under the notion that the measure was incomplete.

[9] Temptations have since then been born to's;] If, with Malone, we read "to us" as two syllables, the verse is redundant: therefore, to show that the two words were to form one syllable, they are printed "to's" in the old copies.

Her. Grace to boot!
Of this make no conclusion, lest you say,
Your queen and I are devils: yet, go on;
Th' offences we have made you do, we'll answer;
If you first sinn'd with us, and that with us
You did continue fault, and that you slipp'd not
With any, but with us.
Leon. Is he won yet?
Her. He'll stay, my lord.
Leon. At my request he would not.
Hermione, my dearest, thou never spok'st
To better purpose.
Her. Never?
Leon. Never, but once.
Her. What? have I twice said well? when was't before?
I pr'ythee, tell me. Cram's with praise, and make's[1]
As fat as tame things: one good deed, dying tongueless,
Slaughters a thousand waiting upon that.
Our praises are our wages: you may ride 's
With one soft kiss a thousand furlongs, ere
With spur we heat an acre. But to the goal:—
My last good deed was to entreat his stay:
What was my first? it has an elder sister,
Or I mistake you: O, would her name were Grace!
But once before I spoke to the purpose: When?
Nay, let me have't; I long.
Leon. Why, that was when
Three crabbed months had sour'd themselves to death,
Ere I could make thee open thy white hand,

[1] I pr'ythee tell me. CRAM's with praise, and MAKE'S] *i. e.* "Cram *us* with praise and make *us*," but, for the sake of the metre, the old copies, by their mode of printing, inform us that "cram us" and "make us" were each to be read as one syllable. Such doubtless was the mode in which the words were written in the MS. used by the old compositor, and we may presume that in this form they came from the pen of Shakespeare. This remark will apply to "to's" on the preceding page, and to other portions of this play.

And clap thyself my love: then didst thou utter,
"I am yours for ever."

Her. It is Grace, indeed.—
Why, lo you now, I have spoke to the purpose twice:
The one for ever earn'd a royal husband,
Th' other for some while a friend.

[*Giving her hand to* POLIXENES.

Leon. [*Aside.*] Too hot, too hot!
To mingle friendship far is mingling bloods.
I have *tremor cordis* on me:—my heart dances,
But not for joy,—not joy.—This entertainment
May a free face put on; derive a liberty
From heartiness, from bounty, fertile bosom,
And well become the agent: 't may, I grant;
But to be paddling palms, and pinching fingers,
As now they are; and making practis'd smiles,
As in a looking-glass;—and then to sigh, as 'twere
The mort o' the deer[3]; O! that is entertainment
My bosom likes not, nor my brows.—Mamillius,
Art thou my boy?

Mam. Ay, my good lord.

Leon. I' fecks[4]?
Why, that's my bawcock[5]. What! hast smutch'd thy nose?—
They say, it is a copy out of mine[6].
Come, captain,
We must be neat; not neat, but cleanly, captain:
And yet the steer, the heifer, and the calf,

[3] ——— and then to sigh, as 'twere
The MORT o' the deer;] The "*mort* o' the deer" is the death of the deer. Leontes likens the violence of the sighs of Hermione to the long blast of a horn at "the mort o' the deer."

[4] I' fecks?] Steevens supposes this exclamation to be a corruption of *i' faith:* it is as likely to be a corruption of *in fact.*

[5] Why, that's my BAWCOCK.] Perhaps, says Steevens, from *beau* and *coq.*

[6] They say, IT IS a copy out of mine.] Thus the folios: why Malone altered "it is" to *it's*, excepting to spoil the metre, cannot easily be explained. "Come, captain," is only a fragment of an incomplete line, thrown in, perhaps, for the sake of varying the measure.

Are all call'd neat.—Still virginalling[7]
[*Observing* POLIXENES *and* HERMIONE.
Upon his palm?—How now, you wanton calf!
Art thou my calf?

Mam. Yes, if you will, my lord.

Leon. Thou want'st a rough pash, and the shoots that I have[8],
To be full like me:—yet, they say, we are
Almost as like as eggs: women say so,
That will say any thing: but were they false
As o'er-dyed blacks[9], as wind, as waters; false
As dice are to be wish'd, by one that fixes
No bourn 'twixt his and mine; yet were it true
To say this boy were like me.—Come, sir page,
Look on me with your welkin eye[1]: sweet villain!
Most dear'st! my collop!—Can thy dam?—may't be
Affection? thy intention stabs the centre[2]:

[7] Still virginalling] *i. e.* Playing with her fingers, as on the *virginals*.

[8] Thou want'st a rough PASH, and the shoots that I have,] Mr. Holloway, in his "General Dictionary of Provincialisms," 8vo, 1838, informs us that "pash" in Cheshire signifies the *brains*, and that "mad pash" is the same as *mad brains*. "Pash" is to be taken in this place for the *head*, for which Malone states it is used in Scotland. The meaning of Leontes is therefore quite evident: by the "rough pash" is to be understood the hair on the forehead of a bull, which Mamillius wants, as well as the "shoots," *i. e.* the budding horns, which Leontes feels on his forehead.

[9] ——— but were they false
As O'ER-DYED blacks,] Some of the commentators contend, that "o'er-dyed" here means *too much* dyed; but surely it is to be understood as only *dyed over*; *i. e.* coloured cloth that has been died over in order to make it black. The epithet "false" does not relate to the *die*, but to the blacks, the falsehood of those who wore black under pretence of mourning for somebody dead. Upon this point Steevens made the following apt quotation from "The Old Law," by Massinger, Middleton, and Rowley:—

——— "*Blacks* are often such dissembling mourners,
There is no credit given to't, it has lost
All reputation by *false* sons and widows:
I would not hear of *blacks*."

[1] Look on me with your WELKIN eye:] *i. e. blue* eye,—the colour of the welkin, or what we call the blue sky.

[2] ——————— may't be
Affection? thy intention stabs the centre:] Most of the editors, from Rowe downwards, have agreed to understand "affection" as *imagination*; but the meaning is clear without any such forced construction. Leontes is looking towards Hermione and Polixenes when he asks, "Can thy dam?—may't be

Thou dost make possible things not so held,
Communicat'st with dreams;—(how can this be?)—
With what's unreal thou coactive art,
And fellow'st nothing. Then, 'tis very credent[3],
Thou may'st co-join with something; and thou dost;
(And that beyond commission;) and I find it,
And that to the infection of my brains,
And hardening of my brows.
Pol. What means Sicilia?
Her. He something seems unsettled.
Pol. How, my lord!
Leon. What cheer? how is't with you, best brother[4]?
Her. You look,
As if you held a brow of much distraction:
Are you mov'd, my lord?
Leon. No, in good earnest.—
How sometimes nature will betray its folly,
Its tenderness, and make itself a pastime
To harder bosoms! Looking on the lines
Of my boy's face, my thoughts I did recoil
Twenty-three years[5], and saw myself unbreech'd,

affection?" *i. e.* is it possible she feels *love* for him? and then he goes on to observe that her intention stabs him to the centre, and makes possible things considered impossible. Shakespeare, over and over again, uses "affection" for *love*, and "intention" here is to be taken rather as intentness, vehemence, or ardour of mind. In the old copies the punctuation is such as we have adopted, and although, as we have said before, that can and ought to be no rule, in cases of difficulty it may be some guide.

[3] —— Then, 'tis very CREDENT,] In "Measure for Measure," Vol. ii. p. 85, we have "credent," as here, used for *credible*.

[4] What cheer? how is't with you, best brother?] There is no reason whatever for taking this passage from Leontes, and adding it to the preceding exclamation of Polixenes, "How, my lord!" The old copies are uniform in the present distribution of the dialogue. Leontes is endeavouring to recover himself, and breaks from a fit of abstraction with the line, "What cheer? how is't with you, best brother?" What Hermione subsequently says confirms this restoration.

[5] ———————— Looking on the lines
Of my boy's face, MY thoughts I did recoil
Twenty-three years,] In the old copies it stands, "*me* thoughts I did recoil," and so it has been since usually printed. A MS. correction in Lord F. Egerton's copy shows that *me* has been inserted for *my*. "Methought" occurs just afterwards, and it is there printed without the letter *s* at the end, and in parenthesis. Such would have been the case with "me thoughts," if

In my green velvet coat; my dagger muzzled,
Lest it should bite its master, and so prove,
As ornaments oft do, too dangerous.
How like, methought, I then was to this kernel,
This squash[6], this gentleman.—Mine honest friend,
Will you take eggs for money[7]?

Mam. No, my lord, I'll fight.

Leon. You will? why, happy man be his dole[8]!—
My brother,
Are you so fond of your young prince, as we
Do seem to be of ours?

Pol. If at home, sir,
He's all my exercise, my mirth, my matter:
Now my sworn friend, and then mine enemy;
My parasite, my soldier, statesman, all.
He makes a July's day short as December;
And with his varying childness cures in me
Thoughts that would thick my blood.

Leon. So stands this squire
Offic'd with me. We two will walk, my lord,
And leave you to your graver steps.—Hermione,
How thou lov'st us, show in our brother's welcome:
Let what is dear in Sicily, be cheap.
Next to thyself, and my young rover, he's
Apparent to my heart.

Her. If you would seek us,
We are yours i' the garden[9]: shall's attend you there?

methought had been intended. What Leontes says is, that "looking in the lines of his boy's face, he recoiled his thoughts twenty-three years."

[6] This SQUASH,] *i. e.* This immature peascod. See Vol. ii. p. 425, note 3.

[7] Will you take eggs for money?] This phrase was proverbial for putting up with an affront, and so it was understood by Mamillius.

[8] — why, happy man be his DOLE!] *i. e.* May happiness be his *portion:* "dole" is another word for *share*, or what is *dealt* to a man. The expression, "happy man be his dole," is of frequent occurrence in old writers, and we have had it before on p. 123 of this vol.: see note 6.

[9] If you would seek us,
We are yours i' the garden:] In Greene's novel of "Pandosto," we read, "When Pandosto was busied with such urgent affaires that hee could not bee present with his friend Egistus, Bellaria would walke with him into the garden,

Leon. To your own bents dispose you: you'll be found,
Be you beneath the sky.—[*Aside.*] I am angling now,
Though you perceive me not how I give line.
Go to, go to!
How she holds up the neb, the bill to him;
And arms her with the boldness of a wife
To her allowing husband. Gone already!
[*Exeunt* POLIXENES, HERMIONE, *and Attendants.*
Inch-thick, knee-deep, o'er head and ears a fork'd one!—
Go play, boy, play;—thy mother plays, and I
Play too, but so disgrac'd a part, whose issue
Will hiss me to my grave: contempt and clamour
Will be my knell.—Go play, boy, play.—There have been,
Or I am much deceiv'd, cuckolds ere now;
And many a man there is, (even at this present,
Now, while I speak this,) holds his wife by th' arm,
That little thinks she has been sluic'd in's absence,
And his pond fish'd by his next neighbour, by
Sir Smile, his neighbour. Nay, there's comfort in't,
Whiles other men have gates, and those gates open'd,
As mine, against their will. Should all despair
That have revolted wives, the tenth of mankind
Would hang themselves. Physic for't there is none:
It is a bawdy planet, that will strike
Where 'tis predominant; and 'tis powerful, think it,
From east, west, north, and south: be it concluded,
No barricado for a belly: know it;
It will let in and out the enemy,
With bag and baggage. Many a thousand on's[1]

where they two in privat and pleasant devises would passe away the time to both their contents." Shakespeare's Library, Part i. p. 7.

[1] Many a thousand on's.] Malone prints it "of us;" but if he chose to alter *on* to *of*, he ought, for the sake of the verse, to have read *of's*: "on's" is an abbreviation for the sake of the verse, and the language of the time: fidelity, metre, and custom require its preservation.

Have the disease, and feel't not.—How now, boy?
Mam. I am like you, they say[2].
Leon. Why, that's some comfort.—
What! Camillo there?
Cam. Ay, my good lord.
Leon. Go play, Mamillius; thou'rt an honest man.—
[*Exit* MAMILLIUS.
Camillo, this great sir will yet stay longer.
Cam. You had much ado to make his anchor hold:
When you cast out, it still came home.
Leon. Didst note it?
Cam. He would not stay at your petitions; made
His business more material.
Leon. Didst perceive it?—
They're here with me already; whispering, rounding[3],
"Sicilia is a"—so-forth. 'Tis far gone,
When I shall gust it last[4].—How came't, Camillo,
That he did stay?
Cam. At the good queen's entreaty.
Leon. At the queen's, be't: good should be pertinent;
But so it is, it is not. Was this taken
By any understanding pate but thine?
For thy conceit is soaking, will draw in
More than the common blocks:—not noted, is't,
But of the finer natures? by some severals,

[2] I am like you, THEY say.] The second folio inserts "they," after "you," while the first folio has it, "I am like you say." It may possibly be doubted whether we ought not to read, "I am like you, *you* say;" the old printer having omitted the repetition of the pronoun *you*. Leontes has previously told Mamillius that they are said to be alike,

"Yet *they say* we are
Almost as like as eggs."

The authority of the second folio is to be preferred to any conjectural emendation; and "they" may have dropped out in the press.

[3] They're HERE WITH ME already; whispering, ROUNDING,] "They're here with me" means, "They are aware of my condition." *Rounding* is another word for *whispering:* "to round in the ear" is a very common phrase in old writers. "To round," or *roun*, is derived from the German *runen*.

[4] When I shall GUST it last.] *i. e. taste* or perceive it last, while other people are already whispering and rounding.

Of head-piece extraordinary? lower messes[5],
Perchance, are to this business purblind: say.
Cam. Business, my lord? I think, most understand
Bohemia stays here longer.
Leon. Ha?
Cam. Stays here longer.
Leon. Ay, but why?
Cam. To satisfy your highness, and the entreaties
Of our most gracious mistress.
Leon. Satisfy
The entreaties of your mistress?—satisfy?—
Let that suffice. I have trusted thee, Camillo,
With all the nearest things to my heart, as well
My chamber-councils, wherein, priest-like, thou
Hast cleans'd my bosom: I from thee departed
Thy penitent reform'd; but we have been
Deceiv'd in thy integrity, deceiv'd
In that which seems so.
Cam. Be it forbid, my lord!
Leon. To bide upon't,—thou art not honest; or,
If thou inclin'st that way, thou art a coward,
Which hoxes honesty behind[6], restraining
From course requir'd; or else thou must be counted
A servant grafted in my serious trust,
And therein negligent; or else a fool,
That seest a game play'd home, the rich stake drawn,
And tak'st it all for jest.
Cam. My gracious lord,
I may be negligent, foolish, and fearful:
In every one of these no man is free,
But that his negligence, his folly, fear,
Amongst the infinite doings of the world,
Sometime puts forth. In your affairs, my lord,
If ever I were wilful-negligent,

[5] Lower MESSES,] *i. e.* people who sit at lower, or more removed tables. Each four diners at an inn of court are still said to constitute a *mess*.

[6] — HOXES honesty behind,] To "hox" is properly to *hough* or to ham-string.

It was my folly; if industriously
I play'd the fool, it was my negligence,
Not weighing well the end; if ever fearful
To do a thing, where I the issue doubted,
Whereof the execution did cry out
Against the non-performance, 'twas a fear
Which oft infects the wisest[7]. These, my lord,
Are such allow'd infirmities, that honesty
Is never free of: but, beseech your grace,
Be plainer with me: let me know my trespass
By its own visage; if I then deny it,
'Tis none of mine.

Leon. Have not you seen, Camillo,
(But that's past doubt; you have, or your eye-glass
Is thicker than a cuckold's horn) or heard,
(For, to a vision so apparent, rumour
Cannot be mute) or thought, (for cogitation
Resides not in that man that does not think[8])
My wife is slippery? If thou wilt confess,
Or else be impudently negative,
To have nor eyes, nor ears, nor thought, then say,
My wife's a hobbyhorse[9]; deserves a name
As rank as any flax-wench, that puts to
Before her troth-plight: say't, and justify't.

Cam. I would not be a stander-by, to hear
My sovereign mistress clouded so, without
My present vengeance taken. 'Shrew my heart,
You never spoke what did become you less
Than this; which to reiterate, were sin

[7] Which oft INFECTS the wisest.] Malone reads *affects* for *infects*, as it is given in all the old copies.

[8] ——————————— (for cogitation
Resides not in that man that does not think,)] The second folio adds *it* after "think," but needlessly, the word being clearly understood; and, as Malone contends, the sense, notwithstanding the parenthesis, carried on to the words "my wife is slippery." Otherwise, to say that "cogitation resides not in that man that does not think," is a mere truism.

[9] My wife's a HOBBYHORSE;] All the old folios read "holy horse," which is corrected in MS. in Lord F. Egerton's copy to "hobby horse," which is most likely the true reading, and was first adopted by Pope.

As deep as that, though true.
Leon. Is whispering nothing?
Is leaning cheek to cheek? is meeting noses?
Kissing with inside lip? stopping the career
Of laughter with a sigh? (a note infallible
Of breaking honesty) horsing foot on foot?
Skulking in corners? wishing clocks more swift?
Hours, minutes? noon, midnight? and all eyes blind
With the pin and web[10], but theirs, theirs only,
That would unseen be wicked? is this nothing?
Why, then the world, and all that is in't, is nothing;
The covering sky is nothing; Bohemia nothing;
My wife is nothing; nor nothing have these nothings,
If this be nothing.
Cam. Good my lord, be cur'd
Of this diseas'd opinion, and betimes;
For 'tis most dangerous.
Leon. Say, it be; 'tis true.
Cam. No, no, my lord.
Leon. It is; you lie, you lie:
I say, thou liest, Camillo, and I hate thee;
Pronounce thee a gross lout, a mindless slave,
Or else a hovering temporizer, that
Canst with thine eyes at once see good and evil,
Inclining to them both: Were my wife's liver
Infected as her life, she would not live
The running of one glass.
Cam. Who does infect her?
Leon. Why he, that wears her like her medal[1], hanging

[10] ——————— and all eyes blind
With the PIN AND WEB,] *The pin and web* was the old name for a cataract in the eyes: thus Florio, in his "New World of Words," 1611, informs us that *cataratta* is "a dimness of sight, occasioned by humours hardened in the eyes called a cataract, or *a pin and a web*. This explanation is wanting in Florio's first edition, 1598.

[1] Why he, that wears her like HER medal,] So the old copies; but some of the later editors have altered it to "*his* medal," which is anything but an improvement: the meaning is, that Polixenes wears Hermione round his neck, as if it were a medal or resemblance of *her*—"her medal."

About his neck, Bohemia: who—if I
Had servants true about me, that bare eyes
To see alike mine honour as their profits,
Their own particular thrifts, they would do that
Which should undo more doing: ay, and thou,
His cup-bearer[2],—whom I from meaner form
Have bench'd, and rear'd to worship, who may'st see
Plainly, as heaven sees earth, and earth sees heaven,
How I am galled,—might'st bespice a cup[3],
To give mine enemy a lasting wink,
Which draught to me were cordial.

Cam. Sir, my lord,
I could do this, and that with no rash potion,
But with a lingering dram, that should not work
Maliciously, like poison; but I cannot
Believe this crack to be in my dread mistress,
So sovereignly being honourable.
I have lov'd thee,—

Leon. Make that thy question, and go rot[4]!
Dost think, I am so muddy, so unsettled,
To appoint myself in this vexation? sully
The purity and whiteness of my sheets,
(Which to preserve is sleep; which, being spotted,
Is goads, thorns, nettles, tails of wasps,)
Give scandal to the blood o' the prince, my son,

[2] His cup-bearer,] Greene, in his novel of "Pandosto," says, that "devising with himself a long time how he might best put away Egistus, without suspition of treacherous murder, he concluded at last to poyson him: which opinion pleasing his humour, he became resolute in his determination, and the better to bring the matter to passe he called unto him his cup-bearer," meaning the cup-bearer of Egistus. Shakespeare's Library, Part i. p. 9.

[3] How I am galled,—might'st bespice a cup,] The second folio repeats *thou* before "might'st;" but to read "galled" as a dissyllable renders it unnecessary.

[4] Make THAT thy question, and go rot!] The commentators have differed in their printing and interpretation of this passage, which in the folios is given exactly as in our text. Malone would read "*Make't* thy question," which rather seems to refer to the interrupted observation of Camillo, "I have lov'd thee," than to what the words, "Make *that* thy question," really appear to relate to. The meaning of Leontes surely is, as Mr. Knight suggests, that Camillo may go rot, if he doubts or makes question of that which he has just been told. What follows in the king's speech fully supports this interpretation.

(Who, I do think is mine, and love as mine)
Without ripe moving to't? Would I do this?
Could man so blench[5]?

Cam. I must believe you, sir:
I do; and will fetch off Bohemia for't;
Provided, that when he's remov'd, your highness
Will take again your queen, as yours at first,
Even for your son's sake; and thereby for sealing
The injury of tongues, in courts and kingdoms
Known and allied to yours.

Leon. Thou dost advise me,
Even so as I mine own course have set down.
I'll give no blemish to her honour, none.

Cam. My lord,
Go then; and with a countenance as clear
As friendship wears at feasts, keep with Bohemia,
And with your queen. I am his cupbearer;
If from me he have wholesome beverage,
Account me not your servant.

Leon. This is all:
Do't, and thou hast the one half of my heart;
Do't not, thou split'st thine own.

Cam. I'll do't, my lord.

Leon. I will seem friendly, as thou hast advis'd me.
[*Exit.*

Cam. O, miserable lady!—But, for me,
What case stand I in? I must be the poisoner
Of good Polixenes; and my ground to do't
Is the obedience to a master; one,
Who, in rebellion with himself, will have
All that are his so too.—To do this deed,
Promotion follows: if I could find example
Of thousands that had struck anointed kings,
And flourish'd after, I'd not do't; but since

[5] Could man so BLENCH?] To *blench* is to *start off*. See Vol. ii. p. 86, note 4. Leontes means, "could any man so start or fly off from propriety of behaviour." Such is the correct interpretation of Steevens.

Nor brass, nor stone, nor parchment, bears not one,
Let villany itself forswear't. I must
Forsake the court: to do't, or no, is certain
To me a break-neck. Happy star, reign now!
Here comes Bohemia.

Enter POLIXENES.

Pol. This is strange. Methinks,
My favour here begins to warp. Not speak?—
Good-day, Camillo.

Cam. Hail, most royal sir!

Pol. What is the news i' the court?

Cam. None rare, my lord.

Pol. The king hath on him such a countenance,
As he had lost some province, and a region
Lov'd as he loves himself: even now I met him
With customary compliment, when he,
Wafting his eyes to the contrary, and falling
A lip of much contempt, speeds from me, and
So leaves me to consider what is breeding
That changes thus his manners.

Cam. I dare not know, my lord.

Pol. How! dare not? do not! Do you know, and dare not
Be intelligent to me? 'Tis thereabouts;
For, to yourself, what you do know, you must,
And cannot say, you dare not. Good Camillo,
Your chang'd complexions are to me a mirror,
Which shows me mine chang'd too; for I must be
A party in this alteration, finding
Myself thus alter'd with 't.

Cam. There is a sickness
Which puts some of us in distemper; but
I cannot name the disease, and it is caught
Of you, that yet are well.

Pol. How caught of me?
Make me not sighted like the basilisk:

I have look'd on thousands, who have sped the better
By my regard, but kill'd none so. Camillo,—
As you are certainly a gentleman; thereto
Clerk-like, experienc'd, which no less adorns
Our gentry than our parents' noble names,
In whose success we are gentle,—I beseech you,
If you know aught which does behove my knowledge
Thereof to be inform'd, imprison it not
In ignorant concealment.

Cam. I may not answer.

Pol. A sickness caught of me, and yet I well?
I must be answer'd.—Dost thou hear, Camillo,
I conjure thee, by all the parts of man
Which honour does acknowledge,—whereof the least
Is not this suit of mine,—that thou declare
What incidency thou dost guess of harm
Is creeping toward me; how far off, how near;
Which way to be prevented, if to be;
If not, how best to bear it.

Cam. Sir, I will tell you;
Since I am charg'd in honour, and by him
That I think honourable. Therefore, mark my counsel,
Which must be even as swiftly follow'd, as
I mean to utter it, or both yourself and me
Cry, "lost," and so good-night.

Pol. On, good Camillo.

Cam. I am appointed him to murder you[6].

Pol. By whom, Camillo?

Cam. By the king.

Pol. For what?

Cam. He thinks, nay, with all confidence he swears,
As he had seen't, or been an instrument
To vice you to't[7]—that you have touch'd his queen

[6] I am appointed HIM to murder you.] *i. e.* says Boswell, "I am appointed *by him* to murder you." Surely not: the meaning is, "I am appointed the man who is to murder you."

[7] ——————— an instrument
To VICE you to't,] "To vice," had a very general signification in the time

Forbiddenly.

Pol. O! then my best blood turn
To an infected jelly, and my name
Be yok'd with his that did betray the Best[8]!
Turn then my freshest reputation to
A savour, that may strike the dullest nostril
Where I arrive; and my approach be shunn'd,
Nay, hated too, worse than the great'st infection
That e'er was heard, or read!

Cam. Swear his thought over
By each particular star in heaven[9], and
By all their influences, you may as well
Forbid the sea for to obey the moon,
As, or by oath, remove, or counsel, shake,
The fabric of his folly, whose foundation
Is pil'd upon his faith, and will continue
The standing of his body.

Pol. How should this grow?

Cam. I know not; but, I am sure, 'tis safer to
Avoid what's grown, than question how 'tis born.
If therefore you dare trust my honesty,
That lies enclosed in this trunk, which you
Shall bear along impawn'd, away to-night.
Your followers I will whisper to the business;
And will, by twos and threes, at several posterns,
Clear them o' the city. For myself, I'll put
My fortunes to your service, which are here
By this discovery lost. Be not uncertain;

of Shakespeare: here it means, to draw as by a mechanical power. Warburton's mistaken notion was, that there was some allusion in the text to the character called the Vice in old Moralities.

[8] ———————— and my name
Be yok'd with his that did betray the Best!] *i. e.* Be coupled with that of Judas Iscariot. "Best," as Henderson remarked, is printed with a capital; but so are "jelly," "name," "reputation," "nostril," and "infection," in the same speech. However, there can be no doubt that such is the allusion.

[9] Swear his thought over] So the old copies; with, perhaps, sufficient intelligibility, taking "Swear his thought over" in the sense "Overswear his thought:" Theobald would read "Swear this though over."

For, by the honour of my parents, I
Have utter'd truth, which if you seek to prove,
I dare not stand by; nor shall you be safer
Than one condemned by the king's own mouth,
Thereon his execution sworn.

Pol. I do believe thee:
I saw his heart in 's face. Give me thy hand:
Be pilot to me, and thy places shall
Still neighbour mine. My ships are ready[10], and
My people did expect my hence departure
Two days ago.—This jealousy
Is for a precious creature: as she's rare,
Must it be great; and, as his person's mighty,
Must it be violent; and, as he does conceive
He is dishonour'd by a man which ever
Profess'd to him, why, his revenges must
In that be made more bitter. Fear o'ershades me:
Good expedition be my friend, and comfort
The gracious queen, part of his theme, but nothing
Of his ill-ta'en suspicion[11]! Come, Camillo:
I will respect thee as a father, if
Thou bear'st my life off hence. Let us avoid.

Cam. It is in mine authority to command
The keys of all the posterns. Please your highness
To take the urgent hour. Come, sir: away! [*Exeunt.*

[10] — My ships are ready,] In Green's novel of "Pandosto," the fleet which conveyed Egistus (*i. e.* Polixenes) has to be prepared for sea on the instant. Shakespeare, most judiciously, has taken care that they shall be ready to sail.

[11] ——————————— and comfort
The gracious queen, part of his theme, but nothing
Of his ill-ta'en suspicion!] The absence of Polixenes, the object of the jealousy of Leontes, was to comfort the queen, who was part of the theme on which the king dwelt, (Polixenes being the other part) but who, being innocent, may be said to be "nothing" of the "ill-ta'en suspicion" against her.

ACT II. SCENE I.

The Same.

Enter HERMIONE, MAMILLIUS, *and Ladies.*

Her. Take the boy to you: he so troubles me,
'Tis past enduring.

1 *Lady.* Come, my gracious lord:
Shall I be your play-fellow?

Mam. No, I'll none of you.

1 *Lady.* Why, my sweet lord?

Mam. You'll kiss me hard, and speak to me as if
I were a baby still.—I love you better.

2 *Lady.* And why so, my lord?

Mam. Not for because
Your brows are blacker; yet black brows, they say,
Become some women best, so that there be not
Too much hair there, but in a semi-circle,
Or a half-moon made with a pen.

2 *Lady.* Who taught this[1]?

Mam. I learn'd it out of women's faces.—Pray now,
What colour are your eyebrows?

1 *Lady.* Blue, my lord.

Mam. Nay, that's a mock: I have seen a lady's nose
That has been blue, but not her eyebrows.

2 *Lady.* Hark ye.
The queen, your mother, rounds apace: we shall
Present our services to a fine new prince,
One of these days, and then you'd wanton with us,
If we would have you.

1 *Lady.* She is spread of late

[1] Who taught this?] All the modern editors read, "Who taught *you* this?" but "you" is not in the old copies, is not necessary for the sense, and is not wanted for the metre.

Into a goodly bulk: good time encounter her!
Her. What wisdom stirs amongst you? Come, sir; now
I am for you again: pray you, sit by us,
And tell's a tale.
Mam. Merry, or sad, shall't be?
Her. As merry as you will.
Mam. A sad tale's best for winter.
I have one of sprites and goblins.
Her. Let's have that, good sir.
Come on; sit down:—come on, and do your best
To fright me with your sprites: you're powerful at it.
Mam. There was a man,—
Her. Nay, come, sit down; then on.
Mam. Dwelt by a church-yard.—I will tell it softly;
Yond' crickets shall not hear it.
Her. Come on then,
And give't me in mine ear.

Enter LEONTES, ANTIGONUS, *Lords, and Others*[2].

Leon. Was he met there? his train? Camillo with him?
1 *Lord.* Behind the tuft of pines I met them: never
Saw I men scour so on their way. I ey'd them
Even to their ships.
Leon. How bless'd am I
In my just censure! in my true opinion!—
Alack, for lesser knowledge!—How accurs'd,
In being so blest!—There may be in the cup
A spider steep'd, and one may drink, depart,
And yet partake no venom, for his knowledge
Is not infected; but if one present
The abhorr'd ingredient to his eye, make known
How he hath drunk, he cracks his gorge, his sides,

[2] Enter Leontes, Antigonus, Lords, and Others.] Their entrance is marked in the old copies at the beginning of the scene, but it takes place here.

With violent hefts[3]. — I have drunk, and seen the spider.
Camillo was his help in this, his pander.—
There is a plot against my life, my crown:
All's true that is mistrusted:—that false villain,
Whom I employ'd, was pre-employ'd by him.
He has discover'd my design, and I
Remain a pinch'd thing; yea, a very trick
For them to play at will[4].—How came the posterns
So easily open?

1 *Lord.* By his great authority;
Which often hath no less prevail'd than so,
On your command.

Leon. I know't too well.—
Give me the boy. [*To* HERMIONE.] I am glad, you did not nurse him:
Though he does bear some signs of me, yet you
Have too much blood in him.

Her. What is this? sport?

Leon. Bear the boy hence; he shall not come about her.
Away with him; and let her sport herself
With that she's big with, for 'tis Polixenes
Has made thee swell thus.

Her. But I'd say he had not,
And, I'll be sworn, you would believe my saying,
Howe'er you lean to the nayward.

Leon. You, my lords,
Look on her, mark her well; be but about
To say, "she is a goodly lady," and
The justice of your hearts will thereto add,
"'Tis pity she's not honest, honourable:"

[3] With violent HEFTS.] *i. e. heavings.*

[4] For them to play at will.] Heath's explanation is, that Leontes means that he remains "a puppet for them to move and actuate as they please." This is probably the correct interpretation of the passage; and, as Mr. Barron Field observes to me, puppets are still moved and played by pinching them between the finger and thumb.

Praise her but for this her without-door form,
(Which, on my faith, deserves high speech) and straight
The shrug, the hum, or ha (these petty brands,
That calumny doth use,—O, I am out!—
That mercy does, for calumny will sear
Virtue itself)—these shrugs, these hums, and ha's,
When you have said "she's goodly," come between,
Ere you can say "she's honest." But be't known,
From him that has most cause to grieve it should be,
She's an adult'ress.

Her. Should a villain say so,
The most replenish'd villain in the world,
He were as much more villain: you, my lord,
Do but mistake.

Leon. You have mistook, my lady,
Polixenes for Leontes. O, thou thing!
Which I'll not call a creature of thy place,
Lest barbarism, making me the precedent,
Should a like language use to all degrees,
And mannerly distinguishment leave out
Betwixt the prince and beggar!—I have said
She's an adult'ress; I have said with whom:
More, she's a traitor; and Camillo is
A federary with her[5], and one that knows
What she should shame to know herself,
But with her most vile principal, that she's
A bed-swerver, even as bad as those
That vulgars give bold'st titles; ay, and privy
To this their late escape.

Her. No, by my life,
Privy to none of this. How will this grieve you,

[5] ———— and Camillo is
A federary with her,] A "federary" means, of course, a confederate; but it may be reasonably doubted whether it is not a misprint for *feodary*, a word Shakespeare uses in "Measure for Measure," (see Vol. ii. p. 45,) and again in "Cymbeline," A. iii. sc. 2, "Art thou a *feodary* for this act?" Malone truly states that "there is no such word as *federary*;" and Steevens calls it "a word of our author's coinage;" but it is more likely to be a word of the printer's corrupting, though not corrected in the later folios.

When you shall come to clearer knowledge, that
You thus have publish'd me? Gentle my lord,
You scarce can right me throughly then, to say
You did mistake.

Leon. No; if I mistake[6]
In those foundations which I build upon,
The centre is not big enough to bear
A school-boy's top.—Away with her to prison!
He, who shall speak for her, is afar off guilty,
But that he speaks.

Her. There's some ill planet reigns:
I must be patient, till the heavens look
With an aspect more favourable.—Good my lords,
I am not prone to weeping, as our sex
Commonly are, the want of which vain dew,
Perchance, shall dry your pities; but I have
That honourable grief lodg'd here, which burns
Worse than tears drown. Beseech you all, my lords,
With thoughts so qualified as your charities
Shall best instruct you, measure me;—and so
The king's will be perform'd.

Leon. Shall I be heard?

[*To the Guards.*

Her. Who is't, that goes with me?—Beseech your highness,
My women may be with me; for, you see,
My plight requires it. Do not weep, good fools;
There is no cause: when you shall know, your mistress
Has deserv'd prison, then abound in tears,
As I come out: this action, I now go on,
Is for my better grace.—Adieu, my lord:

[6] No; if I mistake] Malone and Steevens, taking upon them to improve Shakespeare's versification, printed "No, no; if I mistake." How can we be at all sure, that our great poet did not mean to leave the line syllabically incomplete, for the sake of the emphasis to be placed upon the single "no," which, with a pause after it, would amply make up the time? Even the second folio makes no change.

I never wish'd to see you sorry; now,
I trust, I shall.—My women, come; you have leave.

Leon. Go, do our bidding: hence!

[*Exeunt Queen and Ladies.*

1 *Lord.* Beseech your highness, call the queen again.

Ant. Be certain what you do, sir, lest your justice
Prove violence; in the which three great ones suffer,
Yourself, your queen, your son.

1 *Lord.* For her, my lord,
I dare my life lay down, and will do't, sir,
Please you t' accept it, that the queen is spotless
I' the eyes of heaven, and to you: I mean,
In this which you accuse her.

Ant. If it prove
She's otherwise, I'll keep my stables where
I lodge my wife[7]; I'll go in couples with her;
Than when I feel, and see her, no further trust her;
For every inch of woman in the world,
Ay, every dram of woman's flesh, is false,
If she be.

Leon. Hold your peaces!

1 *Lord.* Good my lord,—

Ant. It is for you we speak, not for ourselves.
You are abus'd, and by some putter-on,
That will be damn'd for't; would I knew the villain,
I would land-damn him[8]. Be she honour-flaw'd,—

[7] ——— I'll keep my stables where
I lodge my wife;] The meaning is not very clear, unless we take "stable" in its etymological sense from *stabulum*, a standing-place, abode, or habitation. In that case, Antigonus only says that he will take care never to allow his wife to dwell in any place where he is not. The Rev. Mr. Barry recommends this interpretation to me; but if so, we ought to read "stables" in the singular.

[8] I would LAND-DAMN him.] This word seems inexplicable; and all the learned ink the commentators have spent upon it has been merely wasted. Dr. Farmer's suggestion of *laudanum him* comes nearest to the sound, perhaps, but seems quite as far from the sense as any of the other conjectures. The word "lamback" occurs in various writers, and means to *beat;* but it can hardly have been mistaken by the printer, and it would not be forcible enough for Anti-

I have three daughters; the eldest is eleven,
The second, and the third, nine, and some five[9];
If this prove true, they'll pay for't: by mine honour,
I'll geld them all: fourteen they shall not see,
To bring false generations: they are co-heirs,
And I had rather glib myself, than they
Should not produce fair issue.

Leon. Cease! no more.
You smell this business with a sense as cold
As is a dead man's nose; but I do see't, and feel't,
As you feel doing thus, and see withal
The instruments that feel[1].

Ant. If it be so,
We need no grave to bury honesty:
There's not a grain of it the face to sweeten
Of the whole dungy earth.

Leon. What! lack I credit?

1 *Lord.* I had rather you did lack, than I, my lord,
Upon this ground; and more it would content me
To have her honour true, than your suspicion,
Be blam'd for't how you might.

Leon. Why, what need we
Commune with you of this, but rather follow
Our forceful instigation? Our prerogative
Calls not your counsels, but our natural goodness
Imparts this; which, if you (or stupified,
Or seeming so in skill) cannot, or will not,
Relish a truth like us, inform yourselves,
We need no more of your advice: the matter,

gonus' state of mind. We meet with "lamback" in the *unique* drama of "The rare Triumphs of Love and Fortune," 1589 :—

"Heare you, sirra: you are no devill: mas, and I wist you were,
I would *lamback* the devill out of you, for all your geare."

Again, in Munday and Chettle's "Death of Robert Earl of Huntington," 1601 :

"And with this dagger lustily *lambacked*."

[9] The second, and the third, nine, and some five ;] *i. e.* the second nine, and the third some five.

[1] ——————— and see withal
The instruments that feel.] Leontes, at these words, must be supposed to take hold of Antigonus. "The instruments that feel" are of course his fingers.

The loss, the gain, the ordering on't, is all
Properly ours.

Ant. And I wish, my liege,
You had only in your silent judgment tried it,
Without more overture.

Leon. How could that be?
Either thou art most ignorant by age,
Or thou wert born a fool. Camillo's flight,
Added to their familiarity,
(Which was as gross as ever touch'd conjecture,
That lack'd sight only, nought for approbation
But only seeing[2], all other circumstances
Made up to the deed) doth push on this proceeding:
Yet, for a greater confirmation,
(For in an act of this importance 'twere
Most piteous to be wild,) I have despatch'd in post,
To sacred Delphos, to Apollo's temple,
Cleomenes and Dion, whom you know
Of stuff'd sufficiency. Now, from the oracle
They will bring all; whose spiritual counsel had,
Shall stop, or spur me. Have I done well?

1 *Lord.* Well done, my lord.

Leon. Though I am satisfied, and need no more
Than what I know, yet shall the oracle
Give rest to the minds of others; such as he,
Whose ignorant credulity will not
Come up to the truth. So have we thought it good,
From our free person she should be confin'd,
Lest that the treachery of the two fled hence
Be left her to perform. Come, follow us:
We are to speak in public; for this business
Will raise us all.

Ant. [*Aside.*] To laughter, as I take it,
If the good truth were known. [*Exeunt.*

[2] ——— nought for APPROBATION
But only seeing,] *i. e.* That required no other *proof* excepting sight, all other circumstances being complete.

SCENE II.

The Same. The outer Room of a Prison.

Enter PAULINA *and Attendants.*

Paul. The keeper of the prison,—call to him:
[*Exit an Attendant.*
Let him have knowledge who I am.—Good lady!
No court in Europe is too good for thee,
What dost thou then in prison?—Now, good sir,

Re-enter Attendant, with the Jailor[3].

You know me, do you not?
Jailor. For a worthy lady,
And one whom much I honour.
Paul. Pray you then,
Conduct me to the queen.
Jailor. I may not, madam: to the contrary
I have express commandment.
Paul. Here's ado,
To lock up honesty and honour from
Th' access of gentle visitors!—Is't lawful, pray you,
To see her women? any of them? Emilia?
Jailor. So please you, madam,
To put apart these your attendants, I
Shall bring Emilia forth.
Paul. I pray now, call her.
Withdraw yourselves. [*Exeunt Attend.*
Jailor. And, madam,
I must be present at your conference.
Paul. Well, be 't so, pr'ythee. [*Exit Jailor.*

[3] Re-enter Attendant, with the JAILOR.] So called in the old copies; from which there is no reason to vary, by calling the "Jailor" *Keeper*, as has been done by the modern editors. They took a similar liberty in "The Comedy of Errors," Vol. ii. p. 158, where the "Jailor" of the folios is converted into "an Officer."

Here's such ado to make no stain a stain,
As passes colouring.

Re-enter Jailor, with EMILIA.

Dear gentlewoman,
How fares our gracious lady?
Emil. As well as one so great, and so forlorn,
May hold together. On her frights, and griefs,
(Which never tender lady hath borne greater,)
She is, something before her time, deliver'd.
Paul. A boy?
Emil. A daughter; and a goodly babe,
Lusty, and like to live: the queen receives
Much comfort in't, says, "My poor prisoner,
I am innocent as you."
Paul. I dare be sworn:—
These dangerous, unsafe lunes i' the king[4], beshrew them!
He must be told on't, and he shall: the office
Becomes a woman best; I'll take't upon me.
If I prove honey-mouth'd, let my tongue blister,
And never to my red-look'd anger be
The trumpet any more.—Pray you, Emilia,
Commend my best obedience to the queen:
If she dares trust me with her little babe,
I'll show't the king, and undertake to be
Her advocate to the loud'st. We do not know
How he may soften at the sight o' the child:

[4] These dangerous, unsafe LUNES i' the king!] The word "lunes" does not occur in any other English dramatist of the time, that I am aware of, but *moon* is used precisely in the same sense, in Cyril Tourneur's "Revenger's Tragedy," 1608:—

"I know 'twas but some peevish *moon* in him."

Shakespeare is partial to "lunes," and it is met with in "The Merry Wives of Windsor," A. iv. sc. 2, if not in "Troilus and Cressida," A. ii. sc. 3, where the word is, however, misprinted *lines* in the folio. Cotgrave has "*lune* folie;" and Theobald derives the phrase from the French, in which "il y a de la lune" is a familiar expression. Malone and Steevens take some credit for correcting "i' the king" into "o' the king;" but where was the propriety of the change?

The silence often of pure innocence
Persuades, when speaking fails.
Emil. Most worthy madam,
Your honour, and your goodness, is so evident,
That your free undertaking cannot miss
A thriving issue: there is no lady living
So meet for this great errand. Please your ladyship
To visit the next room, I'll presently
Acquaint the queen of your most noble offer,
Who, but to-day, hammer'd of this design,
But durst not tempt a minister of honour,
Lest she should be denied.
Paul. Tell her, Emilia,
I'll use that tongue I have: if wit flow from it,
As boldness from my bosom, let it not be doubted
I shall do good.
Emil. Now, be you blest for it!
I'll to the queen.—Please you, come something nearer.
Jailor. Madam, if't please the queen to send the babe,
I know not what I shall incur to pass it,
Having no warrant.
Paul. You need not fear it, sir:
The child was prisoner to the womb, and is,
By law and process of great nature, thence
Freed and enfranchis'd; not a party to
The anger of the king, nor guilty of,
If any be, the trespass of the queen.
Jailor. I do believe it.
Paul. Do not you fear: upon mine honour, I
Will stand betwixt you and danger. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

The Same. A Room in the Palace.

Enter LEONTES, ANTIGONUS, *Lords, and other Attendants.*

Leon. Nor night, nor day, no rest. It is but weakness
To bear the matter thus, mere weakness. If
The cause were not in being, part o' the cause,
She, th' adult'ress; for the harlot king
Is quite beyond mine arm, out of the blank
And level of my brain, plot-proof; but she
I can hook to me: say, that she were gone,
Given to the fire, a moiety of my rest
Might come to me again.—Who's there?
1 *Atten.* My lord.
Leon. How does the boy?
1 *Atten.* He took good rest to-night:
'Tis hop'd, his sickness is discharg'd.
Leon. To see his nobleness!
Conceiving the dishonour of his mother,
He straight declin'd, droop'd, took it deeply,
Fasten'd and fix'd the shame on't in himself,
Threw off his spirit, his appetite, his sleep,
And downright languish'd.—Leave me solely:—go,
See how he fares. [*Exit Attend.*]—Fie, fie! no thought of him[5]:—
The very thought of my revenges that way
Recoil upon me: in himself too mighty,

[5] Fie, fie! no thought of HIM:] *i. e.* Of Polixenes, to whom the thoughts of Leontes naturally revert without naming him. Coleridge called this, in his lectures in 1815, an admirable instance of propriety in soliloquy, where the mind leaps from one object to another, however distant, without any apparent interval; the operation here being perfectly intelligible without mentioning Polixenes. The king is talking to himself, while his lords and attendants stand at a distance.

And in his parties, his alliance[6];—let him be,
Until a time may serve: for present vengeance,
Take it on her. Camillo and Polixenes
Laugh at me; make their pastime at my sorrow:
They should not laugh, if I could reach them; nor
Shall she, within my power.

Enter PAULINA, *with a Child.*

1 *Lord.* You must not enter.

Paul. Nay, rather, good my lords, be second to me.
Fear you his tyrannous passion more, alas!
Than the queen's life? a gracious innocent soul,
More free than he is jealous.

Ant. That's enough.

1 *Atten.* Madam, he hath not slept to-night; commanded
None should come at him.

Paul. Not so hot, good sir:
I come to bring him sleep. 'Tis such as you,—
That creep like shadows by him, and do sigh
At each his needless heavings,—such as you
Nourish the cause of his awaking: I
Do come with words as medicinal as true,
Honest as either, to purge him of that humour,
That presses him from sleep.

Leon. What noise there, ho[7]?

Paul. No noise, my lord; but needful conference,
About some gossips for your highness.

[6] And in his parties, his ALLIANCE,] So, in Greene's novel: "Pandosto, although he felt that *revenge* was a spurre to warre, and that envy alwaies proffereth steele, yet he saw Egistus was not only of great puissance and prowesse to withstand him, but also had many kings of his *alliance* to ayde him, if neede should serve; for he married the Emperour's daughter of Russia. These and the like considerations something daunted Pandosto his courage, so that he was content rather to put up a manifest injurie with peace, than hunt after revenge, dishonor, and losse; determining, since Egistus had escaped scot-free, that Bellaria should pay for all at an unreasonable price." Shakespeare's Library, Part i. p. 14.

[7] WHAT noise there, ho?] The first folio reads *who:* the error was corrected in the second folio.

Leon. How?—
Away with that audacious lady. Antigonus,
I charg'd thee, that she should not come about me:
I knew she would.

Ant. I told her so, my lord,
On your displeasure's peril, and on mine,
She should not visit you.

Leon. What! canst not rule her?

Paul. From all dishonesty he can: in this,
(Unless he take the course that you have done,
Commit me for committing honour) trust it,
He shall not rule me.

Ant. Lo, you now! you hear.
When she will take the rein, I let her run;
But she'll not stumble.

Paul. Good my liege, I come,—
And, I beseech you, hear me, who professes
Myself your loyal servant, your physician,
Your most obedient counsellor, yet that dares
Less appear so in comforting your evils[8],
Than such as most seem yours,—I say, I come
From your good queen.

Leon. Good queen!

Paul. Good queen, my lord, good queen: I say, good queen;
And would by combat make her good, so were I
A man, the worst about you.

Leon. Force her hence.

Paul. Let him that makes but trifles of his eyes
First hand me. On mine own accord I'll off,
But first I'll do my errand.—The good queen,
For she is good, hath brought you forth a daughter:
Here 'tis; commends it to your blessing.
[*Laying down the Child.*

[8] — in COMFORTING your evils,] "Comforting" is here used, as Monck Mason observes, in the legal sense of *comforting* and abetting a person in any criminal action.

Leon. Out!
A mankind witch[9]! Hence with her, out o' door:
A most intelligencing bawd!
Paul. Not so:
I am as ignorant in that, as you
In so entitling me, and no less honest
Than you are mad; which is enough, I'll warrant,
As this world goes, to pass for honest.
Leon. Traitors!
Will you not push her out? Give her the bastard.—
Thou, dotard, [*To* ANTIGONUS.] thou art woman-tir'd[10], unroosted
By thy dame Partlet here.—Take up the bastard:
Take't up, I say; give't to thy crone[1].
Paul. For ever
Unvenerable be thy hands, if thou
Tak'st up the princess by that forced baseness
Which he has put upon't!
Leon. He dreads his wife.
Paul. So I would you did; then, 'twere past all doubt,
You'd call your children yours.
Leon. A nest of traitors!
Ant. I am none, by this good light.
Paul. Nor I; nor any,
But one that's here, and that's himself; for he
The sacred honour of himself, his queen's,

[9] A MANKIND witch!] *i. e.* A *masculine* witch: "mankind" was frequently used in this sense. In "Coriolanus," A. iv. sc. 2, Sicinius asks Volumnia, "Are you *man kind?*" meaning, are you of the male sex?

[10] — thou art WOMAN-TIR'D,] *i. e.* in familiar terms, *hen-peck'd:* "dame Partlet," which Leontes just afterwards mentions, was the proverbial name for a hen. To *tire on* is to peck at with the beak. In *Histriomastix*, 1610, sig. F. 3, we find these lines:—

"O! how this vulture, vile ambition,
Tires on the heart of greatness, and devours."

In "Timon of Athens," A. iii. sc. 6, we read:—"Upon that were my thoughts *tiring*." The use of the word in that sense is not at all uncommon in our old dramatists.

[1] — thy CRONE.] A "crone" is an old woman. Chaucer employs the word.

His hopeful son's, his babe's, betrays to slander,
Whose sting is sharper than the sword's, and will not
(For, as the case now stands, it is a curse
He cannot be compell'd to't) once remove
The root of his opinion, which is rotten
As ever oak, or stone, was sound.

Leon. A callat,
Of boundless tongue[2], who late hath beat her husband,
And now baits me!—This brat is none of mine:
It is the issue of Polixenes.
Hence with it; and, together with the dam,
Commit them to the fire.

Paul. It is yours;
And, might we lay the old proverb to your charge,
So like you, 'tis the worse.—Behold, my lords,
Although the print be little, the whole matter
And copy of the father: eye, nose, lip,
The trick of his frown, his forehead; nay, the valley,
The pretty dimples of his chin, and cheek; his smiles;
The very mould and frame of hand, nail, finger.—
And, thou, good goddess Nature, which hast made it
So like to him that got it, if thou hast
The ordering of the mind too, 'mongst all colours
No yellow in't; lest she suspect, as he does,
Her children not her husband's.

Leon. A gross hag!—
And, lozel, thou art worthy to be hang'd[3],

[2] ———— A CALLAT,
Of boundless tongue,] "Callat" is sometimes spelt *callet*, and is a very old term of abuse applied to women. It seems originally to have meant merely a low mean woman, and has been derived from *calle*, which Tyrwhitt tells us is Fr. for "a species of cap," (Gloss. to Chaucer,) or from *calote*, which Grey says was a sort of head-dress worn by country girls. *Calle*, in Spanish, is a street, and in the time of Shakespeare, and much earlier, "callet" was generally used for a lewd woman, a drab. In "Henry the Sixth," Pt. iii. A. ii. sc. 2, we have "shameless callet;" and the word occurs again in a similar sense in "Othello," A. iv. sc. 2.

[3] And, LOZEL, thou art worthy to be hang'd,] "Lozel" is a word of the commonest occurrence, in the sense of a worthless and abandoned fellow. "A lozel," says Verstegan in his "Restitution," 1605, as quoted by Reed, "is one

That wilt not stay her tongue.
Ant. Hang all the husbands
That cannot do that feat, you'll leave yourself
Hardly one subject.
Leon. Once more, take her hence.
Paul. A most unworthy and unnatural lord
Can do no more.
Leon. I'll ha' thee burn'd.
Paul. I care not:
It is an heretic that makes the fire,
Not she which burns in't. I'll not call you tyrant;
But this most cruel usage of your queen
(Not able to produce more accusation
Than your own weak hing'd fancy) something savours
Of tyranny, and will ignoble make you,
Yea, scandalous to the world.
Leon. On your allegiance,
Out of the chamber with her. Were I a tyrant,
Where were her life? she durst not call me so,
If she did know me one. Away with her!
Paul. I pray you, do not push me; I'll be gone.
Look to your babe, my lord; 'tis yours: Jove send her
A better guiding spirit!—What need these hands?—
You, that are thus so tender o'er his follies,
Will never do him good, not one of you.
So, so:—farewell; we are gone. [*Exit.*
Leon. Thou, traitor, hast set on thy wife to this.—
My child? away with't!—even thou, that hast
A heart so tender o'er it, take it hence,
And see it instantly consum'd with fire:
Even thou, and none but thou. Take it up straight.
Within this hour bring me word 'tis done,
(And by good testimony) or I'll seize thy life,
With what thou else call'st thine. If thou refuse,
And wilt encounter with my wrath, say so;

that hath lost, neglected, or cast off his own good and welfare, and who is become lewd, and careless of credit and honesty."

The bastard-brains with these my proper hands
Shall I dash out. Go, take it to the fire,
For thou sett'st on thy wife.
Ant. I did not, sir:
These lords, my noble fellows, if they please,
Can clear me in't.
1 *Lord.* We can: my royal liege,
He is not guilty of her coming hither.
Leon. You 're liars all.
1 *Lord.* Beseech your highness, give us better credit.
We have always truly serv'd you, and beseech
So to esteem of us; and on our knees we beg,
(As recompense of our dear services,
Past, and to come) that you do change this purpose;
Which, being so horrible, so bloody, must
Lead on to some foul issue. We all kneel.
Leon. I am a feather for each wind that blows.—
Shall I live on, to see this bastard kneel
And call me father? Better burn it now,
Than curse it then. But, be it; let it live:—
It shall not neither.—You, sir, come you hither;
[*To* ANTIGONUS.
You, that have been so tenderly officious
With lady Margery, your midwife, there,
To save this bastard's life,—for 'tis a bastard,
So sure as thy beard's grey[4],—what will you adventure
To save this brat's life?
Ant. Any thing, my lord,
That my ability may undergo,
And nobleness impose: at least, thus much;
I'll pawn the little blood which I have left,
To save the innocent: any thing possible.
Leon. It shall be possible. Swear by this sword,

[4] So sure as THY beard's grey,] The old MS. corrector of Lord Francis Egerton's copy of the folio, 1623, altered "this" into *thy*, which, probably, was the true reading. Leontes could not, of course, refer to his own beard; and in order to make "*this* beard" intelligible, he must touch or pluck that of Antigonus.

Thou wilt perform my bidding.

Ant. I will, my lord.

Leon. Mark, and perform it, seest thou; for the fail
Of any point in't shall not only be
Death to thyself, but to thy lewd-tongued wife,
Whom for this time we pardon. We enjoin thee,
As thou art liegeman to us, that thou carry
This female bastard hence; and that thou bear it
To some remote and desert place, quite out
Of our dominions; and that there thou leave it,
Without more mercy, to its own protection,
And favour of the climate. As by strange fortune
It came to us, I do in justice charge thee,
On thy soul's peril and thy body's torture,
That thou commend it strangely to some place,
Where chance may nurse, or end it. Take it up.

Ant. I swear to do this, though a present death
Had been more merciful.—Come on, poor babe:
Some powerful spirit instruct the kites and ravens,
To be thy nurses! Wolves, and bears, they say,
Casting their savageness aside, have done
Like offices of pity.—Sir, be prosperous
In more than this deed doth require!—and blessing
Against this cruelty fight on thy side,
Poor thing, condemn'd to loss! [*Exit with the Child.*

Leon. No; I'll not rear
Another's issue.

1 *Atten.* Please your highness, posts
From those you sent to the oracle are come
An hour since: Cleomenes and Dion,
Being well arriv'd from Delphos, are both landed,
Hasting to the court.

1 *Lord.* So please you, sir, their speed
Hath been beyond account.

Leon. Twenty-three days
They have been absent: 'tis good speed, foretels,
The great Apollo suddenly will have

The truth of this appear. Prepare you, lords:
Summon a session, that we may arraign
Our most disloyal lady; for, as she hath
Been publicly accus'd, so shall she have
A just and open trial. While she lives,
My heart will be a burden to me. Leave me,
And think upon my bidding. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

The Same. A Street in some Town.

Enter CLEOMENES *and* DION.

Cleo. The climate's delicate, the air most sweet,
Fertile the isle[5], the temple much surpassing
The common praise it bears.
Dion. I shall report,
For most it caught me, the celestial habits,
(Methinks, I so should term them) and the reverence
Of the grave wearers. O, the sacrifice!
How ceremonious, solemn, and unearthly
It was i' the offering!
Cleo. But, of all, the burst
And the ear-deafening voice o' the oracle,
Kin to Jove's thunder, so surpris'd my sense,
That I was nothing.

[5] Fertile THE ISLE,] *i. e.* The *isle* of Delphos. Warburton points out a geographical blunder here, inasmuch as the temple of Apollo at Delphi was not in an island, but in Phocis on the continent. This is of course true; but Shakespeare had "isle" from Greene, in whom the error was less excusable, as he was Master of Arts in both Universities. In "Pandosto," Bellaria requests "that it would please his Majestie to send sixe of his noble men, whom he best trusted, to *the isle of Delphos*, there to inquire of the Oracle of Apollo, whether she had committed adultery with Egistus, or conspired to poyson him with Tranion." Shakespeare's Library, Part i. p. 20.

Dion. If th' event o' the journey
Prove as successful to the queen,—O, be't so!—
As it hath been to us rare, pleasant, speedy,
The time is worth the use on't.
Cleo. Great Apollo,
Turn all to the best! These proclamations,
So forcing faults upon Hermione,
I little like.
Dion. The violent carriage of it
Will clear, or end, the business: when the oracle,
(Thus by Apollo's great divine seal'd up)
Shall the contents discover, something rare,
Even then, will rush to knowledge.—Go,—fresh horses;—
And gracious be the issue! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The Same. A Court of Justice.

Enter LEONTES, *Lords, and Officers.*

Leon. This sessions (to our great grief we pronounce)
Even pushes 'gainst our heart: the party tried,
The daughter of a king; our wife, and one
Of us too much belov'd.—Let us be clear'd
Of being tyrannous, since we so openly
Proceed in justice, which shall have due course,
Even to the guilt, or the purgation.—
Produce the prisoner.
Offi. It is his highness' pleasure, that the queen
Appear in person here in court. [*Silence*[6].

[6] [SILENCE.] The word "Silence" is printed as a stage-direction in the first folio, without any indication of the entrance of the queen, &c. This deficiency the second folio supplied merely by the word "*Enter*," which follows "*Silence*." The third and fourth folios adopt the reading of the second. Malone and all

Enter HERMIONE, *guarded*; PAULINA *and Ladies attending.*

Leon. Read the indictment.

Offi. "Hermione, queen to the worthy Leontes, king of Sicilia, thou art here accused and arraigned of high treason, in committing adultery with Polixenes, king of Bohemia; and conspiring with Camillo to take away the life of our sovereign lord the king, thy royal husband: the pretence whereof being by circumstances partly laid open, thou, Hermione, contrary to the faith and allegiance of a true subject, didst counsel and aid them, for their better safety, to fly away by night[7]."

Her. Since what I am to say, must be but that
Which contradicts my accusation, and
The testimony on my part no other
But what comes from myself, it shall scarce boot me
To say, "Not guilty:" mine integrity,
Being counted falsehood, shall, as I express it,
Be so receiv'd. But thus:—If powers divine
Behold our human actions, (as they do,)
I doubt not, then, but innocence shall make
False accusation blush, and tyranny
Tremble at patience[8].—You, my lord, best know,

the other modern editors have chosen to take "*Silence*" as an exclamation of the officer: so it might be; but the printer of the folio, 1623, did not so understand it, and the editor of the folio, 1632, when correcting an obvious omission, did not think fit to alter the reading. The word *Silence* was probably meant to mark the suspense, that ought to be displayed by all upon the stage, on the entrance of Hermione to take her trial.

[7] — to fly away by night.] These are nearly Greene's words:—"it was objected against her that she had committed adulterie with Egistus, and conspired with Tranion to poyson Pandosto, her husband; but their pretence being partly spyed, she counselled them to flie away by night for their better safety." Shakespeare's Library, Part i. p. 19. In both Shakespeare and Greene, the word "pretence" is used in the sense of *intention*; but this was common to many writers of the time.

[8] Tremble at patience.] Shakespeare here also adheres pretty closely to the terms of the novel, where Bellaria thus commences her defence:—"If the devine powers bee privy to humane actions, (as no doubt they are,) I hope my patience shall make fortune blushe, and my unspotted life shall staine spightful discredit." Shakespeare's Library, Part i. p. 22.

(Who least will seem to do so) my past life
Hath been as continent, as chaste, as true,
As I am now unhappy; which is more
Than history can pattern, though devis'd,
And play'd to take spectators. For behold me,
A fellow of the royal bed, which owe[9]
A moiety of the throne, a great king's daughter,
The mother to a hopeful prince, here standing
To prate and talk for life, and honour, 'fore
Who please to come and hear. For life, I prize it
As I weigh grief, which I would spare: for honour,
'Tis a derivative from me to mine,
And only that I stand for. I appeal
To your own conscience, sir, before Polixenes
Came to your court, how I was in your grace,
How merited to be so; since he came,
With what encounter so uncurrent I
Have strain'd, t' appear thus[10]: if one jot beyond
The bound of honour, or, in act, or will,
That way inclining, harden'd be the hearts
Of all that hear me, and my near'st of kin
Cry, "Fie!" upon my grave.

Leon. I ne'er heard yet,
That any of these bolder vices wanted
Less impudence to gainsay what they did,
Than to perform it first.

Her. That's true enough;
Though 'tis a saying, sir, not due to me.

Leon. You will not own it.

[9] — which owe] *i. e.* which *own*. See Vol. ii. pp. 45. 136. 297, &c.

[10] ——————— since he came,
With what encounter so uncurrent I
Have strain'd, t' appear thus:] This passage is difficult, and Johnson confessed that he could not understand it. Steevens considers it a metaphor from running at tilt; but Mr. Amyot has given me the following explanation of the sentence, in which the meaning of the author has probably been ascertained:—"Hermione intends to say, beloved as I was by you before Polixenes arrived, and deservedly so, I appeal to your conscience how it has happened that I have had to struggle against so untoward a current, as to appear thus before you in the character of a criminal."

Her. More than mistress of,
Which comes to me in name of fault, I must not
At all acknowledge. For Polixenes,
(With whom I am accus'd) I do confess,
I lov'd him, as in honour he requir'd,
With such a kind of love as might become
A lady like me; with a love, even such,
So and no other, as yourself commanded:
Which not to have done, I think, had been in me
Both disobedience and ingratitude
To you, and toward your friend, whose love had spoke,
Even since it could speak from an infant, freely,
That it was yours. Now, for conspiracy,
I know not how it tastes, though it be dish'd
For me to try how: all I know of it
Is, that Camillo was an honest man;
And why he left your court, the gods themselves,
Wotting no more than I, are ignorant.

Leon. You knew of his departure, as you know
What you have underta'en to do in's absence.

Her. Sir,
You speak a language that I understand not:
My life stands in the level of your dreams[1],
Which I'll lay down.

Leon. Your actions are my dreams:
You had a bastard by Polixenes,
And I but dream'd it.—As you were past all shame,
(Those of your fact are so) so past all truth[2],
Which to deny concerns more than avails; for as
Thy brat hath been cast out, like to itself,
No father owning it, (which is, indeed,

[1] My life stands IN THE LEVEL of your dreams,] A metaphor from gunnery: to stand *in the level* means to be the object at which direct aim is taken.

[2] ——— As you are past all shame,
(Those of your fact are so) so past all truth;] "And as for her, it was her parte to denye such a monstrous crime, and to be impudent in forswearing the fact, since shee had past all shame in committing the fault." Greene's "Pandosto," in Shakespeare's Library, Part i. p. 19.

More criminal in thee than it) so thou
Shalt feel our justice, in whose easiest passage
Look for no less than death.

Her. Sir, spare your threats:
The bug, which you would fright me with, I seek.
To me can life be no commodity:
The crown and comfort of my life, your favour,
I do give lost; for I do feel it gone,
But know not how it went. My second joy,
And first-fruits of my body, from his presence
I am barr'd, like one infectious. My third comfort,
Starr'd most unluckily, is from my breast,
The innocent milk in its most innocent mouth,
Haled out to murder: myself on every post
Proclaim'd a strumpet: with immodest hatred,
The child-bed privilege denied, which 'longs
To women of all fashion: lastly, hurried
Here to this place, i' the open air, before
I have got strength of limit[3]. Now, my liege,
Tell me what blessings I have here alive,
That I should fear to die? Therefore, proceed.
But yet hear this; mistake me not.—No: life,
I prize it not a straw; but for mine honour,
(Which I would free) if I shall be condemn'd
Upon surmises, all proofs sleeping else
But what your jealousies awake, I tell you,
'Tis rigour, and not law.—Your honours all,
I do refer me to the oracle:
Apollo be my judge.

1 *Lord.* This your request
Is altogether just. Therefore, bring forth,
And in Apollo's name, his oracle.

[*Exeunt several Officers.*

Her. The emperor of Russia was my father:

[3] ——————— before
I have got STRENGTH OF LIMIT.] *i. e.* before I have recovered a limited degree of strength: Monck Mason's interpretation.

O ! that he were alive, and here beholding
His daughter's trial; that he did but see
The flatness of my misery, yet with eyes
Of pity, not revenge!

Re-enter Officers, with CLEOMENES *and* DION.

Offi. You here shall swear upon this sword of justice,
That you, Cleomenes and Dion, have
Been both at Delphos; and from thence have brought
This seal'd-up oracle, by the hand deliver'd
Of great Apollo's priest; and that, since then,
You have not dar'd to break the holy seal,
Nor read the secrets in't.

Cleo. Dion. All this we swear.

Leon. Break up the seals, and read.

Offi. [*Reads.*] "Hermione is chaste, Polixenes blameless, Camillo a true subject, Leontes a jealous tyrant, his innocent babe truly begotten; and the king shall live without an heir, if that which is lost be not found[4]."

Lords. Now, blessed be the great Apollo!

Her. Praised!

Leon. Hast thou read truth?

Offi. Ay, my lord; even so
As it is here set down.

Leon. There is no truth at all i' the oracle.
The sessions shall proceed: this is mere falsehood.

Enter a Servant, hastily.

Serv. My lord the king, the king!

[4] — if that which is lost be not found.] This oracle, with the change of names, is from Greene's "Pandosto."—"Suspition is no proofe; jealousie is an unequall judge; Bellaria is chast; Egistus blamelesse; Tranion a true subject; Pandosto treacherous: his babe an innocent; the king shall die without an heire, if that which is lost be not founde." Shakespeare's Library, Part i. p. 21. The editions of "Pandosto" subsequent to that of 1588, read "his babe innocent," and "the king shall live without an heire," &c. Therefore, Shakespeare employed one of the later impressions; probably that of 1609, the year before we suppose him to have commenced this play.

Leon. What is the business?
Serv. O sir! I shall be hated to report it:
The prince your son, with mere conceit and fear
Of the queen's speed[5], is gone.
Leon. How! gone?
Serv. Is dead.
Leon. Apollo's angry, and the heavens themselves
Do strike at my injustice. [HERMIONE *faints.*] How now there!
Paul. This news is mortal to the queen.—Look down,
And see what death is doing.
Leon. Take her hence:
Her heart is but o'ercharg'd; she will recover.—
I have too much believ'd mine own suspicion:—
Beseech you, tenderly apply to her
Some remedies for life.—Apollo, pardon
[*Exeunt* PAULINA *and Ladies, with* HERM.
My great profaneness 'gainst thine oracle!—
I'll reconcile me to Polixenes,
New woo my queen, recall the good Camillo,
Whom I proclaim a man of truth, of mercy;
For, being transported by my jealousies
To bloody thoughts and to revenge, I chose
Camillo for the minister, to poison
My friend Polixenes: which had been done,
But that the good mind of Camillo tardied
My swift command; though I with death, and with
Reward, did threaten and encourage him,
Not doing it, and being done: he, most humane,
And fill'd with honour, to my kingly guest
Unclasp'd my practice; quit his fortunes here,
Which you knew great, and to the hazard[6]

[5] Of the queen's SPEED,] *i. e.* of how the queen would speed in the trial.

[6] Which you knew great, and to the hazard] This line, in the folio of 1623, is deficient two syllables, and the editor of the folio of 1632 supplied them by the word "certain." Malone considers "certain" of all words the "most

Of all incertainties himself commended,
No richer than his honour.—How he glisters
Thorough my rust[7]! and how his piety
Does my deeds make the blacker!

Re-enter PAULINA.

Paul. Woe the while!
O, cut my lace, lest my heart, cracking it,
Break too!

1 *Lord.* What fit is this, good lady?

Paul. What studied torments, tyrant, hast for me?
What wheels? racks? fires? What flaying? boiling,
In leads, or oils? what old, or newer torture
Must I receive, whose every word deserves
To taste of thy most worst? Thy tyranny,
Together working with thy jealousies,—
Fancies too weak for boys, too green and idle
For girls of nine,—O! think, what they have done,
And then run mad, indeed; stark mad, for all
Thy by-gone fooleries were but spices of it.
That thou betray'dst Polixenes, 'twas nothing;
That did but show thee of a fool[8], inconstant,
And damnable ungrateful: nor was't much,
Thou would'st have poison'd good Camillo's honour,
To have him kill a king; poor trespasses,
More monstrous standing by! whereof I reckon
The casting forth to crows thy baby daughter,
To be or none, or little; though a devil
Would have shed water out of fire, ere don't:
Nor is't directly laid to thee, the death
Of the young prince, whose honourable thoughts

objectionable," while Steevens urges that it is "quite in Shakespeare's manner." We may, therefore, safely leave the line as it stands in the oldest and most authentic copy, and as, in all probability, Shakespeare left it.

[7] Thorough my rust!] The first folio has "*Through* my rust," and the second folio, "Through my *dark* rust;" but the addition to the old text is needless, if we only read *Through* "Thorough."

[8] That did but show thee of a FOOL,] Theobald would read *soul* for fool; and Warburton, "that did but show thee *off* a fool." No change is necessary.

(Thoughts high for one so tender) cleft the heart
That could conceive a gross and foolish sire
Blemish'd his gracious dam: this is not, no,
Laid to thy answer: but the last,—O, lords!
When I have said, cry, woe!—the queen, the queen,
The sweet'st, dear'st creature's dead; and vengeance for't
Not dropp'd down yet.

1 *Lord.* The higher powers forbid!

Paul. I say, she's dead; I'll swear't: if word, nor oath,
Prevail not, go and see. If you can bring
Tincture, or lustre, in her lip, her eye,
Heat outwardly, or breath within, I'll serve you
As I would do the gods.—But, O thou tyrant!
Do not repent these things, for they are heavier
Than all thy woes can stir; therefore, betake thee
To nothing but despair. A thousand knees
Ten thousand years together, naked, fasting,
Upon a barren mountain, and still winter,
In storm perpetual, could not move the gods
To look that way thou wert.

Leon. Go on, go on;
Thou canst not speak too much: I have deserv'd
All tongues to talk their bitterest.

1 *Lord.* Say no more:
Howe'er the business goes, you have made fault
I' the boldness of your speech.

Paul. I am sorry for't:
All faults I make, when I shall come to know them,
I do repent. Alas! I have show'd too much
The rashness of a woman. He is touch'd
To the noble heart.—What's gone, and what's past help,
Should be past grief: do not receive affliction
At my petition, I beseech you; rather,
Let me be punish'd, that have minded you

Of what you should forget. Now, good my liege,
Sir, royal sir, forgive a foolish woman:
The love I bore your queen,—lo, fool again!—
I'll speak of her no more, nor of your children;
I'll not remember you of my own lord,
Who is lost too. Take your patience to you,
And I'll say nothing.

Leon. Thou didst speak but well,
When most the truth, which I receive much better,
Than to be pitied of thee. Pr'ythee, bring me
To the dead bodies of my queen, and son.
One grave shall be for both: upon them shall
The causes of their death appear, unto
Our shame perpetual. Once a day I'll visit
The chapel where they lie: and tears shed there
Shall be my recreation: so long as nature
Will bear up with this exercise, so long
I daily vow to use it. Come, and lead me
To these sorrows. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Bohemia. A Desert Country near the Sea.

Enter ANTIGONUS, *with the Babe*[*]; *and a Mariner.*

Ant. Thou art perfect, then, our ship hath touch'd upon
The deserts of Bohemia?

Mar. Ay, my lord; and fear
We have landed in ill time: the skies look grimly,
And threaten present blusters. In my conscience,

[*] Enter Antigonus with the BABE;] It is called "Babe" in the old copies, nor can we see any reason for changing, with the modern editors, the word to *child*, and every reason for preserving the word which, we may suppose, Shakespeare wrote.

The heavens with that we have in hand are angry,
And frown upon us.

Ant. Their sacred wills be done!—Go, get aboard;
Look to thy bark: I'll not be long, before
I call upon thee.

Mar. Make your best haste, and go not
Too far i' the land: 'tis like to be loud weather;
Besides, this place is famous for the creatures
Of prey that keep upon't.

Ant. Go thou away:
I'll follow instantly.

Mar. I am glad at heart
To be so rid o' the business. [*Exit.*

Ant. Come, poor babe:—
I have heard, (but not believ'd) the spirits o' the dead
May walk again: if such thing be, thy mother
Appear'd to me last night, for ne'er was dream
So like a waking. To me comes a creature,
Sometimes her head on one side, some another;
I never saw a vessel of like sorrow,
So fill'd, and so becoming: in pure white robes,
Like very sanctity, she did approach
My cabin where I lay, thrice bow'd before me,
And, gasping to begin some speech, her eyes
Became two spouts: the fury spent, anon
Did this break from her:—"Good Antigonus,
"Since fate, against thy better disposition,
"Hath made thy person for the thrower-out
"Of my poor babe, according to thine oath,
"Places remote enough are in Bohemia,
"There weep, and leave it crying; and, for the babe
"Is counted lost for ever, Perdita
"I pr'ythee, call't: for this ungentle business,
"Put on thee by my lord, thou ne'er shalt see
"Thy wife Paulina more:"—and so, with shrieks
She melted into air. Affrighted much,
I did in time collect myself, and thought

This was so, and no slumber. Dreams are toys;
Yet for this once, yea, superstitiously,
I will be squar'd by this. I do believe,
Hermione hath suffer'd death; and that
Apollo would, this being indeed the issue
Of king Polixenes, it should here be laid,
Either for life or death, upon the earth
Of its right father.—Blossom, speed thee well!
[*Laying down the babe.*
There lie; and there thy character[1]: there these,
[*Laying down a bundle.*
Which may, if fortune please, both breed thee, pretty,
And still rest thine.—The storm begins.—Poor wretch!
That for thy mother's fault art thus expos'd
To loss, and what may follow.—Weep I cannot,
But my heart bleeds, and most accurs'd am I,
To be by oath enjoin'd to this.—Farewell!
The day frowns more and more: thou art like to have
A lullaby too rough[2]. I never saw
The heavens so dim by day. [*Bear roars.*] A savage clamour?—
Well may I get aboard!—This is the chase;
I am gone for ever. [*Exit, pursued by a bear*[3].

Enter an old Shepherd.

Shep. I would there were no age between ten and three-and-twenty, or that youth would sleep out the rest; for there is nothing in the between but getting

[1] — thy CHARACTER:] Thy description, with the name, "Perdita," as prescribed in the dream of Antigonus.

[2] A LULLABY too rough.] So, in "Pandosto:" "Shalt thou have the whistling windes for thy *lullabie*, and the salt sea fome instede of sweete milke?" Shakespeare's Library, Part i. p. 18. These verbal resemblances show, that Shakespeare wrote, not merely with Greene's novel in his memory, but before him.

[3] Exit, pursued by a bear.] This is the only stage direction in the old copies, but the others relating to the exposure of the child, &c. seem proper, though not absolutely necessary to the intelligibility of the text.

wenches with child, wronging the ancientry, stealing, fighting. — Hark you now! — Would any but these boiled-brains of nineteen, and two-and-twenty, hunt this weather? They have scared away two of my best sheep; which, I fear, the wolf will sooner find, than the master: if any where I have them, 'tis by the sea-side, browzing of ivy. Good luck, an't be thy will! what have we here? [*Taking up the Child.*] Mercy on's, a barn; a very pretty barn! A boy, or a child, I wonder? A pretty one; a very pretty one. Sure some scape: though I am not bookish, yet I can read waiting-gentlewoman in the scape. This has been some stair-work, some trunk-work, some behind-door-work: they were warmer that got this, than the poor thing is here. I'll take it up for pity; yet I'll tarry till my son come: he hallood but even now.—Whoa, ho hoa!

Enter Clown.

Clo. Hilloa, loa!

Shep. What! art so near? If thou'lt see a thing to talk on when thou art dead and rotten, come hither. What ail'st thou, man?

Clo. I have seen two such sights, by sea, and by land!—but I am not to say it is a sea, for it is now the sky: betwixt the firmament and it you cannot thrust a bodkin's point.

Shep. Why, boy, how is it?

Clo. I would, you did but see how it chafes, how it rages, how it takes up the shore! but that's not to the point. O, the most piteous cry of the poor souls! sometimes to see 'em, and not to see 'em: now the ship boring the moon with her mainmast; and anon swallowed with yest and froth, as you'd thrust a cork into a hogshead. And then for the land service: —to see how the bear tore out his shoulder bone; how he cried to me for help, and said, his name was

Antigonus, a nobleman.—But to make an end of the ship:—to see how the sea flap-dragoned it[4]; — but, first, how the poor souls roared, and the sea mocked them;—and how the poor gentleman roared, and the bear mocked him, both roaring louder than the sea, or weather.

Shep. Name of mercy! when was this, boy?

Clo. Now, now; I have not winked since I saw these sights: the men are not yet cold under water, nor the bear half dined on the gentleman: he's at it now.

Shep. Would I had been by, to have helped the old man!

Clo. I would you had been by the ship's side, to have helped her: there your charity would have lacked footing.

Shep. Heavy matters! heavy matters! but look thee here, boy. Now bless thyself: thou met'st with things dying, I with things new born. Here's a sight for thee: look thee, a bearing-cloth for a squire's child! Look thee here: take up, take up, boy; open't. So, let's see. It was told me, I should be rich by the fairies: this is some changeling[5]. — Open't: what's within, boy?

Clo. You're a made old man[6]: if the sins of your youth are forgiven you, you're well to live. Gold! all gold!

Shep. This is fairy gold, boy, and 'twill prove so: up with it, keep it close; home, home, the next way. We

[4] — To see how the sea FLAP-DRAGONED IT;] The meaning is, that the sea swallowed the ship as drinkers swallowed flap-dragons, which were almonds, or other inflammable substances set on fire, set afloat, and gulped down while blazing. See Vol. ii. p. 346, note 6.

[5] — this is some changeling.] Some child changed by the fairies. "Changeling" was often used synonymously with *idiot*, because the fairies were supposed to leave idiots instead of the children they took away.

[6] You're a MADE old man:] The old folios read "mad" for *made*, but Lord Francis Egerton's copy is corrected in the margin. In "Pandosto," as Farmer observed, the phrase occurs, where the old shepherd desires his wife to hold her peace, and "they were *made* for ever."

are lucky, boy; and to be so still requires nothing but secrecy.—Let my sheep go.—Come, good boy, the next way home.

Clo. Go you the next way with your findings: I'll go see if the bear be gone from the gentleman, and how much he hath eaten: they are never curst, but when they are hungry. If there be any of him left, I'll bury it.

Shep. That's a good deed. If thou may'st discern by that which is left of him, what he is, fetch me to the sight of him.

Clo. Marry, will I; and you shall help to put him i' the ground.

Shep. 'Tis a lucky day, boy, and we'll do good deeds on't. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

Enter TIME, *the Chorus.*

Time. I, that please some, try all; both joy, and terror,
Of good and bad; that make, and unfold error,—
Now take upon me, in the name of Time,
To use my wings. Impute it not a crime
To me, or my swift passage, that I slide
O'er sixteen years[7], and leave the growth untried
Of that wide gap; since it is in my power
To o'erthrow law, and in one self-born hour
To plant and o'erwhelm custom. Let me pass
The same I am, ere ancient'st order was,

[7] ——————— that I slide
O'er sixteen years,] In Greene's "Pandosto," the supposed interval is the same: "In so much that when she came to the age of sixteene yeeres," &c. Shakespeare's Library, Part i. p. 28.

Or what is now receiv'd: I witness to
The times that brought them in; so shall I do
To the freshest things now reigning, and make stale
The glistering of this present, as my tale
Now seems to it. Your patience this allowing,
I turn my glass, and give my scene such growing,
As you had slept between. Leontes leaving
Th' effects of his fond jealousies, so grieving
That he shuts up himself, imagine me,
Gentle spectators, that I now may be
In fair Bohemia; and remember well,
I mention'd a son o' the king's, which Florizel
I now name to you; and with speed so pace
To speak of Perdita, now grown in grace
Equal with wondering: What of her ensues,
I list not prophesy; but let Time's news
Be known, when 'tis brought forth:—a shepherd's daughter,
And what to her adheres, which follows after,
Is th' argument of Time. Of this allow,
If ever you have spent time worse ere now:
If never, yet that Time himself doth say,
He wishes earnestly you never may. [*Exit.*

SCENE I.

The Same. A Room in the Palace of Polixenes.

Enter Polixenes *and* Camillo.

Pol. I pray thee, good Camillo, be no more importunate: 'tis a sickness denying thee any thing, a death to grant this.

Cam. It is fifteen years, since I saw my country: though I have, for the most part, been aired abroad, I desire to lay my bones there. Besides, the penitent king, my master, hath sent for me; to whose feeling

sorrows I might be some allay, or I o'erween to think so, which is another spur to my departure.

Pol. As thou lovest me, Camillo, wipe not out the rest of thy services, by leaving me now. The need I have of thee, thine own goodness hath made: better not to have had thee, than thus to want thee. Thou, having made me businesses, which none without thee can sufficiently manage, must either stay to execute them thyself, or take away with thee the very services thou hast done; which if I have not enough considered, (as too much I cannot) to be more thankful to thee shall be my study, and my profit therein, the heaping friendships. Of that fatal country, Sicilia, pr'ythee speak no more, whose very naming punishes me with the remembrance of that penitent, as thou call'st him, and reconciled king, my brother; whose loss of his most precious queen, and children, are even now to be afresh lamented. Say to me, when saw'st thou the prince Florizel, my son? Kings are no less unhappy, their issue not being gracious, than they are in losing them when they have approved their virtues.

Cam. Sir, it is three days, since I saw the prince. What his happier affairs may be, are to me unknown; but I have missingly noted, he is of late much retired from court, and is less frequent to his princely exercises than formerly he hath appeared.

Pol. I have considered so much, Camillo, and with some care; so far, that I have eyes under my service, which look upon his removedness: from whom I have this intelligence; that he is seldom from the house of a most homely shepherd; a man, they say, that from very nothing, and beyond the imagination of his neighbours, is grown into an unspeakable estate.

Cam. I have heard, sir, of such a man, who hath a daughter of most rare note: the report of her is extended more, than can be thought to begin from such a cottage.

Pol. That's likewise part of my intelligence, but, I fear, the angle that plucks our son thither. Thou shalt accompany us to the place, where we will, not appearing what we are, have some question with the shepherd; from whose simplicity, I think it not uneasy to get the cause of my son's resort thither. Pr'ythee, be my present partner in this business, and lay aside the thoughts of Sicilia.

Cam. I willingly obey your command.

Pol. My best Camillo!—We must disguise ourselves.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The Same. A Road near the Shepherd's Cottage.

Enter AUTOLYCUS, *singing.*

When daffodils begin to peer,—
With, heigh! the doxy over the dale,—
Why, then comes in the sweet o' the year;
For the red blood reigns in the winter's pale.

The white sheet bleaching on the hedge,—
With, heigh! the sweet birds, O, how they sing!—
Doth set my pugging tooth on edge[8]*;*
For a quart of ale is a dish for a king.

The lark, that tirra-lirra chants,—
With heigh! with heigh[9]*! the thrush and the jay,*
Are summer songs for me and my aunts,
While we lie tumbling in the hay.

[8] Doth set my PUGGING tooth on edge ;] It is very likely that "pugging" is misprinted for *prigging* or thieving. The clown afterwards uses the word "prig" for a thief. However, "a puggard" was a well known kind of cheat; and hence Autolycus may have obtained his participle.

[9] With heigh! WITH HEIGH! the thrush and the jay:] The first folio has only "with heigh!" the repetition, necessary for the metre, is from the second folio.

I have served prince Florizel, and, in my time, wore three-pile[10]; but now I am out of service:

But shall I go mourn for that, my dear?
The pale moon shines by night;
And when I wander here and there,
I then do most go right.

If tinkers may have leave to live,
And bear the sow-skin budget,
Then my account I well may give,
And in the stocks avouch it.

My traffic is sheets; when the kite builds, look to lesser linen. My father named me, Autolycus; who, being, as I am, littered under Mercury, was likewise a snapper-up of unconsidered trifles. With dic, and drab, I purchased this caparison, and my revenue is the silly cheat. Gallows, and knock, are too powerful on the highway: beating, and hanging, are terrors to me: for the life to come, I sleep out the thought of it.—A prize! a prize!

Enter Clown.

Clo. Let me see:—Every 'leven wether tods[11]; every tod yields—pound and odd shilling: fifteen hundred shorn,—what comes the wool to?

Aut. [*Aside.*] If the springe hold, the cock's mine.

Clo. I cannot do't without counters.—Let me see; what I am to buy for our sheep-shearing feast? "Three pound of sugar; five pound of currants; rice"—What will this sister of mine do with rice? But my father hath made her mistress of the feast, and she lays it on. She hath made me four-and-twenty nosegays for the shearers; three-man song-men all[1], and very good

[10] — and, in my time, wore THREE-PILE;] *i. e.* Three-pile velvet,—velvet of the richest description.

[11] — tods;] A *tod*, according to Percy, is twenty-eight pounds of wool.

[1] — three-man song-men all,] *i. e.* Singers of songs in three parts, or for three men.

ones, but they are most of them means and bases: but one Puritan amongst them, and he sings psalms to hornpipes. I must have saffron, to colour the warden pies; mace,—dates,—none; that's out of my note: "nutmegs, seven: a race or two of ginger;" but that I may beg:—"four pound of prunes, and as many of raisins o' the sun."

Aut. O, that ever I was born!

[*Grovelling on the ground.*

Clo. I' the name of me!—

Aut. O, help me, help me! pluck but off these rags, and then, death, death!

Clo. Alack, poor soul! thou hast need of more rags to lay on thee, rather than have these off.

Aut. O, sir! the loathsomeness of them offends me more than the stripes I have received, which are mighty ones, and millions.

Clo. Alas, poor man! a million of beating may come to a great matter.

Aut. I am robbed, sir, and beaten; my money and apparel ta'en from me, and these detestable things put upon me.

Clo. What, by a horse-man, or a foot-man?

Aut. A foot-man, sweet sir, a foot-man.

Clo. Indeed, he should be a foot-man, by the garments he hath left with thee: if this be a horse-man's coat, it hath seen very hot service. Lend me thy hand, I'll help thee: come; lend me thy hand.

[*Helping him up.*

Aut. O! good sir, tenderly, O!

Clo. Alas, poor soul!

Aut. O, good sir! softly, good sir. I fear, sir, my shoulder-blade is out.

Clo. How now? canst stand?

Aut. Softly, dear sir: [*Picks his pocket.*] good sir, softly. You ha' done me a charitable office.

Clo. Dost lack any money? I have a little money for thee.

Aut. No, good, sweet sir: no, I beseech you, sir. I have a kinsman not past three quarters of a mile hence, unto whom I was going: I shall there have money, or any thing I want. Offer me no money, I pray you: that kills my heart.

Clo. What manner of fellow was he that robbed you?

Aut. A fellow, sir, that I have known to go about with trol-my-dames[2]: I knew him once a servant of the prince. I cannot tell, good sir, for which of his virtues it was, but he was certainly whipped out of the court.

Clo. His vices, you would say: there's no virtue whipped out of the court: they cherish it, to make it stay there, and yet it will no more but abide[3].

Aut. Vices I would say, sir. I know this man well: he hath been since an ape-bearer; then a process-server, a bailiff; then he compassed a motion of the prodigal son[4], and married a tinker's wife within a mile where my land and living lies; and, having flown over many knavish professions, he settled only in rogue: some call him Autolycus.

Clo. Out upon him! Prig, for my life, prig: he haunts wakes, fairs, and bear-baitings.

Aut. Very true, sir; he, sir, he: that's the rogue, that put me into this apparel.

Clo. Not a more cowardly rogue in all Bohemia: if you had but looked big, and spit at him, he'd have run.

[2] A fellow, sir, that I have known to go about with TROL-MY-DAMES:] An old French game, called *trou-madame*, from the hole into which the ball was to be driven. It seems to have been very similar to what we now call *bagatelle*. In English, says Steevens, the game was also of old called *pidgeon-holes*, when the ball had to pass through the arches of a wooden bridge across the board.

[3] — it will no more but ABIDE.] *i. e.* It will do no more than remain there for a time.

[4] — a MOTION of the prodigal son,] A "motion" was technical for a puppet-show, of which the history of the prodigal son was here the subject.

Aut. I must confess to you, sir, I am no fighter: I am false of heart that way, and that he knew, I warrant him.

Clo. How do you now?

Aut. Sweet sir, much better than I was: I can stand, and walk. I will even take my leave of you, and pace softly towards my kinsman's.

Clo. Shall I bring thee on the way?

Aut. No, good-faced sir; no, sweet sir.

Clo. Then fare thee well. I must go buy spices for our sheep-shearing.

Aut. Prosper you, sweet sir!—[*Exit Clown.*] Your purse is not hot enough to purchase your spice. I'll be with you at your sheep-shearing too. If I make not this cheat bring out another, and the shearers prove sheep, let me be unrolled, and my name put in the book of virtue!

Jog on, jog on, the foot-path way[5],
And merrily hent the stile-a[6]*:*
A merry heart goes all the day,
Your sad tires in a mile-a. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.[7]

The Same. A Shepherd's Cottage.

Enter FLORIZEL *and* PERDITA.

Flo. These, your unusual weeds, to each part of you
Do give a life: no shepherdess, but Flora

[5] Jog on, jog on, &c.] These lines, Reed observes, are part of a catch printed in "An Antidote against Melancholy, made up in Pills, compounded of witty Ballads, Jovial Songs, and merry Catches," 1661, 4to, p. 69. "A merry heart lives long-a" is a quotation by Mrs. Merrythought, in "The Knight of the Burning Pestle." See Dyce's Beaumont and Fletcher, Vol. ii. p. 148.

[6] And merrily HENT the stile-a:] To *hent* is to take. See Vol. ii. p. 87, note 6.

[7] Scene III.] This is *Scena Quarta* in the old copies, and the two previous scenes have been called *secunda* and *tertia*, the address of Time being considered by the editor of the first folio as one scene.

Peering in April's front[8]. This, your sheep-shearing,
Is as a meeting of the petty gods,
And you the queen on't.

Per. Sir, my gracious lord,
To chide at your extremes it not becomes me;
O! pardon, that I name them: your high self,
The gracious mark o' the land, you have obscur'd
With a swain's wearing, and me, poor lowly maid,
Most goddess-like prank'd up. But that our feasts
In every mess have folly, and the feeders
Digest it[9] with a custom, I should blush
To see you so attired, sworn, I think,
To show myself a glass[1].

Flo. I bless the time,
When my good falcon made her flight across
Thy father's ground.

Per. Now, Jove afford you cause!
To me the difference forges dread; your greatness
Hath not been us'd to fear. Even now I tremble
To think, your father, by some accident,
Should pass this way, as you did. O, the fates!
How would he look, to see his work, so noble,
Vilely bound up? What would he say? Or how
Should I, in these my borrow'd flaunts, behold
The sternness of his presence?

Flo. Apprehend
Nothing but jollity. The gods themselves,
Humbling their deities to love, have taken
The shapes of beasts upon them: Jupiter

[8] ——— no shepherdess, but Flora
Peering in April's front.] So in "Pandosto:"—"Which attire became her so gallantly, as shee seemed to be the goddesse Flora her selfe for beauty." Shakespeare's Library, Part i. p. 29.

[9] Digest it—] The necessary word *it* was inserted in the second folio.

[1] ——— ——— sworn, I think,
To show myself a glass.] She means to say, (Malone remarks,) that the prince, by the *rustic* habit that he wears, seems as if he had sworn to show her a glass, in which she might behold how she *ought* to be attired, instead of being "most goddess-like prank'd up."

Became a bull, and bellow'd; the green Neptune
A ram, and bleated; and the fire-rob'd god,
Golden Apollo, a poor humble swain,
As I seem now. Their transformations
Were never for a piece of beauty rarer,
Nor in a way so chaste; since my desires
Run not before mine honour, nor my lusts
Burn hotter than my faith.

Per. O! but, sir,
Your resolution cannot hold, when 'tis
Oppos'd, as it must be, by the power of the king.
One of these two must be necessities,
Which then will speak—that you must change this purpose,
Or I my life.

Flo. Thou dearest Perdita,
With these forc'd thoughts, I pr'ythee, darken not
The mirth o' the feast: or I'll be thine, my fair,
Or not my father's; for I cannot be
Mine own, nor any thing to any, if
I be not thine: to this I am most constant,
Though destiny say, no. Be merry, gentle;
Strangle such thoughts as these with any thing
That you behold the while. Your guests are coming:
Lift up your countenance, as it were the day
Of celebration of that nuptial, which
We two have sworn shall come.

Per. O, lady fortune,
Stand you auspicious!

Enter Shepherd, with Polixenes *and* Camillo, *disguised; Clown,* Mopsa, Dorcas, *and Others.*

Flo. See, your guests approach:
Address yourself to entertain them sprightly,
And let's be red with mirth.

Shep. Fie, daughter! when my old wife liv'd, upon
This day she was both pantler, butler, cook;

Both dame and servant; welcom'd all; serv'd all;
Would sing her song, and dance her turn; now here,
At upper end o' the table, now, i' the middle;
On his shoulder, and his; her face o' fire
With labour, and the thing she took to quench it,
She would to each one sip. You are retir'd,
As if you were a feasted one, and not
The hostess of the meeting: pray you, bid
These unknown friends to 's welcome; for it is
A way to make us better friends, more known.
Come; quench your blushes, and present yourself
That which you are, mistress o' the feast: come on,
And bid us welcome to your sheep-shearing,
As your good flock shall prosper.

Per. [*To* Pol.] Sir, welcome[2].
It is my father's will, I should take on me
The hostess-ship o' the day:—[*To* Cam.] You're welcome, sir.—
Give me those flowers there, Dorcas.—Reverend sirs,
For you there's rosemary, and rue; these keep
Seeming and savour all the winter long:
Grace, and remembrance, be to you both,
And welcome to our shearing!

Pol. Shepherdess,
(A fair one are you) well you fit our ages
With flowers of winter.

Per. Sir, the year growing ancient,—
Not yet on summer's death, nor on the birth
Of trembling winter,—the fairest flowers o' the season
Are our carnations, and streak'd gillyflowers[3],

[2] Sir, welcome.] So the folios: "Welcome, sir!" Malone; who assigns no reason for the transposition. He probably thought it *improved* the measure, and that on this account he was entitled to take a liberty with the text. Shakespeare was a better judge of verse than Malone.

[3] — and streak'd GILLYFLOWERS,] Pronounced of old *gillyvors*, and so spelt in the folios, both here, when the word is spoken by Perdita, and afterwards by Polixenes. Steevens would make out "some farther conceit" respecting gillyflowers, and would derive the word "gill-flirt" from a corruption of *gilly-flower*, but there seems no sufficient ground for the supposition.

Which some call nature's bastards: of that kind
Our rustic garden's barren, and I care not
To get slips of them.
Pol. Wherefore, gentle maiden,
Do you neglect them?
Per. For I have heard it said,
There is an art which, in their piedness, shares
With great creating nature[4].
Pol. Say, there be;
Yet nature is made better by no mean,
But nature makes that mean: so, o'er that art,
Which, you say, adds to nature, is an art
That nature makes. You see, sweet maid, we marry
A gentler scion to the wildest stock,
And make conceive a bark of baser kind
By bud of nobler race: this is an art
Which does mend nature,—change it rather; but
The art itself is nature.
Per. So it is.
Pol. Then make your garden rich in gilly-flowers,
And do not call them bastards.
Per. I'll not put
The dibble in earth to set one slip of them:
No more than, were I painted, I would wish
This youth should say, 'twere well, and only therefore
Desire to breed by me.—Here's flowers for you;
Hot lavender, mints, savory, marjoram;
The marigold, that goes to bed wi' the sun,
And with him rises weeping: these are flowers
Of middle summer, and, I think, they are given
To men of middle age. You are very welcome.
Cam. I should leave grazing, were I of your flock,
And only live by gazing.

[4] For I have heard it said,
There is an art which, in their piedness, shares
With great creating nature.] *i. e.* "There is an art," says T. Warton, which can produce flowers with as great a variety of colours as nature herself." Steevens denies the existence of the art.

Per. Out, alas!
You'd be so lean, that blasts of January
Would blow you through and through.—Now, my fair'st friend,
I would, I had some flowers o' the spring, that might
Become your time of day; and yours, and yours,
That wear upon your virgin branches yet
Your maidenheads growing:—O Proserpina!
For the flowers now, that, frighted, thou let'st fall
From Dis's waggon[5]! daffodils,
That come before the swallow dares, and take
The winds of March with beauty; violets dim,
But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes,
Or Cytherea's breath; pale primroses,
That die unmarried ere they can behold
Bright Phœbus in his strength, a malady
Most incident to maids; bold oxlips, and
The crown-imperial; lilies of all kinds,
The flower-de-luce being one. O! these I lack,
To make you garlands of, and, my sweet friend,
To strew him o'er and o'er.

Flo. What! like a corse?

Per. No, like a bank, for love to lie and play on,
Not like a corse; or if,—not to be buried,
But quick, and in mine arms. Come, take your flowers.
Methinks, I play as I have seen them do
In Whitsun-pastorals: sure, this robe of mine
Does change my disposition.

Flo. What you do
Still betters what is done. When you speak, sweet,
I'd have you do it ever: when you sing,
I'd have you buy and sell so; so give alms;
Pray so; and, for the ordering your affairs,
To sing them too. When you do dance, I wish you
A wave o' the sea, that you might ever do

[5] ——— that, frighted, thou let'st fall
From Dis's waggon!] See Ovid. Metam. lib. v.

Nothing but that; move still, still so,
And own no other function: each your doing,
So singular in each particular,
Crowns what you are doing in the present deeds,
That all your acts are queens.

Per. O Doricles!
Your praises are too large: but that your youth,
And the true blood, which peeps fairly through it,
Do plainly give you out an unstain'd shepherd,
With wisdom I might fear, my Doricles,
You woo'd me the false way.

Flo. I think, you have
As little skill to fear, as I have purpose
To put you to't.—But, come; our dance, I pray.
Your hand, my Perdita: so turtles pair,
That never mean to part.

Per. I'll swear for 'em.

Pol. This is the prettiest low-born lass, that ever
Ran on the green-sward: nothing she does, or seems,
But smacks of something greater than herself;
Too noble for this place.

Cam. He tells her something,
That makes her blood look on't[6]. Good sooth, she is
The queen of curds and cream.

Clo. Come on, strike up.

Dor. Mopsa must be your mistress: marry, garlick,
To mend her kissing with.—

Mop. Now, in good time—

Clo. Not a word, a word: we stand upon our manners.—
Come, strike up. [*Music.*

[*Here a dance of Shepherds and Shepherdesses.*

[6] That makes her blood look ON'T.] This is the old and probably the true reading. Camillo observes that Florizel tells Perdita something that makes her blood come into her cheeks "to look *on it*." There is no more violence in this expression than in reading *out* for "on't," which has hitherto been done without any warrant. If *out* had been the reading, it would not have been printed with an apostrophe, as it stands in the old copies.

Pol. Pray, good shepherd, what fair swain is this,
Which dances with your daughter?

Shep. They call him Doricles, and boasts himself
To have a worthy feeding; but I have it
Upon his own report, and I believe it:
He looks like sooth. He says, he loves my daughter:
I think so too; for never gaz'd the moon
Upon the water, as he'll stand, and read,
As 'twere, my daughter's eyes; and, to be plain,
I think, there is not half a kiss to choose,
Who loves another best.

Pol. She dances featly.

Shep. So she does any thing, though I report it,
That should be silent. If young Doricles
Do light upon her, she shall bring him that
Which he not dreams of.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. O master! if you did but hear the pedler at the door, you would never dance again after a tabor and pipe; no, the bagpipe could not move you. He sings several tunes faster than you'll tell money; he utters them as he had eaten ballads, and all men's ears grew to his tunes.

Clo. He could never come better: he shall come in. I love a ballad but even too well; if it be doleful matter, merrily set down, or a very pleasant thing indeed, and sung lamentably.

Serv. He hath songs, for man, or woman, of all sizes: no milliner can so fit his customers with gloves. He has the prettiest love-songs for maids; so without bawdry, which is strange; with such delicate burdens of "dildos" and "fadings," "jump her and thump her[7];" and where some stretch'd-mouth'd rascal would,

[7] — "fadings," "jump her and thump her;"] The burdens of old songs and ballads, mentioned in writers of the time.

as it were, mean mischief, and break a foul gap into the matter, he makes the maid to answer, "Whoop, do me no harm, good man;" puts him off, slights him with "Whoop, do me no harm, good man[8]."

Pol. This is a brave fellow.

Clo. Believe me, thou talkest of an admirable-conceited fellow. Has he any unbraided wares?

Serv. He hath ribands of all the colours i' the rainbow; points, more than all the lawyers in Bohemia can learnedly handle[9], though they come to him by the gross; inkles, caddisses[10], cambrics, lawns: why, he sings them over, as they were gods or goddesses. You would think a smock were a she-angel, he so chants to the sleeve-hand, and the work about the square on't.

Clo. Pr'ythee, bring him in, and let him approach singing.

Per. Forewarn him, that he use no scurrilous words in's tunes.

Clo. You have of these pedlers, that have more in them than you'd think, sister.

Per. Ay, good brother, or go about to think.

Enter AUTOLYCUS, *singing.*

Lawn, as white as driven snow;
Cyprus, black as e'er was crow;

[8] — Whoop, do me no harm, good man.] A ballad to this tune is contained in the old romance of "Friar Bacon," printed before 1594. See Thoms's "Romances," 8vo, 1828: and Ritson informs us that the tune is preserved in Corbine's "Ayres to sing and play to the Lute and Basse Violl," fo. 1610.

[9] — POINTS, more than all the lawyers in Bohemia can learnedly handle,] "Points," as has been before mentioned, were tags (usually of metal) to laces and strings, for fastening or sustaining dress.

[10] — inkles, caddisses,] Malone states that *inkle* is "a kind of tape," and *caddis* "a narrow worsted galloon," but without citing any authority. It may be suspected that "caddis" was some ornament brought from Cadiz, with other fashions, by the Earl of Essex. The Cadiz or caddis beard was in high vogue in 1598, and is frequently mentioned in "Skialetheia," a collection of Epigrams and Satires, by Ed. Guilpin, printed in that year. "Inkle" is spoken of by Costard in "Love's Labour's Lost," Vol. ii. p. 315.

Gloves, as sweet as damask roses;
Masks for faces, and for noses;
Bugle-bracelet, necklace amber,
Perfume for a lady's chamber:
Golden quoifs, and stomachers,
For my lads to give their dears;
Pins and poking-sticks of steel[1],
What maids lack from head to heel:
Come, buy of me, come; come buy, come buy;
Buy, lads, or else your lasses cry:
Come, buy.

Clo. If I were not in love with Mopsa, thou should'st take no money of me; but being enthrall'd as I am, it will also be the bondage of certain ribands and gloves.

Mop. I was promised them against the feast, but they come not too late now.

Dor. He hath promised you more than that, or there be liars.

Mop. He hath paid you all he promised you: may be, he has paid you more, which will shame you to give him again.

Clo. Is there no manners left among maids? will they wear their plackets, where they should bear their faces? Is there not milking-time, when you are going to bed, or kiln-hole, to whistle off these secrets, but you must be tittle-tattling before all our guests? 'Tis well they are whispering. Clamour your tongues[2], and not a word more.

[1] — POKING-STICKS of steel,] *Poking-sticks* were heated in the fire, and made use of to set the plaits of ruffs. Stowe informs us, that "about the sixteenth yeare of the queene [Elizabeth] began the making of steele *poking-sticks*, and untill that time all lawndresses used setting stickes made of wood or bone." My friend Mr. W. B. D. D. Turnbull, of Edinburgh, in 1836, edited a very beautiful re-impression of "The Anatomie of Abuses," by Philip Stubbes, from the edition of 1585. Here much curious matter may be found respecting dress of the time, and especially about ruffs and "poking-sticks." The work was first printed in May, 1583, and it was so extremely popular that it went through two editions in that year.

[2] CLAMOUR your tongues,] Grey suggested that "clamour" is a misprint

Mop. I have done. Come, you promised me a tawdry lace[3], and a pair of sweet gloves.

Clo. Have I not told thee, how I was cozened by the way, and lost all my money?

Aut. And, indeed, sir, there are cozeners abroad; therefore, it behoves men to be wary.

Clo. Fear not thou, man, thou shalt lose nothing here.

Aut. I hope so, sir; for I have about me many parcels of charge.

Clo. What hast here? ballads?

Mop. Pray now, buy some: I love a ballad in print o'-life, for then we are sure they are true.

Aut. Here's one to a very doleful tune, How a usurer's wife was brought to bed of twenty money-bags at a burden; and how she longed to eat adders' heads, and toads carbonadoed.

Mop. Is it true, think you?

Aut. Very true; and but a month old.

Dor. Bless me from marrying a usurer!

Aut. Here's the midwife's name to't, one mistress Taleporter, and five or six honest wives' that were present: Why should I carry lies abroad?

Mop. 'Pray you now, buy it.

Clo. Come on, lay it by: and let's first see more ballads; we'll buy the other things anon.

Aut. Here's another ballad, of a fish[4], that appeared

for *charm*. Gifford (Ben Jonson, iv. 405) expresses the same opinion, with some abuse of the commentators for doubting it. Nevertheless, it may be urged that the clown means that the shepherdesses should ring off their peal at once, and then be silent.

[3] — a TAWDRY lace,] It was sometimes only called a *tawdry*, and it was not used for lacing, but worn as an ornament for the head or neck, as many examples might be adduced to establish.

[4] Here's another ballad, of a fish,] Malone would make out an allusion here to a particular publication, entered in 1604 on the books of the Stationers' Company under the following title :—"A strange reporte of a monstrous fish that appeared in the form of a woman from her waist upward, seene in the sea." In the first place, it does not appear that this "strange reporte" was a ballad, probably not; and in the next, it is out of the question to suppose that Shake-

upon the coast, on Wednesday the fourscore of April, forty thousand fathom above water, and sung this ballad against the hard hearts of maids: it was thought she was a woman, and was turned into a cold fish, for she would not exchange flesh with one that loved her. The ballad is very pitiful, and as true.

Dor. Is it true too, think you?

Aut. Five justices' hands at it, and witnesses more than my pack will hold.

Clo. Lay it by too: another.

Aut. This is a merry ballad, but a very pretty one.

Mop. Let's have some merry ones.

Aut. Why this is a passing merry one, and goes to the tune of, "Two maids wooing a man." There's scarce a maid westward but she sings it: 'tis in request, I can tell you.

Mop. We can both sing it: if thou'lt bear a part, thou shalt hear; 'tis in three parts.

Dor. We had the tune on't a month ago.

Aut. I can bear my part; you must know, 'tis my occupation: have at it with you.

SONG.

Aut. *Get you hence, for I must go,*
Where it fits not you to know.
Dor. *Whither?*
Mop. *O! whither?*
Dor. *Whither?*
Mop. *It becomes thy oath full well,*
Thou to me thy secrets tell.
Dor. *Me too: let me go thither.*

Mop. *Or thou go'st to the grange, or mill:*
Dor. *If to either, thou dost ill.*
Aut. *Neither.*

speare meant to refer to any one production of the kind, but to the whole class. This seems evident from the terms he employs.

Dor. *What, neither?*
Aut. *Neither.*
Dor. *Thou hast sworn my love to be;*
Mop. *Thou hast sworn it more to me:*
Then, whither go'st? say, whither?

Clo. We'll have this song out anon by ourselves. My father and the gentlemen are in sad[5] talk, and we'll not trouble them: come, bring away thy pack after me. Wenches, I'll buy for you both. Pedler, let's have the first choice.—Follow me, girls.

Aut. And you shall pay well for 'em. [*Aside.*

Will you buy any tape,
Or lace for your cape,
My dainty duck, my dear-a?
Any silk, any thread,
Any toys for your head,
Of the new'st, and fin'st, fin'st wear-a?
Come to the pedler;
Money's a medler,
That doth utter all men's ware-a.

[*Exeunt Clown*, AUTOLYCUS, DORCAS, *and* MOPSA.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Master, there is three carters, three shepherds, three neat-herds, three swine-herds, that have made themselves all men of hair: they call themselves saltiers[6]; and they have a dance which the wenches say is a gallimaufry of gambols, because they are not in't;

[5] — my father and the gentlemen are in SAD talk,] *i. e. serious* or *grave* talk. See Vol. ii. p. 221. 499, &c.

[6] — they call themselves SALTIERS;] *i. e.* Satyrs, says Malone; men covered with hairy skins, to give them the appearance of satyrs; but possibly the true explanation is *saultiers, i. e.* vaulters: the servant says afterwards, that the worst of one of the *threes* "jumps twelve foot and a half by the squire." The stage-direction in the old copies after they enter is, "Here a dance of twelve satyrs," and perhaps "saltiers" is only the servant's blunder.

but they themselves are o' the mind, (if it be not too rough for some, that know little but bowling) it will please plentifully.

Shep. Away! we'll none on't: here has been too much homely foolery already.—I know, sir, we weary you.

Pol. You weary those that refresh us. Pray, let's see these four threes of herdsmen.

Serv. One three of them, by their own report, sir, hath danced before the king; and not the worst of the three, but jumps twelve foot and a half by the squire[7].

Shep. Leave your prating. Since these good men are pleased, let them come in: but quickly now.

Serv. Why, they stay at door, sir. [*Exit.*

Re-enter Servant, with Twelve Rustics habited like Satyrs. They dance, and then exeunt.

Pol. O father! you'll know more of that hereafter[8].—
Is it not too far gone?—'Tis time to part them.—
He's simple, and tells much. How now, fair shepherd?
Your heart is full of something, that does take
Your mind from feasting. Sooth, when I was young,
And handed love as you do, I was wont
To load my she with knacks: I would have ransack'd
The pedler's silken treasury, and have pour'd it
To her acceptance; you have let him go,
And nothing marted with him. If your lass
Interpretation should abuse, and call this
Your lack of love, or bounty, you were straited
For a reply, at least, if you make a care
Of happy holding her.

[7] — by the SQUIRE.] *i. e.* By the rule, Fr. *esquierre.* The same word is used in "Love's Labour's Lost." See Vol. ii. p. 368, note 3.

[8] O father! you'll know more of that hereafter.] This is apparently the continuation of a conversation which Polixenes has carried on with the old shepherd, while the satyrs have been dancing.

Flo. Old sir, I know
She prizes not such trifles as these are.
The gifts she looks from me are pack'd and lock'd
Up in my heart, which I have given already,
But not deliver'd.—O! hear me breathe my life
Before this ancient sir, who, it should seem,
Hath sometime lov'd: I take thy hand; this hand,
As soft as dove's down, and as white as it,
Or Ethiopian's tooth, or the fann'd snow, that's bolted[9]
By the northern blasts twice o'er.
Pol. What follows this?—
How prettily the young swain seems to wash
The hand, was fair before!—I have put you out.—
But, to your protestation: let me hear
What you profess.
Flo. Do, and be witness to't.
Pol. And this my neighbour too?
Flo. And he, and more
Than he, and men; the earth, the heavens, and all;
That were I crown'd the most imperial monarch,
Thereof most worthy; were I the fairest youth
That ever made eye swerve; had force, and knowledge,
More than was ever man's, I would not prize them,
Without her love: for her employ them all,
Commend them, and condemn them to her service,
Or to their own perdition.
Pol. Fairly offer'd.
Cam. This shows a sound affection.
Shep. But, my daughter,
Say you the like to him?
Per. I cannot speak
So well, nothing so well; no, nor mean better:
By the pattern of mine own thoughts I cut out
The purity of his.
Shep. Take hands; a bargain:—

[9] — that's BOLTED] *i. e. sifted* by the northern blasts.

And, friends unknown, you shall bear witness to't.
I give my daughter to him, and will make
Her portion equal his.
Flo. O! that must be
I' the virtue of your daughter: one being dead,
I shall have more than you can dream of yet;
Enough then for your wonder. But, come on;
Contract us 'fore these witnesses.
Shep. Come, your hand;
And, daughter, yours.
Pol. Soft, swain, awhile, beseech you.
Have you a father?
Flo. I have; but what of him?
Pol. Knows he of this?
Flo. He neither does, nor shall.
Pol. Methinks, a father
Is at the nuptial of his son a guest
That best becomes the table. Pray you, once more:
Is not your father grown incapable
Of reasonable affairs? is he not stupid
With age, and altering rheums? Can he speak? hear?
Know man from man? dispute his own estate?
Lies he not bed-rid? and again, does nothing,
But what he did being childish?
Flo. No, good sir:
He has his health, and ampler strength, indeed,
Than most have of his age.
Pol. By my white beard,
You offer him, if this be so, a wrong
Something unfilial. Reason, my son
Should choose himself a wife; but as good reason,
The father, (all whose joy is nothing else
But fair posterity) should hold some counsel
In such a business.
Flo. I yield all this;
But for some other reasons, my grave sir,

Which 'tis not fit you know, I not acquaint
My father of this business.
Pol. Let him know't.
Flo. He shall not.
Pol. Pr'ythee, let him.
Flo. No, he must not.
Shep. Let him, my son: he shall not need to grieve
At knowing of thy choice.
Flo. Come, come, he must not.—
Mark our contract.
Pol. Mark your divorce, young sir,
[*Discovering himself.*
Whom son I dare not call: thou art too base
To be acknowledg'd. Thou a sceptre's heir,
That thus affect'st a sheep-hook!—Thou old traitor,
I am sorry, that by hanging thee I can
But shorten thy life one week.—And thou fresh piece
Of excellent witchcraft, who of force must know[1]
The royal fool thou cop'st with—
Shep. O, my heart!
Pol. I'll have thy beauty scratch'd with briars, and made
More homely than thy state.—For thee, fond boy,
If I may ever know, thou dost but sigh,
That thou no more shalt never see this knack[2], (as never
I mean thou shalt) we'll bar thee from succession;
Not hold thee of our blood, no not our kin,
Far than Deucalion off:—mark thou my words.
Follow us to the court.—Thou, churl, for this time,
Though full of our displeasure, yet we free thee
From the dead blow of it.—And you, enchantment,—

[1] — who OF FORCE must know] The expression "of force" is equivalent to *of necessity*.

[2] That thou no more shalt NEVER see this knack,] "Never" is surplusage in this line as regards the metre, but the reduplication of negatives was a common mode of writing at the time, and the word is found in all the old copies.

Worthy enough a herdsman; yea, him too,
That makes himself, but for our honour therein,
Unworthy thee,—if ever henceforth thou
These rural latches to his entrance open,
Or hoop his body more with thy embraces,
I will devise a death as cruel for thee,
As thou art tender to't. [*Exit.*

Per. Even here undone!
I was not much afeard; for once, or twice,
I was about to speak, and tell him plainly,
The selfsame sun that shines upon his court,
Hides not his visage from our cottage, but
Looks on alike.—Will't please you, sir, be gone?
[*To* FLORIZEL.
I told you, what would come of this. Beseech you,
Of your own state take care: this dream of mine,
Being now awake, I'll queen it no inch farther,
But milk my ewes, and weep.

Cam. Why, how now, father?
Speak, ere thou diest.

Shep. I cannot speak, nor think,
Nor dare to know that which I know.—O, sir!
[*To* FLORIZEL.
You have undone a man of fourscore three,
That thought to fill his grave in quiet; yea,
To die upon the bed my father died,
To lie close by his honest bones: but now,
Some hangman must put on my shroud, and lay me
Where no priest shovels in dust.—O cursed wretch!
[*To* PERDITA.
That knew'st this was the prince, and would'st adventure
To mingle faith with him.—Undone! undone!
If I might die within this hour, I have liv'd
To die when I desire. [*Exit.*

Flo. Why look you so upon me?
I am but sorry, not afeard; delay'd,

But nothing alter'd. What I was, I am:
More straining on, for plucking back; not following
My leash unwillingly.

Cam. Gracious my lord,
You know your father's temper[3]: at this time
He will allow no speech, (which, I do guess,
You do not purpose to him) and as hardly
Will he endure your sight as yet, I fear:
Then, till the fury of his highness settle,
Come not before him.

Flo. I not purpose it.
I think, Camillo?

Cam. Even he, my lord.

Per. How often have I told you 'twould be thus?
How often said my dignity would last
But till 'twere known?

Flo. It cannot fail, but by
The violation of my faith; and then,
Let nature crush the sides o' the earth together,
And mar the seeds within!—Lift up thy looks:—
From my succession wipe me, father; I
Am heir to my affection.

Cam. Be advis'd.

Flo. I am; and by my fancy[4]: if my reason
Will thereto be obedient, I have reason;
If not, my senses, better pleas'd with madness,
Do bid it welcome.

Cam. This is desperate, sir.

Flo. So call it; but it does fulfil my vow:
I needs must think it honesty. Camillo,
Not for Bohemia, nor the pomp that may
Be thereat glean'd; for all the sun sees, or
The close earth wombs, or the profound seas hide

[3] You know YOUR father's temper:] The copy of 1623 reads, "*my* father's," which is corrected by the second folio.

[4] I am; and by my FANCY:] *i. e.* By my *love:* the use of the word "fancy" in this sense is perpetual in Shakespeare and authors of his age. See "Merchant of Venice," Vol. ii. p. 520, note 5.

In unknown fathoms, will I break my oath
To this my fair belov'd. Therefore, I pray you,
As you have ever been my father's honour'd friend,
When he shall miss me, (as, in faith, I mean not
To see him any more) cast your good counsels
Upon his passion: let myself and fortune,
Tug for the time to come. This you may know,
And so deliver.—I am put to sea
With her, whom here I cannot hold on shore;
And, most opportune to her need, I have
A vessel rides fast by, but not prepar'd
For this design. What course I mean to hold
Shall nothing benefit your knowledge, nor
Concern me the reporting.

Cam. O, my lord!
I would your spirit were easier for advice,
Or stronger for your need.

Flo. Hark, Perdita.—
[*To* CAMILLO.] I'll hear you by and by.

Cam. He's irremovable;
Resolv'd for flight. Now were I happy, if
His going I could frame to serve my turn;
Save him from danger, do him love and honour,
Purchase the sight again of dear Sicilia,
And that unhappy king, my master, whom
I so much thirst to see.

Flo. Now, good Camillo,
I am so fraught with curious business, that
I leave out ceremony. [*Going.*

Cam. Sir, I think,
You have heard of my poor services, i' the love
That I have borne your father?

Flo. Very nobly
Have you deserv'd: it is my father's music,
To speak your deeds; not little of his care
To have them recompens'd, as thought on.

Cam. Well, my lord,

If you may please to think I love the king,
And, through him, what's nearest to him, which is
Your gracious self, embrace but my direction,
(If your more ponderous and settled project
May suffer alteration) on mine honour
I'll point you where you shall have such receiving
As shall become your highness; where you may
Enjoy your mistress; (from the whom, I see,
There's no disjunction to be made, but by,
As heavens forefend, your ruin) marry her;
And (with my best endeavours in your absence)
Your discontenting father strive to qualify,
And bring him up to liking.

Flo. How, Camillo,
May this, almost a miracle, be done,
That I may call thee something more than man,
And, after that, trust to thee.

Cam. Have you thought on
A place whereto you'll go?

Flo. Not any yet;
But as th' unthought-on accident is guilty
To what we wildly do, so we profess
Ourselves to be the slaves of chance, and flies
Of every wind that blows.

Cam. Then list to me:
This follows:—if you will not change your purpose,
But undergo this flight, make for Sicilia,
And there present yourself, and your fair princess,
(For so, I see, she must be) 'fore Leontes:
She shall be habited, as it becomes
The partner of your bed. Methinks, I see
Leontes, opening his free arms, and weeping
His welcomes forth; asks thee, the son, forgiveness[5],
As 'twere i' the father's person; kisses the hands

[5] — asks THEE, THE son, forgiveness,] The old copies of 1623 and 1632 have this passage "asks *thee there* son forgiveness." The folio of 1664 reads as in our text, which is no doubt correct.

Of your fresh princess; o'er and o'er divides him
'Twixt his unkindness and his kindness: th' one
He chides to hell, and bids the other grow
Faster than thought, or time.

Flo. Worthy Camillo,
What colour for my visitation shall I
Hold up before him?

Cam. Sent by the king, your father,
To greet him, and to give him comforts. Sir,
The manner of your bearing towards him, with
What you, as from your father, shall deliver,
Things known betwixt us three, I'll write you down:
The which shall point you forth at every sitting
What you must say, that he shall not perceive,
But that you have your father's bosom there,
And speak his very heart.

Flo. I am bound to you.
There is some sap in this.

Cam. A course more promising
Than a wild dedication of yourselves
To unpath'd waters, undream'd shores; most certain,
To miseries enough: no hope to help you,
But, as you shake off one, to take another:
Nothing so certain as your anchors, who
Do their best office, if they can but stay you
Where you'll be loth to be. Besides, you know,
Prosperity's the very bond of love,
Whose fresh complexion, and whose heart together,
Affliction alters.

Per. One of these is true:
I think, affliction may subdue the cheek,
But not take in the mind.

Cam. Yea, say you so?
There shall not, at your father's house, these seven years,
Be born another such.

Flo. My good Camillo,

She is as forward of her breeding, as
She is i' the rear our birth.

Cam. I cannot say, 'tis pity
She lacks instructions, for she seems a mistress
To most that teach.

Per. Your pardon, sir; for this
I'll blush you thanks.

Flo. My prettiest Perdita.—
But, O, the thorns we stand upon!—Camillo,
Preserver of my father, now of me,
The medicine of our house, how shall we do?
We are not furnish'd like Bohemia's son,
Nor shall appear in Sicilia—

Cam. My lord,
Fear none of this. I think, you know, my fortunes
Do all lie there: it shall be so my care
To have you royally appointed, as if
The scene you play were mine. For instance, sir,
That you may know you shall not want,—one word.

[*They talk aside.*

Enter AUTOLYCUS.

Aut. Ha, ha! what a fool honesty is! and trust, his sworn brother, a very simple gentleman! I have sold all my trumpery: not a counterfeit stone, not a riband, glass, pomander[6], brooch, table-book, ballad, knife, tape, glove, shoe-tie, bracelet, horn-ring, to keep my pack from fasting: they throng who should buy first; as if my trinkets had been hallowed, and brought a benediction to the buyer: by which means, I saw whose purse was best in picture, and what I saw, to my good use I remembered. My clown (who wants but something to be a reasonable man) grew so in love with the wenches' song, that he would not stir his pettitoes, till

[6] — pomander,] A *pomander* was a ball of perfumes, and worn in the pocket, or about the neck.

he had both tune and words; which so drew the rest of the herd to me, that all their other senses stuck in ears: you might have pinched a placket, it was senseless; 'twas nothing to geld a codpiece of a purse: I would have filed keys off[7], that hung in chains: no hearing, no feeling, but my sir's song, and admiring the nothing of it; so that, in this time of lethargy, I picked and cut most of their festival purses, and had not the old man come in with a whoo-bub[8] against his daughter and the king's son, and scared my choughs from the chaff, I had not left a purse alive in the whole army.

[CAMILLO, FLORIZEL, *and* PERDITA, *come forward.*

Cam. Nay, but my letters, by this means being there
So soon as you arrive, shall clear that doubt.

Flo. And those that you'll procure from king Leontes?

Cam. Shall satisfy your father.

Per. Happy be you!
All that you speak shows fair.

Cam. Whom have we here?—
[*Seeing* AUTOLYCUS.
We'll make an instrument of this: omit
Nothing may give us aid.

Aut. If they have overheard me now,—why hanging.

Cam. How now, good fellow! Why shakest thou so? Fear not, man; here's no harm intended to thee.

Aut. I am a poor fellow, sir.

Cam. Why, be so still; here's nobody will steal that from thee: yet, for the outside of thy poverty, we must

[7] — I would have FILED keys OFF,] "I would have *fill'd* keys *of*" in the old copies of 1623 and 1632, but corrected in the third folio of 1664.

[8] — with a WHOO-BUB—] So spelt in the original, supporting the etymology of *whoop-up* given by some lexicographers. The meaning, of course, is what we now call a *hubbub*; and in this form we meet with it in several writers of the time of Shakespeare. In 1619, Barnabe Rich (regarding whom see the Introduction to "Twelfth-Night") published a tract, which he calls "The Irish Hubbub, or English Hue and Cry," which fortifies Todd's opinion, that "it seems clearly to have implied 'the *whoop* is *up*,' the hue and cry is making."

make an exchange: therefore, discase thee instantly, (thou must think, there's a necessity in't) and change garments with this gentleman. Though the penny-worth on his side be the worst, yet hold thee, there's some boot.

Aut. I am a poor fellow, sir.—[*Aside.*] I know ye well enough.

Cam. Nay, pr'ythee, dispatch: the gentleman is half flayed already.

Aut. Are you in earnest, sir?—[*Aside.*] I smell the trick of it.

Flo. Dispatch, I pr'ythee.

Aut. Indeed, I have had earnest; but I cannot with conscience take it.

Cam. Unbuckle, unbuckle.—

[FLO. *and* AUTOL. *exchange garments.*

Fortunate mistress, (let my prophecy
Come home to you!) you must retire yourself
Into some covert: take your sweetheart's hat,
And pluck it o'er your brows[9]; muffle your face;
Dismantle you, and as you can, disliken
The truth of your own seeming, that you may,
(For I do fear eyes ever) to ship-board[10]
Get undescried.

Per. I see, the play so lies,
That I must bear a part.

Cam. No remedy.—
Have you done there?

Flo. Should I now meet my father,
He would not call me son.

Cam. Nay, you shall have no hat.—

[9] And pluck it o'er YOUR brows;] Malone reads "*thy* brows," and higher in the page he omits the indefinite article.

[10] (For I do fear eyes *ever*,) to ship-board] The old reading is, "For I do fear eyes *over*," which the MS. corrector of Lord Francis Egerton's copy of the folio of 1623 altered to "For I do fear eyes *ever*;" the sense of which is clear, and the change inconsiderable. Rowe added *you* after "over," and in this reading he has been universally followed.

Come, lady, come.—Farewell, my friend.

Aut. Adieu, sir.

Flo. O Perdita! what have we twain forgot?
Pray you, a word. [*They converse apart.*

Cam. What I do next shall be to tell the king
Of this escape, and whither they are bound;
Wherein, my hope is, I shall so prevail,
To force him after: in whose company
I shall review Sicilia, for whose sight
I have a woman's longing.

Flo. Fortune speed us!—
Thus we set on, Camillo, to the sea-side.

Cam. The swifter speed, the better.

[*Exeunt* FLORIZEL, PERDITA, *and* CAMILLO.

Aut. I understand the business; I hear it. To have an open ear, a quick eye, and a nimble hand, is necessary for a cut-purse: a good nose is requisite also, to smell out work for the other senses. I see, this is the time that the unjust man doth thrive. What an exchange had this been without boot! what a boot is here with this exchange! Sure, the gods do this year connive at us, and we may do any thing *extempore*. The prince himself is about a piece of iniquity; stealing away from his father, with his clog at his heels. If I thought it were a piece of honesty to acquaint the king withal, I would not do't[1]: I hold it the more knavery to conceal it, and therein am I constant to my profession.

Enter Clown and Shepherd.

Aside, aside:—here is more matter for a hot brain. Every lane's end, every shop, church, session, hanging, yields a careful man work.

Clo. See, see, what a man you are now! There is

[1] — I would not do't:] The meaning seems very evident, though Malone and Steevens differed about it. Autolycus says, "I would not acquaint the king with what I know, because it would be a piece of honesty, and inconsistent with my profession. I hold it the more knavery to conceal it."

no other way, but to tell the king she's a changeling, and none of your flesh and blood.

Shep. Nay, but hear me.

Clo. Nay, but hear me.

Shep. Go to then.

Clo. She being none of your flesh and blood, your flesh and blood has not offended the king; and so your flesh and blood is not to be punished by him. Show those things you found about her; those secret things, all but what she has with her. This being done, let the law go whistle; I warrant you.

Shep. I will tell the king all, every word, yea, and his son's pranks too; who, I may say, is no honest man neither to his father, nor to me, to go about to make me the king's brother-in-law.

Clo. Indeed, brother-in-law was the furthest off you could have been to him; and then your blood had been the dearer, by I know how much an ounce.

Aut. [*Aside.*] Very wisely, puppies!

Shep. Well, let us to the king: there is that in this fardel will make him scratch his beard.

Aut. [*Aside.*] I know not what impediment this complaint may be to the flight of my master.

Clo. Pray heartily he be at palace.

Aut. [*Aside.*] Though I am not naturally honest, I am so sometimes by chance:—let me pocket up my pedler's excrement[2].—[*Takes off his false beard.*] How now, rustics! whither are you bound?

Shep. To the palace, an it like your worship.

Aut. Your affairs there? what? with whom? the condition of that fardel, the place of your dwelling, your names, your ages, of what having, breeding, and any thing that is fitting to be known? discover.

Clo. We are but plain fellows, sir.

Aut. A lie: you are rough and hairy. Let me have

[2] — pedler's EXCREMENT.] *i. e.* his beard. In "Love's Labour's Lost," Vol. ii. p. 348, Armado calls his beard "excrement."

no lying: it becomes none but tradesmen, and they often give us soldiers the lie; but we pay them for it with stamped coin, not stabbing steel: therefore, they do not give us the lie.

Clo. Your worship had like to have given us one, if you had not taken yourself with the manner.

Shep. Are you a courtier, an't like you, sir?

Aut. Whether it like me, or no, I am a courtier. Seest thou not the air of the court in these enfoldings? hath not my gait in it the measure of the court? receives not thy nose court-odour from me? reflect I not on thy baseness court-contempt? Think'st thou, for that I insinuate, or touze[3] from thee thy business, I am therefore no courtier? I am courtier, cap-a-pie; and one that will either push on, or pluck back thy business there: whereupon, I command thee to open thy affair.

Shep. My business, sir, is to the king.

Aut. What advocate hast thou to him?

Shep. I know not, an't like you.

Clo. Advocate's the court-word for a pheasant[4]: say, you have none.

Shep. None, sir: I have no pheasant, cock, nor hen.

Aut. How bless'd are we that are not simple men!
Yet nature might have made me as these are,
Therefore I'll not disdain.

Clo. This cannot be but a great courtier.

Shep. His garments are rich, but he wears them not handsomely.

Clo. He seems to be the more noble in being fantastical: a great man, I'll warrant; I know, by the picking on's teeth.

[3] — OR TOUZE from thee thy business,] The first folio has three misprints in these two words, "or touze," which stand there *at toaze:* the second folio corrects "at" into *or*, but leaves *toaze*. Malone quotes Minsheu to show that to *touze* is to *pull* or *tug*, and in this sense it is used in "Measure for Measure:" Vol. ii. p. 98.—

— "We'll *touze* you joint by joint," &c.

[4] — court-word for a pheasant:] A pheasant was a very common present from country tenants to great people.

Aut. The fardel there? what's i' the fardel? Wherefore that box?

Shep. Sir, there lies such secrets in this fardel, and box, which none must know but the king; and which he shall know within this hour, if I may come to the speech of him.

Aut. Age, thou hast lost thy labour.

Shep. Why, sir?

Aut. The king is not at the palace: he is gone aboard a new ship to purge melancholy, and air himself: For, if thou be'st capable of things serious, thou must know, the king is full of grief.

Shep. So 'tis said, sir; about his son, that should have married a shepherd's daughter.

Aut. If that shepherd be not in hand-fast, let him fly: the curses he shall have, the tortures he shall feel, will break the back of man, the heart of monster.

Clo. Think you so, sir?

Aut. Not he alone shall suffer what wit can make heavy, and vengeance bitter, but those that are germane to him, though removed fifty times, shall all come under the hangman: which, though it be great pity, yet it is necessary. An old sheep-whistling rogue, a ram-tender, to offer to have his daughter come into grace! Some say, he shall be stoned; but that death is too soft for him, say I. Draw our throne into a sheep-cote! all deaths are too few, the sharpest too easy.

Clo. Has the old man e'er a son, sir, do you hear, an't like you, sir?

Aut. He has a son, who shall be flayed alive, then, 'nointed over with honey, set on the head of a wasp's nest; then stand, till he be three quarters and a dram dead; then recovered again with aqua-vitæ, or some other hot-infusion; then, raw as he is, and in the hottest day prognostication proclaims, shall he be set against a brick-wall, the sun looking with a southward

eye upon him, where he is to behold him with flies blown to death. But what talk we of these traitorly rascals, whose miseries are to be smiled at, their offences being so capital? Tell me, (for you seem to be honest plain men) what you have to the king? being something gently considered, I'll bring you where he is aboard, tender your persons to his presence, whisper him in your behalfs; and, if it be in man, besides the king, to effect your suits, here is man shall do it.

Clo. He seems to be of great authority: close with him, give him gold; and though authority be a stubborn bear, yet he is oft led by the nose with gold. Show the inside of your purse to the outside of his hand, and no more ado. Remember, stoned, and flayed alive!

Shep. An't please you, sir, to undertake the business for us, here is that gold I have: I'll make it as much more, and leave this young man in pawn, till I bring it you.

Aut. After I have done what I promised?

Shep. Ay, sir.

Aut. Well, give me the moiety.—Are you a party in this business?

Clo. In some sort, sir: but though my case be a pitiful one, I hope I shall not be flayed out of it.

Aut. O! that's the case of the shepherd's son.—Hang him, he'll be made an example.

Clo. Comfort, good comfort! We must to the king, and show our strange sights: he must know, 'tis none of your daughter nor my sister; we are gone else. Sir, I will give you as much as this old man does, when the business is performed; and remain, as he says, your pawn, till it be brought you.

Aut. I will trust you. Walk before toward the seaside: go on the right hand; I will but look upon the hedge, and follow you.

Clo. We are blessed in this man, as I may say; even blessed.

Shep. Let's before, as he bids us. He was provided to do us good. [*Exeunt Shepherd and Clown.*

Aut. If I had a mind to be honest, I see, fortune would not suffer me: she drops booties in my mouth. I am courted now with a double occasion—gold, and a means to do the prince my master good; which, who knows how that may turn back to my advancement? I will bring these two moles, these blind ones, aboard him: if he think it fit to shore them again, and that the complaint they have to the king concerns him nothing, let him call me rogue for being so far officious; for I am proof against that title, and what shame else belongs to't. To him will I present them: there may be matter in it. [*Exit.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

Sicilia. A Room in the Palace of LEONTES.

Enter LEONTES, CLEOMENES, DION, PAULINA, *and Others.*

Cleo. Sir, you have done enough, and have perform'd
A saint-like sorrow: no fault could you make,
Which you have not redeem'd; indeed, paid down
More penitence than done trespass. At the last,
Do, as the heavens have done, forget your evil;
With them, forgive yourself.

Leon. Whilst I remember
Her, and her virtues, I cannot forget
My blemishes in them, and so still think of
The wrong I did myself; which was so much,

That heirless it hath made my kingdom, and
Destroy'd the sweet'st companion, that e'er man
Bred his hopes out of: true[5].

Paul. Too true, my lord:
If one by one you wedded all the world,
Or from the all that are took something good,
To make a perfect woman, she you kill'd
Would be unparallel'd.

Leon. I think so. Kill'd!
She I kill'd? I did so; but thou strik'st me
Sorely, to say I did: it is as bitter
Upon thy tongue, as in my thought. Now, good now,
Say so but seldom.

Cleo. Not at all, good lady:
You might have spoken a thousand things that would
Have done the time more benefit, and grac'd
Your kindness better.

Paul. You are one of those,
Would have him wed again.

Dion. If you would not so,
You pity not the state, nor the remembrance
Of his most sovereign name[6]; consider little,

[5] Bred his hopes out of: TRUE.] We restore here the reading of all the old editions. Leontes, in grief and remorse, states a fact, and adds mournfully "true;" to which Paulina naturally adds that it is "too true." All the modern editors, from the time of Theobald, have disturbed the authentic text, and have made Paulina say, "True, too true, my lord." The word "true," printed without a capital, could hardly have found its way into the preceding line by a mere error of the press.

[6] ——————— nor the remembrance
Of his most sovereign NAME.] Nearly all the modern editions, in opposition to all the old copies, have *dame* instead of "name;" as if the reference were to Hermione, and not the preservation of the *name* of Leontes, by marrying again, and having issue to succeed to the throne. Not the slightest notice is taken of the important and injurious change. In the folios "name" is printed with a capital letter, as if to avoid the possibility of error. How the blunder came to be originally committed is, therefore, surprising, but more surprising still, how it came to be so often repeated, by those who professed to have printed from a new and careful collation of the old folios. The editor who passed the error first might plead that the compositor had accidentally taken up a wrong letter; but no such excuse can avail for those who, one after another, have reiterated the mistake, merely because they did not consult the authorities they affected to follow.

What dangers, by his highness' fail of issue,
May drop upon his kingdom, and devour
Incertain lookers-on. What were more holy,
Than to rejoice the former queen is well?
What holier than, for royalty's repair,
For present comfort, and for future good,
To bless the bed of majesty again
With a sweet fellow to't?

Paul. There is none worthy,
Respecting her that's gone. Besides, the gods
Will have fulfill'd their secret purposes;
For has not the divine Apollo said,
Is't not the tenour of his oracle,
That king Leontes shall not have an heir,
Till his lost child be found? which, that it shall,
Is all as monstrous to our human reason,
As my Antigonus to break his grave,
And come again to me; who, on my life,
Did perish with the infant. 'Tis your counsel,
My lord should to the heavens be contrary,
Oppose against their wills.—Care not for issue;
The crown will find an heir: Great Alexander
Left his to the worthiest, so his successor
Was like to be the best.

Leon. Good Paulina,—
Who hast the memory of Hermione,
I know, in honour,—O, that ever I
Had squar'd me to thy counsel!—then, even now,
I might have look'd upon my queen's full eyes,
Have taken treasure from her lips,—

Paul. And left them
More rich, for what they yielded.

Leon. Thou speak'st truth.
No more such wives; therefore, no wife: one worse,
And better us'd, would make her sainted spirit
Again possess her corpse; and, on this stage,
(Where we offenders now appear) soul-vex'd,

Begin, "And why to me[7]?"

Paul. Had she such power,
She had just cause[8].

Leon. She had; and would incense me
To murder her I married.

Paul. I should so:
Were I the ghost that walk'd, I'd bid you mark
Her eye, and tell me for what dull part in't
You chose her? then I'd shriek, that even your ears
Should rift to hear me, and the words that follow'd
Should be, "Remember mine."

Leon. Stars, stars!
And all eyes else dead coals.—Fear thou no wife;
I'll have no wife, Paulina.

Paul. Will you swear
Never to marry, but by my free leave?

Leon. Never, Paulina; so be bless'd my spirit!

Paul. Then, good my lords, bear witness to his oath.

Cleo. You tempt him over-much.

Paul. Unless another,
As like Hermione as is her picture,
Affront his eye.

Cleo. Good madam,—I have done[9].

[7] ——————— and, on this stage,
(Where we offenders now appear) soul-vex'd,
Begin, "And why to me?"] The old copies gave this passage thus:—
——————— "and on this stage
(Where we offenders now appear) soul-vex'd,
And begin, why to me?"
It was the source of much conflict and conjecture, but all that seems necessary is to transpose the words "And begin," and then the sense is clear. "And why to me?" means "And why such treatment to me, who deserved so much better, than one worse and better used?" Steevens made the judicious transposition.

[8] She had just cause.] The two oldest editions insert *such* after "just," which is prejudicial to the meaning and to the metre: the necessary correction was made in the third folio.

[9] Good madam,—I have done.] Steevens proposed to transfer "I have done" to Paulina, who has anything but concluded. Malone adopted the change, which seems on every ground objectionable. Cleomenes endeavours to interpose, but finding it vain, he gives over the attempt with "I have done," and then Paulina continues. Mr. Knight rightly prefers the old reading.

Paul. Yet, if my lord will marry,—if you will, sir,
No remedy, but you will—give me the office
To choose you a queen. She shall not be so young
As was your former; but she shall be such
As, walk'd your first queen's ghost, it should take joy
To see her in your arms.
Leon. My true Paulina,
We shall not marry, till thou bidd'st us.
Paul. That
Shall be when your first queen's again in breath:
Never till then.

Enter a Gentleman[10].

Gent. One that gives out himself prince Florizel,
Son of Polixenes, with his princess, (she
The fairest I have yet beheld,) desires access
To your high presence.
Leon. What with him? he comes not
Like to his father's greatness: his approach,
So out of circumstance and sudden, tells us
'Tis not a visitation fram'd, but forc'd
By need, and accident. What train?
Gent. But few,
And those but mean.
Leon. His princess, say you, with him?
Gent. Ay; the most peerless piece of earth, I think,
That e'er the sun shone bright on.
Paul. O Hermione!
As every present time doth boast itself
Above a better, gone, so must thy grace[1]
Give way to what's seen now. Sir, you yourself

[10] Enter a Gentleman.] In the old copies, the stage-direction is, "Enter a Servant;" but it is obvious from what he says, and is said to him, that he is above the rank of "a servant."

[1] — so must thy GRACE] The MS. corrector of Lord Francis Egerton's folio, 1623, has altered "grave" to *grace*, which seems the true reading, although Edwards says, "Thy *grave* here means thy beauties, which are buried in the grave: the continent for the contents." "Grace" is synonymous with *beauty*, as could easily be shown by a hundred instances.

Have said and writ so, but your writing now
Is colder than that theme—She had not been,
Nor was not to be equall'd;—thus your verse
Flow'd with her beauty once: 'tis shrewdly ebb'd,
To say you have seen a better.

Gent. Pardon, madam:
The one I have almost forgot, (your pardon)
The other, when she has obtain'd your eye,
Will have your tongue too. This is a creature,
Would she begin a sect, might quench the zeal
Of all professors else, make proselytes
Of whom she but did follow.

Paul. How! not women?

Gent. Women will love her, that she is a woman
More worth than any man; men, that she is
The rarest of all women.

Leon. Go, Cleomenes;
Yourself, assisted with your honour'd friends,
Bring them to our embracement.—Still 'tis strange,
[*Exeunt* CLEOMENES, *Lords, and Gentleman.*
He thus should steal upon us.

Paul. Had our Prince,
(Jewel of children) seen this hour, he had pair'd
Well with this lord: there was not full a month
Between their births.

Leon. Pr'ythee, no more: cease! thou know'st,
He dies to me again, when talk'd of: sure,
When I shall see this gentleman, thy speeches
Will bring me to consider that, which may
Unfurnish me of reason.—They are come.—

Re-enter CLEOMENES, *with* FLORIZEL, PERDITA, *and Others.*

Your mother was most true to wedlock, prince,
For she did print your royal father off,
Conceiving you. Were I but twenty-one,
Your father's image is so hit in you,
His very air, that I should call you brother,

As I did him; and speak of something, wildly
By us perform'd before. Most dearly welcome!
And your fair princess[2], goddess!—O, alas!
I lost a couple, that 'twixt heaven and earth
Might thus have stood, begetting wonder as
You, gracious couple, do. And then I lost
(All mine own folly) the society,
Amity too, of your brave father; whom,
Though bearing misery, I desire my life
Once more to look on him.

Flo. By his command
Have I here touch'd Sicilia; and from him
Give you all greetings, that a king, as friend[3],
Can send his brother: and, but infirmity
(Which waits upon worn times) hath something seiz'd
His wish'd ability, he had himself
The lands and waters 'twixt your throne and his
Measur'd to look upon you, whom he loves
(He bade me say so) more than all the sceptres,
And those that bear them, living.

Leon. O, my brother!
Good gentleman, the wrongs I have done thee stir
Afresh within me; and these thy offices,
So rarely kind, are as interpreters
Of my behind-hand slackness.—Welcome hither,
As is the spring to th' earth. And hath he, too,
Expos'd this paragon to the fearful usage
(At least ungentle) of the dreadful Neptune,
To greet a man not worth her pains, much less
Th' adventure of her person?

Flo. Good my lord,
She came from Libya.

Leon. Where the warlike Smalus,

[2] And YOUR fair princess,] Malone, Shakespeare by Boswell, reads "And *you* fair princess."

[3] — that a king, AS friend,] The old folios read "*at* friend;" but Lord F. Egerton's copy is corrected in MS. to "*as* friend," which was a very easy misprint, and it no doubt restores the true reading.

That noble, honour'd lord, is fear'd, and lov'd?

Flo. Most royal sir, from thence; from him, whose daughter
His tears proclaim'd his, parting with her: thence
(A prosperous south-wind friendly) we have cross'd,
To execute the charge my father gave me,
For visiting your highness. My best train
I have from your Sicilian shores dismiss'd,
Who for Bohemia bend, to signify,
Not only my success in Libya, sir,
But my arrival, and my wife's, in safety
Here, where we are.

Leon. The blessed gods
Purge all infection from our air, whilst you
Do climate here! You have a holy father,
A graceful gentleman, against whose person,
So sacred as it is, I have done sin;
For which the heavens, taking angry note,
Have left me issueless; and your father's bless'd,
(As he from heaven merits it) with you,
Worthy his goodness. What might I have been,
Might I a son and daughter now have look'd on,
Such goodly things as you?

Enter a Lord.

Lord. Most noble sir,
That which I shall report will bear no credit,
Were not the proof so nigh. Please you, great sir,
Bohemia greets you from himself by me;
Desires you to attach his son, who has
(His dignity and duty both cast off)
Fled from his father, from his hopes, and with
A shepherd's daughter.

Leon. Where's Bohemia? speak.

Lord. Here in your city[4]; I now came from him:

[4] Here in YOUR city;] Malone, and others after him, read "in *the* city," contrary to all authority.

I speak amazedly, and it becomes
My marvel, and my message. To your court
Whiles he was hastening (in the chase, it seems,
Of this fair couple) meets he on the way
The father of this seeming lady, and
Her brother, having both their country quitted
With this young prince.

Flo. Camillo has betray'd me,
Whose honour, and whose honesty, till now,
Endur'd all weathers.

Lord. Lay't so to his charge:
He's with the king your father.

Leon. Who? Camillo?

Lord. Camillo, sir: I spake with him, who now
Has these poor men in question. Never saw I
Wretches so quake: they kneel, they kiss the earth,
Forswear themselves as often as they speak:
Bohemia stops his ears, and threatens them
With divers deaths in death.

Per. O, my poor father!—
The heaven sets spies upon us, will not have
Our contract celebrated.

Leon. You are married?

Flo. We are not, sir, nor are we like to be;
The stars, I see, will kiss the valleys first:
The odds for high and low's alike.

Leon. My lord,
Is this the daughter of a king?

Flo. She is,
When once she is my wife.

Leon. That once, I see, by your good father's speed,
Will come on very slowly. I am sorry,
Most sorry, you have broken from his liking,
Where you were tied in duty; and as sorry,
Your choice is not so rich in worth as beauty,
That you might well enjoy her.

Flo. Dear, look up:

Though fortune, visible an enemy,
Should chase us with my father, power no jot
Hath she to change our loves.—Beseech you, sir,
Remember since you ow'd no more to time
Than I do now; with thought of such affections,
Step forth mine advocate: at your request,
My father will grant precious things as trifles.

Leon. Would he do so, I'd beg your precious mistress,
Which he counts but a trifle.

Paul. Sir, my liege,
Your eye hath too much youth in't: not a month
'Fore your queen died, she was more worth such gazes
Than what you look on now.

Leon. I thought of her,
Even in these looks I made.—But your petition
[*To* FLORIZEL.
Is yet unanswer'd. I will to your father:
Your honour not o'erthrown by your desires,
I am a friend to them, and you; upon which errand
I now go toward him. Therefore, follow me,
And mark what way I make. Come, good my lord.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The Same. Before the Palace.

Enter AUTOLYCUS *and a Gentleman.*

Aut. Beseech you, sir, were you present at this relation?

1 *Gent.* I was by at the opening of the fardel, heard the old shepherd deliver the manner how he found it: whereupon, after a little amazedness, we were all commanded out of the chamber; only this, methought I heard the shepherd say, he found the child.

Aut. I would most gladly know the issue of it.

1 *Gent.* I make a broken delivery of the business; but the changes I perceived in the king, and Camillo, were very notes of admiration: they seemed almost, with staring on one another, to tear the cases of their eyes; there was speech in their dumbness, language in their very gesture; they looked, as they had heard of a world ransomed, or one destroyed. A notable passion of wonder appeared in them; but the wisest beholder, that knew no more but seeing, could not say, if the importance were joy, or sorrow[5], but in the extremity of the one it must needs be.

Enter another Gentleman.

Here comes a gentleman, that, haply, knows more. The news, Rogero?

2 *Gent.* Nothing but bonfires. The oracle is fulfilled; the king's daughter is found: such a deal of wonder is broken out within this hour, that ballad-makers cannot be able to express it.

Enter a third Gentleman.

Here comes the lady Paulina's steward: he can deliver you more.—How goes it now, sir? this news, which is called true, is so like an old tale, that the verity of it is in strong suspicion. Has the king found his heir?

3 *Gent.* Most true, if ever truth were pregnant by circumstance: that which you hear you'll swear you see, there is such unity in the proofs. The mantle of queen Hermione;—her jewel about the neck of it;—the letters of Antigonus found with it, which they know to be his character;—the majesty of the creature,

[5] — if the IMPORTANCE were joy or sorrow,] Malone says that "importance" here means merely *import;* but the word is rather to be taken in its etymological sense, from the Fr. *emporter*. Spenser uses "important" in a kindred manner:

——— "He fiercely at him flew,
And with *important* outrage him assail'd."

The meaning of the text seems to be, that a beholder could not say if they were carried away by joy or sorrow.

in resemblance of the mother;—the affection of nobleness, which nature shows above her breeding, and many other evidences, proclaim her with all certainty to be the king's daughter. Did you see the meeting of the two kings?

2 *Gent.* No.

3 *Gent.* Then you have lost a sight, which was to be seen, cannot be spoken of. There might you have beheld one joy crown another; so, and in such manner, that, it seemed, sorrow wept to take leave of them, for their joy waded in tears. There was casting up of eyes, holding up of hands, with countenance of such distraction, that they were to be known by garment, not by favour[6]. Our king, being ready to leap out of himself for joy of his found daughter, as if that joy were now become a loss, cries, "O, thy mother, thy mother!" then asks Bohemia forgiveness; then embraces his son-in-law; then again worries he his daughter with clipping her[7]: now he thanks the old shepherd, which stands by, like a weather-bitten conduit[8] of many kings' reigns. I never heard of such another encounter, which lames report to follow it, and undoes description to do it.

2 *Gent.* What, pray you, became of Antigonus, that carried hence the child?

3 *Gent.* Like an old tale still, which will have matter to rehearse, though credit be asleep, and not an ear open. He was torn to pieces with a bear: this avouches the shepherd's son, who has not only his innocence (which seems much) to justify him, but a handkerchief, and rings of his that Paulina knows.

1 *Gent.* What became of his bark, and his followers?

[6] — favour.] *i. e.* countenance—often employed in this sense.

[7] — with CLIPPING her:] *i. e.* embracing her. A word of very constant use.

[8] — like a weather-BITTEN conduit—] The third folio, of 1664, changed "bitten" to *beaten;* but the old reading is more expressive, and ought to be preserved: weather-*beaten* may have been only a corruption of weather-*bitten*, and we still say frost-*bitten*.

3 *Gent.* Wrecked, the same instant of their master's death, and in the view of the shepherd: so that all the instruments, which aided to expose the child, were even then lost, when it was found. But, O! the noble combat, that 'twixt joy and sorrow was fought in Paulina! She had one eye declined for the loss of her husband, another elevated that the oracle was fulfilled: she lifted the princess from the earth, and so locks her in embracing, as if she would pin her to her heart, that she might no more be in danger of losing.

1 *Gent.* The dignity of this act was worth the audience of kings and princes, for by such was it acted.

3 *Gent.* One of the prettiest touches of all, and that which angled for mine eyes (caught the water, though not the fish) was, when at the relation of the queen's death, (with the manner how she came to't, bravely confessed, and lamented by the king) how attentiveness wounded his daughter; till, from one sign of dolour to another, she did, with an alas! I would fain say, bleed tears, for, I am sure, my heart wept blood. Who was most marble there changed colour; some swooned, all sorrowed: if all the world could have seen it, the woe had been universal.

1 *Gent.* Are they returned to the court?

3 *Gent.* No: the princess hearing of her mother's statue, which is in the keeping of Paulina,—a piece many years in doing, and now newly performed by that rare Italian master, Julio Romano; who, had he himself eternity and could put breath into his work, would beguile nature of her custom, so perfectly he is her ape: he so near to Hermione hath done Hermione, that, they say, one would speak to her, and stand in hope of answer. Thither with all greediness of affection, are they gone, and there they intend to sup.

1 *Gent.* I thought, she had some great matter there in hand, for she hath privately, twice or thrice a day, ever since the death of Hermione, visited that removed

house. Shall we thither, and with our company piece the rejoicing?

1 *Gent.* Who would be thence, that has the benefit of access? every wink of an eye, some new grace will be born: our absence makes us unthrifty to our knowledge. Let's along. [*Exeunt Gentlemen.*

Aut. Now, had I not the dash of my former life in me, would preferment drop on my head. I brought the old man and his son aboard the prince; told him I heard them talk of a fardel, and I know not what; but he at that time, over-fond of the shepherd's daughter, (so he then took her to be) who began to be much sea-sick, and himself little better, extremity of weather continuing, this mystery remained undiscovered. But 'tis all one to me; for had I been the finder out of this secret, it would not have relished among my other discredits.

Enter Shepherd and Clown.

Here come those I have done good to against my will, and already appearing in the blossoms of their fortune.

Shep. Come, boy: I am past more children; but thy sons and daughters will be all gentlemen born.

Clo. You are well met, sir. You denied to fight with me this other day, because I was no gentleman born: see you these clothes? say, you see them not, and think me still no gentleman born: you were best say, these robes are not gentlemen born. Give me the lie, do, and try whether I am not now a gentleman born.

Aut. I know, you are now, sir, a gentleman born.

Clo. Ay, and have been so any time these four hours.

Shep. And so have I, boy.

Clo. So you have;—but I was a gentleman born before my father, for the king's son took me by the

hand, and called me, brother; and then the two kings called my father, brother; and then the prince, my brother, and the princess, my sister, called my father, father; and so we wept: and there was the first gentleman-like tears that ever we shed.

Shep. We may live, son, to shed many more.

Clo. Ay; or else 'twere hard luck, being in so preposterous estate as we are.

Aut. I humbly beseech you, sir, to pardon me all the faults I have committed to your worship, and to give me your good report to the prince my master.

Shep. Pr'ythee, son, do; for we must be gentle, now we are gentlemen.

Clo. Thou wilt amend thy life?

Aut. Ay, an it like your good worship.

Clo. Give me thy hand: I will swear to the prince, thou art as honest a true fellow as any is in Bohemia.

Shep. You may say it, but not swear it.

Clo. Not swear it, now I am a gentleman? Let boors and franklins say it, I'll swear it.

Shep. How if it be false, son?

Clo. If it be ne'er so false, a true gentleman may swear it in the behalf of his friend:—And I'll swear to the prince, thou art a tall fellow of thy hands[9], and that thou wilt not be drunk; but I know, thou art no tall fellow of thy hands, and that thou wilt be drunk; but I'll swear it, and I would thou would'st be a tall fellow of thy hands.

Aut. I will prove so, sir, to my power.

Clo. Ay, by any means prove a tall fellow: if I do not wonder how thou darest venture to be drunk, not being a tall fellow, trust me not.—Hark! the kings and the princes, our kindred, are going to see the queen's picture. Come, follow us: we'll be thy good masters. [*Exeunt.*

[9] — thou art a TALL fellow of thy hands,] *i. e.* A courageous fellow of thy size. See this Vol. p. 330, note 10.

SCENE III.

The Same. A Chapel in PAULINA'S House.

Enter LEONTES, POLIXENES, FLORIZEL, PERDITA, CAMILLO, PAULINA, *Lords, and Attendants.*

Leon. O! grave and good Paulina, the great comfort
That I have had of thee!
Paul. What, sovereign sir,
I did not well, I meant well. All my services,
You have paid home; but that you have vouchsaf'd
With your crown'd brother, and these your contracted
Heirs of your kingdoms, my poor house to visit,
It is a surplus of your grace, which never
My life may last to answer.
Leon. O Paulina!
We honour you with trouble. But we came
To see the statue of our queen: your gallery
Have we pass'd through, not without much content
In many singularities, but we saw not
That which my daughter came to look upon,
The statue of her mother.
Paul. As she liv'd peerless,
So her dead likeness, I do well believe,
Excels whatever yet you look'd upon,
Or hand of man hath done; therefore I keep it
Lonely, apart[1]. But here it is: prepare
To see the life as lively mock'd, as ever
Still sleep mock'd death: behold! and say, 'tis well.
[PAULINA *undraws a curtain, and discovers a statue*[2].

[1] LONELY, apart.] Misprinted *lovely* in the folio, 1623. The letter *n* was mistaken for *u*, with which *lovely* was then printed.

[2] Paulina undraws a curtain, and discovers a statue.] In the old editions there is no stage-direction, excepting that at the beginning of the scene "Hermione (like a statue)" is inserted among the characters. Hermione was most likely concealed by a curtain.

I like your silence: it the more shows off
Your wonder; but yet speak:—first you, my liege.
Comes it not something near?

Leon. Her natural posture.—
Chide me, dear stone, that I may say, indeed,
Thou art Hermione; or, rather, thou art she
In thy not chiding, for she was as tender
As infancy, and grace.—But yet, Paulina,
Hermione was not so much wrinkled; nothing
So aged, as this seems.

Pol. O! not by much.

Paul. So much the more our carver's excellence;
Which lets go by some sixteen years, and makes her
As she liv'd now.

Leon. As now she might have done,
So much to my good comfort, as it is
Now piercing to my soul. O! thus she stood,
Even with such life of majesty, (warm life,
As now it coldly stands) when first I woo'd her.
I am asham'd: does not the stone rebuke me,
For being more stone than it?—O, royal piece!
There's magic in thy majesty, which has
My evils conjur'd to remembrance; and
From thy admiring daughter took the spirits,
Standing like stone with thee.

Per. And give me leave,
And do not say 'tis superstition, that
I kneel, and then implore her blessing.—Lady,
Dear queen, that ended when I but began,
Give me that hand of yours to kiss.

Paul. O, patience!
The statue is but newly fix'd, the colour's
Not dry.

Cam. My lord, your sorrow was too sore laid on,
Which sixteen winters cannot blow away,
So many summers dry: scarce any joy
Did ever so long live; no sorrow,

But kill'd itself much sooner.

Pol. Dear my brother,
Let him that was the cause of this have power
To take off so much grief from you, as he
Will piece up in himself.

Paul. Indeed, my lord,
If I had thought, the sight of my poor image
Would thus have wrought you, (for the stone is mine)
I'd not have show'd it.

Leon. Do not draw the curtain.

Paul. No longer shall you gaze on't, lest your fancy
May think anon it moves.

Leon. Let be, let be!
Would I were dead, but that, methinks, already[3]—
What was he that did make it?—See, my lord,
Would you not deem it breath'd, and that those veins
Did verily bear blood?

Pol. Masterly done:
The very life seems warm upon her lip.

Leon. The fixure of her eye has motion in't,
As we are mock'd with art.

Paul. I'll draw the curtain.
My lord's almost so far transported, that
He'll think anon it lives.

Leon. O, sweet Paulina!
Make me to think so twenty years together:
No settled senses of the world can match
The pleasure of that madness. Let 't alone.

Paul. I am sorry, sir, I have thus far stirr'd you; but
I could afflict you farther.

Leon. Do, Paulina,
For this affliction has a taste as sweet

[3] Would I were dead, but that, methinks, already—] Leontes, in his ecstasy, breaks off without completing what he was about to say: what was in his thought seems to have been something to contradict his wish, "Would I were dead," because he almost fancies that the statue of Hermione is alive.

As any cordial comfort.—Still, methinks,
There is an air comes from her: what fine chisel
Could ever yet cut breath? Let no man mock me,
For I will kiss her.
Paul. Good my lord, forbear.
The ruddiness upon her lip is wet:
You'll mar it, if you kiss it; stain your own
With oily painting. Shall I draw the curtain?
Leon. No, not these twenty years.
Per. So long could I
Stand by, a looker on.
Paul. Either forbear,
Quit presently the chapel, or resolve you
For more amazement. If you can behold it,
I'll make the statue move indeed; descend,
And take you by the hand; but then you'll think,
(Which I protest against) I am assisted
By wicked powers.
Leon. What you can make her do,
I am content to look on: what to speak,
I am content to hear; for 'tis as easy
To make her speak, as move.
Paul. It is requir'd,
You do awake your faith. Then, all stand still.
On, those that think[4] it is unlawful business
I am about; let them depart.
Leon. Proceed:
No foot shall stir.
Paul. Music awake her. Strike!—
[*Music.*
'Tis time; descend; be stone no more: approach;
Strike all that look upon with marvel. Come;
I'll fill your grave up: stir; nay, come away;

[4] On, those that think, &c.] The meaning is, "Let those *go on*, and depart, who think it is unlawful business I am about." Sir T. Hanmer, without necessity, altered "on," the reading of the old copy, to *or*, and he has been usually followed. "On" could hardly have been misprinted for *or*, because in all the old copies it is followed by a colon.

Bequeath to death your numbness, for from him
Dear life redeems you.—You perceive, she stirs.
[HERMIONE *descends from the pedestal.*
Start not: her actions shall be holy, as
You hear my spell is lawful: do not shun her,
Until you see her die again, for then
You kill her double. Nay, present your hand:
When she was young you woo'd her; now, in age,
Is she become the suitor?
Leon. O! she's warm. [*Embracing her.*
If this be magic, let it be an art
Lawful as eating.
Pol. She embraces him.
Cam. She hangs about his neck.
If she pertain to life, let her speak too.
Pol. Ay; and make it manifest where she has liv'd,
Or how stol'n from the dead?
Paul. That she is living,
Were it but told you, should be hooted at
Like an old tale; but it appears she lives,
Though yet she speak not. Mark a little while.—
Please you to interpose, fair madam: kneel,
And pray your mother's blessing.—Turn, good lady,
Our Perdita is found.
[PERDITA *kneels to* HERMIONE.
Her. You gods, look down,
And from your sacred vials pour your graces
Upon my daughter's head!—Tell me, mine own,
Where hast thou been preserv'd? where liv'd? how found
Thy father's court? for thou shalt hear, that I,
Knowing by Paulina that the oracle
Gave hope thou wast in being, have preserv'd
Myself to see the issue.
Paul. There's time enough for that,
Lest they desire upon this push to trouble
Your joys with like relation.—Go together,

You precious winners all: your exultation
Partake to every one. I, an old turtle,
Will wing me to some wither'd bough, and there
My mate, that's never to be found again,
Lament till I am lost.

Leon. O peace, Paulina!
Thou should'st a husband take by my consent,
As I by thine, a wife: this is a match,
And made between's by vows. Thou hast found mine;
But how is to be question'd, for I saw her,
As I thought, dead; and have in vain said many
A prayer upon her grave: I'll not seek far
(For him, I partly know his mind) to find thee
An honourable husband.—Come, Camillo,
And take her by the hand, whose worth, and honesty,
Is richly noted, and here justified
By us, a pair of kings.—Let's from this place.—
What!—Look upon my brother:—both your pardons,
That e'er I put between your holy looks
My ill suspicion.—This your son-in-law,
And son unto the king, (whom heavens directing)
Is troth-plight to your daughter. Good Paulina,
Lead us from hence, where we may leisurely
Each one demand, and answer to his part
Perform'd in this wide gap of time, since first
We were dissever'd. Hastily lead away. [*Exeunt.*

END OF VOL. III.

LONDON:
GILBERT AND RIVINGTON, PRINTERS, ST. JOHN'S SQUARE.

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BOUND BY
WESTLEYS &
CLARK.
LONDON.